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CENSURA LITERARIA.

CONTAINING

TITLES, EXTRACTS,

AND

OPINIONS

OF

OLD ENGLISH BOOKS,

ESPECIALLY THOSE WHICH ARE SCARCE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

NECROGRAPHIA AUTHORUM,

OR

MEMOIRS OF DECEASED AUTHORS;

AND

THE RUMINATOR,

CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL, MORAL, AND CRITICAL ESSAYS, WITH OTHER LITERARY DISQUISITIONS.

By SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES, Esq.

VOLUME V.

BEING THE SECOND OF THE NEW SERIES.

LONDON:

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1807.

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ПВА
МВПТ
ВЕЛАСВК

PREFACE.

A SPACE has been left for a Preface, and I am called on to fill it up; but, alas! I have little to say, but to thank my kind Correspondents, to whom the Bibliographical part of this volume is almost entirely indebted; more especially my liberal and learned coadjutor Mr. PARK, and his able friend Mr. HASLEWOOD, whose various articles in each number need not be pointed out to my readers.

I will take this opportunity, therefore, of inserting another portion of a Poem, which I have been somewhat earnestly called upon to continue; and hope my readers may not deem it too much out of place.

THE WIZARD.

A KENTISH TALE.

CONTINUED FROM VOL. II. P. 127.

CANTO II.

The dusk of evening sail'd along;
Hush'd was the last bird's warbling song;
But, bright within, the high-pil'd heap
A chearful blazing flame did keep,
Where o'er the wide hearth of the Hall
Hung many a trophy on the wall.
For here the host had lov'd to cherish,
Marks, that with others gladly perish.
High branch'd the stag's horns on each door,
And gorgeous was th' heraldric lore;
Glimmer'd the black cross, and the red;
And many a mystic figure spread
In gaudy hues, enrich'd the cieling,
The blood of ancient chiefs revealing;
While in the oriel's gloom'd recesses
Shone Knights in all their feudal dresses.

The feast was call'd; the table stor'd,
And gaily look'd the lightsome board,
When, faithful to his plighted word,
Knock'd at the door the weary Bard;
Long was the way, the chase was hard;

Yet

Yet vigorous step, and ruddy look,
The strange old Pilgrim ne'er forsook;
He loos'd his belt: he wip'd his brow,
And on a bench he threw him now;
Then did he quaff the offer'd bowl,
And gladness in his eye did roll;
And mingled it with many a jest,
That to th' enlivening draught gave zest;
And many a wink, and many a smile,
And many a cup that interpos'd,
With many a witty comment gloz'd,
The transient moment did beguile
Sooth'd memory of all his toil.

Now timid Beauty came to gaze
Upon the old Man's mystic ways,
And view his reverend form, and hear
The tale, that struck the wond'ring ear.
The old Man bow'd, and smil'd with glee
Sweet Beauty at his beck to see,
While, as his visage glow'd with fire,
They touch'd with thrilling notes the wire;
And where at distance, mounted high,
Amid the seats of minstrelsy,
The full mouth'd organ op'd her keys,
A blue-ey'd maiden swept with ease
Its deeper tones! the mellow sound
'Gan from the vaulted roof rebound,
And o'er the old man's senses stole,
Melted his frame, and rous'd his soul.

"O ye fair Nymphs, whose music thrills
My cold breast, and my fancy fills,
O how can I these gifts requite,
That swell my bosom with delight!
My faultering tongue has lost the art
Visions of rapture to impart;
And feebly from my wither'd brain,
And painful, comes the frozen strain!
What would ye hear, ye blue-eyed Maids?
Where would ye pierce Time's close-drawn shades?
Would ye to Barham's distant Down
Resort to hear of old renown?
Star of the East,* whose beauty rais'd
A flame, that all around thee blaz'd,
Wake from the tomb, and lead the ball
In noble Aucher's antient hall;
Bring all around the Cantian youth
With vows of everlastihg truth:
See poets, statesmen, round thee crowd,
And soldiers breathe their sighs aloud!
Young Cowper † there, with modest mien
Full pensive in thy train is seen;

* Lady Bowyer, daughter of Sir Anthony Aucher of Bourne, was for her exquisite beauty, called *The Star in the East*. Her portrait was painted by Cornelius Jansen, and is one of his best works. See *Walpole's Anecd. of Painting, II.* 9.

† The ancestors of Earl Cowper, and of William Cowper the poet, lived, cotemporary with Lady Bowyer, at Ratling Court, in Nonington in this neighbourhood.

No

No word he speaks, but in his eye
A thousand thoughts thou may'st descry!
'O hear my suit,' he seems to say,
'For tho' no splendour I display,
Some spirit whispers to my soul,
That future ages, as they roll,
Shall view my now-unhonour'd name,
Encircled with resplendent fame;
And from my blood a Bard shall rise
To lift our glory to the skies!'
And there see Hammond * plead his cause;
Tears from the tender fair he draws.
Ah! how his glowing accents move
Predicting strains that breathe of love!
But who art thou † of calmer mood,
That seem'st thy offerings to intrude?
In terms precise, and studied phrase
Thou talk'st of deeds of ancient days;
And Learning's lore, and Wisdom's guise,
The richness of thy tongue supplies.
Full many a tale canst thou relate
Of mighty nations sunk by fate!
'O hark!' he cries, 'if, beauteous maid,
My humble suit may be repaid,
From thee shall spring a wondrous Sage,
Whose praise shall spread from age to age;

* The ancestors of James Hammond, the elegiac poet, then lived at St. Alban's Court, in Nonington, where the same family still reside.

† Gibbon, the Historian, whose ancestors then lived at Westcliffe, near Dover.

And

And History's pages shall enshrine
Gibbon's immortal name with thine!"

The star is fled; no more the sound
Of melting music floats around;
Fall the bold turrets; sinks the gate,
Where *ermin'd* banners* with brave state
Mock'd gorgeously the wanton air;
And Aucher† rules no longer there.
Ah! who with sacrilegious whim
Has plac'd the dome of modern trim,‡
Where once the massy Gothic tower
Was wont in generous gloom to lour?
In vain I look: no lovely dames
Come forth to fan our dying flames!
In silence on the weedy stream
Echo is left her hours to dream;
And still is every laurell'd walk,
Where Love and Genius wont to talk!
E'en o'er yon sacred neighbouring tomb,
Where Hooker's§ ashes wait their doom,
No spirit kindred wisdom breathes;
No sage attempts congenial wreathes!"

* The field of the Aucher arms was *ermine, with three lions rampant on a chief.*

† The male line of the Auchers became extinct nearly a century ago.

‡ The present mansion is a comparatively modern building.

§ Richard Hooker, the very learned and far-famed author of the *Ecclesiastical Policy*, was rector here, and has a monument in the church. See *Walton's Lives.*

Thus

Thus abruptly, at present, end the Wizard's communications; but they shall be resumed at some more propitious moment.

I have been called on also to give the conclusion of the Poem on Retirement. This debt, I trust, I shall likewise be able to pay ere long. At present a fever on my spirits, and an unconquerable anxiety of mind, render me not only incapable of performing any promises of this kind; but even of expressing an apology for my omissions.

This, however, is a strain, in which I am aware that I must not indulge. There is nothing more offensive to the public than the language of complaint; and whatever a man has undertaken, he will be expected to execute, in spite of all obstacles.

Yet

Yet some allowance every liberal mind will concede in favour of a periodical work, and of the *individual*, who, committing his name, has felt the generous inclination to attempt the *monthly* amusement or information of the public, regardless of the avocations, of which he must have been in some degree aware.

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

Aug. 24, 1807.

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CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XVII.

[Being Number V. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *The Rocke of Regard: divided into foure parts. The first, the Castle of Delight; wherein is reported, the wretched end of wanton and dissolute living. The second, the Garden of Unthriftinesse; wherein are many sweete flowers (or rather fancies) of honest love. The thirde, the Arbour of Vertue; wherein slaunder is highly punished, and vertuous ladies and gentlewomen worthily commended. The fourth, the Ortchard of Repentance; wherein are discoursed, the miseries that followe dicing, the mischiefes of quareling, the fall of prodigalitie, and the souden overthrowe of foure notable cousners, with divers other morall, natural, and tragical discourses; documents and admonitions: being all the invention, collection, and translation of George Whetstons, Gent. Formæ nulla fides.* Thus far the title.—A Colophon adds—*Imprinted at London for Robert Waley. Anno* 1576. 4*to.*

After an epistle dedicatory of three pages "To all the young gentlemen of England," and a general advertisement "unto the reader," verses in commendation

of the book and its author are supplied by Nicholas Bowyer, R. C. Humfrey Turner, Abraham Fleming, and John Wytton. Then commences the *first* part of the author's work, containing—

"1. The disordered life of Bianca Maria, Countesse of Celaunt,* in forme of her Complainte, supposed at the houre of her beheading, for procuring the murder of Ardissino Valperga, earl of Massino:" (ten pages, in seven-line stanzas.)

2. "An Invective written by Roberto San Severino, earle of Giazzo, against Bianca Maria, Countesse of Celant." (6 pages.)

3. "Cressid's Complaint." (5 pages.)

4. "The Discourse of Rinaldo and Giletta." (40 pages. An intermixture of prose and verse, composed much on the plan of Gascoigne's love-tale, entitled the Fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi.)

Part II. "*The Garden of Unthriftinesse, wherein is reported the dolorous Discourse of Dom. Diego, a Spaniard; together with his Triumphe. Wherein are divers other flowers (or fancies) of honest love. Being the inventions and collection of George Whetstone, Gent. Formæ nulla fides.*

The discourse or tale of Diego is limited to seven pages. Then follows a series of amatory poesies, like those in England's Helicon, thus entitled:

* Whetstone, in his Heptameron, gives a brief prose history of Maria Bianca, who from being "unworthily raised to bee Countesse of Zelande, wickedly and wilfully fel to be a Courtesan." "If you covet more authorities (he adds) to approve so common a mischiefe, read Ovid's Metamorphoses in Latine, Segnior Lodovicus' register in Italian, Amadis de Gaule in French, and the Pallace of Pleasure in English."

1. "The

1. "The Complaint of two Lovers, restrained from their wicked desires by the displeasure of their friendes.
2. The device of a Gentlewoman to persuade her Lover of her constancie, notwithstanding her show of hate, which she onely used to quench the jelous suspicion of her friendes.
3. The rejected Lover, with earnest desire, pursues the sight of his disdainfull mystresse.
4. A Gentlewoman falsely deceived with faire wordes, forsweareth hereafter to be wonne with flattering promises.
5. The piteous complaint of Medea, forsaken of Jason, lively bewraying the slipperie hold in sugred words.
6. The forsaken Lover pretilie nippeth his Ladie's inconstancie, for that (as he thought) shee matched with his baser in accompt, wherein coulerablie he discovereth both their names.
7. The Lover attributeth his cureless wound to chaunce, by loving *long*."

The whimsical singularity, added to the brevity of this piece, may render it admissible.

"*Long* have I lost my libertie,
Alas! through love *long* have I so;
Long have I stoode in jeopardie,
In loving *long* through pyning woe,
Whose constant truth *long* hath been tryde,
Though *long* his suit hath been denyde.

By batterie *long* the brasen wall
The cannon shot doth cleane deface;
The *longest* trees in time doe fall
Which *long* before bad Boreas base:

The little brooke, in running *long*,
Doth turne into a river strong.

Then may it be, I loving *long*,
My pyning corps, by *long* delay,
Can *long* abide the furie strong
Of ghastly death, which *long* doth stay
His ling'ring stroke, to have it so,
That loving *long* should worke my woe."

8. "A Sonet, wherin is showne the straunge effectes of Love.
9. The Lover wearied with a number of delayes, sues unto his Ladie for pitie, or otherwise her speedie denyall, by death to wake a speedie dispatch of his languishing dayes."

From the following passage it appears that the Poet was the Lover:

'To coole his flaming harte,
By Cupide set on fire,
Through heate whereof a *Whetstone* colde
Consumes with hote desire.'

10. "The thought of wonted joyes, doubleth the miserable man's griefe.
11. The hap and hard fortune of a carelesse Lover.
12. The absent Lover, in pawne of his constancie, sendeth his heart to his Ladie.
13. The Lover neither greatly favoured, nor openly refused, compareth the wretchednesse of his estate unto the paines of hell.
14. G. W. to the signe of the brazen Bell.
15. The Lover blameth his Ladie's mistrust, wherin is figured the passions of an earnest Lover.

16. The

16. The infortunate Lover determineth rather desperately to end his sorrowes, then to proroge them with bootelesse hope.
17. Verses of complaint devised for a well-meaning Lover, to move his Maistresse to pitie.
18. The complaint of a Gentlewoman, being with child, falsely forsaken.
19. Against one which wrote a slaunderous libell in dishonour of a Ladie.
20. The *unfortunate* Lover is persuaded his mishap to grow by destinie.
21. The discommodities of forst marriages, by the example of Venus and Vulcan: supposed, for the more plaine explayning of the inconveniences, to be written to a covetous carle, having but one onely daughter, [who] refused the offers of diverse gentlemen, some being of good worship; and married her unto an old croked coffing crust, for his great wealthes sake.
22. *The forsaken* Lover sheweth to what intent he weareth Tawnie, bewraying the bondage that wanton dames bring their thralles unto.
23. The rejected Lover determineth either to purchase his Ladie's speedie reconcilement, or els desperatly to die.
24. The Lover, being wounded at the Bathe, sues unto his Ladie for pittie.
25. The Lover to his Ladie in durance.
26. Her Aunsweare.
27. A description of Jelousie.
28. To a disdainfull Dame.

 29. The

29. The Lover in praise of his Ladie.
30. An Aunswere to a Gentlewoman, by love constrained to sue to him whom of late she scorned.
31. The contemptuous Lover findeth no grace where he faithfully favoureth, acknowledgeth his former scorne, used toward love, to be the onely cause of his miseries.
32. Epilogus." A recapitulation.

Part III. *The Arbour of Vertue. A worke conteining the chaste and honourable life of a Bohemian ladie: to the which is adjoyned, the complaint of two Hungarian barons, that wagerd the spoile of her Chastitie. Wherein are the severall prayses of certaine English Ladies and Gentlewomen; being the translation, collection, and invention of George Whetstons, Gent. Formæ nulla fides. pp.* 128.

This portion is dedicated "to the right honourable and vertuous Lady, Jana Sibilla Greye,* now of Wilton," and dated from the author's lodging in Holborn, the 15th of Oct. 1576. To this succeed

1. "The Discourse of Lady Barbara's vertuous behaviours. (13 pages in Alexandrine verse.)
2. The Complaint of the Lorde Alberto and Udissas, the two Hungarian barons that unadvisedly wagered their land, to winne the ladie Barbara to wantonnesse: who having the foyle (besides the losse of their livings) for their slaunderous opinions, were condemned to perpetuall exile. (13 seven-line stanzas.)
3. In praise of the Right Hon. the Ladie J. S. G. of Wilton. [Lady Jane Sibilla Grey.]

* Daughter of Lord Grey of Wilton, connected with the Brydges family, whence the name of *Grey Brydges*. *Editor.*

4. In

4. In praise of my L. E. R.
5. In praise of my L. Cecil of Bourleigh.
6. In praise of Maistresse M. H.* now Bridges.

'Beautie with brags, of late,
wil'd Vertue yeald her thrall,
But soone the gods to stay their strife,
a parlement did call;

And Fame, with thundring tromp,
was wil'd their subjects cite;
By credite of their thrals, to shew
who was of gretest might.

Beautie, against this day,
her prowdest shewes prepard;
And, sure, a troupe of gallant gyrles
her seemely selfe did gard.

Their spangels wrought a gase,
eche dame in feathers flauntes,
Their straunge attyres, their cuts and cost,
foreshewd their scorneful vaunts.

They looked all askaunce,
when *Beautie* claymde her right,
That loe, the gods amased were
to see so proude a sight.

Anon, good Vertue comes,
with traine of bashfull dames,
Whose modest lookes wrought more regard,
then Beautie's blasing flames.

A silence now was made,
that they their sutes might move;
Both ladies sue for sovereigne rule,
and thus their titles prove:—

* Qu. Mary Hopton, who married William Brydges, afterwards 4th Lord Chandos?

Proude Beautie vaunts on powre;
poore Vertue, on desart;
And (by your leave) for all her bragges,
the worst had Beautie's part.

Her showes were blemisht much,
with surfling and such like,
Which knowne, Beautie (through feare of foyle)
into a mase did strike:

Who, gasing rounde about,
faire *Brydges* * did espie,
Whose seemely feature, forme, and shape,
did much delight her eye;

And, scorning other proofe,
she *Bridges* calld in place,
Who (to sett forth her sightly selfe)
apeard with bashfull grace.—

Quoth Beautie: "See my toyle,
you gods, nowe judge aright;"—
"Halfe part with you (quoth Vertue, straight)
my gifts adorne this wight:

For Bountie guides her thought,
which Beautie farre excells:
And pittie rules her noble heart,
where pride in Beautie dwells.

To love, and lawlesse lust,
where Beauties lures doe traine,
She winns a calme, yet friendship firme,
with showe of chaste disdaine,

* Catharine Brydges, daughter of Edmund, 2d Lord Chandos, and wife of William Lord Sands, was also celebrated by Gascoigne as the "Fair Bridges." See Percy's Reliques, II. 140.

Probably this Mrs. M. Brydges, was *Mary*, daughter of Sir Owen *Hopton*, wife of William Brydges, who afterwards, in 1593, became 4th Lord Chandos, and died 45 Eliz. *Editor.*

A meane

A meane contents her minde,
where Beautie is extreame;
What botes thee then, good Beautie, thus
to strive against the streame?

Shee onely shall suffice,
if thereto thou agree,
To showe and prove, by dome of Jove,
the best of thee, or mee."

"I will (quoth Beautie) stand
to that that Jove awards;"—
Jove, waying wel their worthie worke,
thus both their toile rewards:

Hee ruled Virtue should
be alwayes best in name;
Yet Beautie, during *Bridges'* life,
should sway in equal fame.

Loe thus betweene these Dames
the bloudie frayes did seace;
But *Bridges* bore the praise away,
for making of this peace.'

7. The praise of Mistresse A. C.
8. In praise of Mistresse A. H.
9. The saucie pesaunt's present unto his sovereigne Mistresse.
10. Epilogus."

Part IV. *The Ortchard of Repentance. Wherein is reported, the miseries of dice, the mischiefes of quarrelling, and the fall of prodigalitie; wherein is discovered, the deceits of all sortes of people; wherein is reported, the souden endes of foure notable cousiners. With divers other discourses, necessarie for*

for all sortes of men. The whole worke the invention and collection of George Whetstons, Gent. Formæ nulla fides. pp. 121.

This concluding part is inscribed to the Right Worshipfull Sir Thomas Cicill, Knt. The divisions of metre which follow, are thus set forth:

1. "The honest-minded man's adventures, his largesse, and his farewell to the world. A worke discovering the subtilties of all sortes of men. (This poem and its l'envoy, or moral, extends to 119 seven-line stanzas.)
2. G. W. Opinion of Trades (as touching Gaine) written to his especiall friend, Maister R. C.
3. R. C. Answere to G. W. Opinion of Trades.
4. A briefe Discourse of the Discommodities of Quarrelling, written at the request of his especiall friend and kinseman, Maister Robert Cudden of Grayes Inn.
5. The unhappie man contemneth Fortune, and cleaveth to Hope; assured once to reach goodhap by vertuous Industrie, in the despite of Fortune.
6. How great a follie the conceit of Excellencie is.
7. Against Ingratitude.
8. The civill fortune of a covetous person, and what profite arieeth by the death of a churl.
9. A briefe description of Death.
10. An epitaphe upon the death of Henrie Cantrell of Lincolnes Inne, Gent. by his friend R. C.
11. How great a vice it is, either for the vertuous or valiaunt man, to accompanie himselfe with men of base condition; when as (acknowledging

ledging his dutie) hee may adventure into the companie of the best.

12. An epitaphe on the death of the Right Worshipful Maister Robert Wingfield of Upton in the countie of Northampton, Esquier.

13. An epitaphe on the death of the Right Worshipfull Maister John Aylcworth, Esquier.

14. An epitaphe, in the order of an admonition, written on the death of his verie friend John Note of Grayes Inne, Gent. untimely slaine the 2 of November, 1575.

15. An epitaphe on the death of his especiall friend Thomas Cornelius, Gent. slaine in the Prince of Orange his service in Holland.

16. Whetstons invective against Dice, (a poem of 17 pages, in short metre.)

17. Fiftie Apples of Admonition, late growing on the Tree of good Government: bestowed on his especiall friends and companions, the gentlemen of Furnivals In.

18. A Caveat to G. W. at his going into Fraunce, written by his friend R. C.

19. Whetstons Dreame, (a poem of 8 pages.)

20. Inventions of P. Plasmos, touching his hap and hard fortune, unto the which is annexed the sundrie Complaintes of foure notable couseners, the instrumentes of his greatest troubles; which in the prime of their mischievous enterprises, with soudaine death and vexation were straungelie visited. At the end of every the said inventions, for the more plaine knowledge of them, is the Reporter's Admonition in prose, both pleasant and profitable.

P. Plas-

P. Plasmos triumphe.
His praise of his purse.
His Complaint of Want.
P. P. to his Mishap.
His digression from one action of miserie unto another.
His description of Couseners.
His invective against his toung.
His farewell to wanton pleasures.
His recantation.
His farewell to Folly.
The Complaint of one Lyros, a notable Cousener, supposed at the houre of his death.
Frenos' Complaint.
Caphos' Complaint.
Pimos' Complaint at the houre of his death.
The Reporter's conclusion, as touching the report of Paulus Plasmos' adventures; and Lyros', Frenos', Cuphos', and Pimos' falles.
Epilogus, "(recapitulating the subjects treated of, in the last portion of the work.")

Such are the copious contents of a volume whose known rarity has been the chief incentive towards describing it so circumstantially.

In his epistle dedicatory the author earnestly requires, that "this first increase of his barren brain may be used so rightly, as to encourage him hereafter to beat his head about some matter of more worth." What this head-beating produced, will be seen by a reference to CENSURA, Vol. IV. p. 273. At the close of his "Touchstone for the Time," 1584, which was intended to expose the tricks and frauds of the town, he utters

utters the following exultation and allusion to this volume: "No man was ever assaulted with a more dangerous stratageme of cosonage than myself, with which my life and living was hardly beset. No man hath more cause to thank God for a free delivery than myselfe; nor anie man ever sawe more suddaine vengeance inflicted upon his adversaries, than I my selfe of mine; as lively appeareth in the ende of my booke intituled The Rocke of Regard, imprinted many years past." Paulus Plasmos, therefore, may be read with an *alias* for George Whetstone.

T. P.

ART. II. *The History of Frier Rush, how he came to a House of Religion to seek a service, and being entertained by the Priour, was first made Under Cook, being full of pleasant mirth and delight for young people.* - - -

[Remainder of the title-page torn off.]* 4*to.* The signatures extend to G 3.

This is a book of great rarity, which Mr. Ritson had ranked as a desideratum, and of which Mr. Beloe has given an account from a copy in the rich library of the Marquis of Stafford. Another copy having fallen in my way, I take the opportunity of giving an extract, from the first chapter.

* Mr. Beloe adds "Imprinted at London by Edw. All-de, and are to be solde by Francis Grove, dwelling on Snow-Hill. 1626." See Anecdotes of Literature and scarce Books, I. 249.

"*A plesant*

"*A plesant history, how a Divell (named Rush) came to a religious house to seek him a service.*

"There was sometime beyond the sea edified and founded a certain house and cloister of religious men, which house was founded at a great forrest's side, for to maintain the service of Almighty God, and daily to pray for their benefactors and founders, and for the salvation of their own souls; which place by reason of their founders and well disposed people, (which gave unto it largely of their goods and possessions) increased in riches, and every man had gold and silver at their will; and also of meat and drink they had great plenty: insomuch, that they were so much at ease, and had so much, that they wist not what to do, they were so full of wantonness, whereby the service of Almighty God was not well maintained among them: for oftentimes they said neither mattins nor even song: and through their great negligence they forgate clean the charge that they were bound to, when they entered into their religion, and they lived more like beast without reason, then like men of good and holy conversation: for they haunted harlots and lived viciously, and the goods that was given them by good and well disposed people, they spent in unthriftinesse and ribaldry. And when the great Princes of Divells, which are the patrons of ill vices, understood of the great misrule and vile living of these religious men; consulted to keep them still in that state, and worse if it might be.

"And these be the names of the Devills—Belphegor, who was Prince of Glutony; Asmodeus, Prince of Lechery; and Belzebub, Prince of Envy; with many other Devils assembled together; which rejoiced for the

the misorder of these religious men. And as they were all assembled together with one accord, they chose a Devill to go and dwell among these religious men, for to maintain them the longest in their ungracious living, which Devill was put in rayment like an earthly creature, and went to the Religious house, and there he stood at the gate a certain space, all alone with an heavy countenance. Then within a while after, the Priour came unto the gate, and espied Rush the young man, standing there all alone. Anon he said unto him, "What dost thou here? and what wouldst thou have?" The young man with great reverence answered and said; "Sir, I am a poor young man, and am out of service, and fain would have a master. And, Sir, if it please you to have me, I shall do you diligent service, and shall do so well that you and all your brethren and convent shall be glad of me, for I shall keep so well your secrets, that I trust to obtain at all times your good love and favour, and all theirs also."

"And when the Priour heard these words, he was moved with pitty, and said! "Go into the kitchen to the cook, and shew him that I have sent thee thither, and bid him shew thee, what thou shalt do; for thou shalt be with him a certain season, till that time other better thing fal." Then the young man made his reverence to the Priour, and thanked him, and forthe he went to the kitchen, where he found the master cook. Anon hee made reverence unto him, and said: "Sir, my master the Priour hath sent me hither unto you, and commandeth me to shew you what I shall do, for I must be here and help you." The master cook answered and said; "you be welcome." And anon he set him to such business as he had to do. And thus the Devill became

became Under Cook in the place that he was assigned unto, by the Prince of Devills."

Then follow the Devill's words, ("laughing") to himself.

ART. III. *Britain's Remembrancer, containing a narration of the Plague lately past; a declaration of the mischiefs present; and a prediction of judgments to come (if repentance prevent not.) It is dedicated (for the glory of God) to posteritie; and, to these times (if they please) by Geo. Wither.*

Job, xxxii. 8, 9, 10, 18, 21, 22, [*quoted at length.*]

Reade all, or censure not:

For "he that answereth a matter before he heare it, itis shame and folly to him." Prov. xviii. 13.

Imprinted for Great Britaine, and are to be sold by John Grismond in Ivie-Lane CIↃ LↃCXXVIII. *pp.* 574. 12*mo.*

This book of Wither does not appear in the account of his works in the CENSURA, Vol. I. p. 42. It commences by a dedicatory epistle in verse, of eleven leaves, "To the King's most Excellent Majestie." This is succeeded by a "Premonition," in prose. After this the poem opens, consisting of 8 cantos; each canto preceded by an "Argument," in a measure of eight syllables; and it ends with a "Conclusion," occupying nearly six leaves. The above title-page is preceded by an engraved one, representing a glory, and beneath it, in the clouds, figures of mercy and justice.

Still

Still lower, in the clouds, are an army marshalled in order of battle; two armed knights on horseback, encountering each other with spears; wild beasts devouring each other; a Cupid discharging a dart from his bow; a dead body prostrate, and covered with plague-spots; two armed knights standing with their spears in their hands, conversing; a personification of pestilence, hurling a javelin; a blazing star; and various chimeras flying in different directions. Across the page, directly beneath this curious medley, runs a scroll, inscribed "Britain's Remembrancer." The lower compartment is filled by a bird's-eye view of England and Scotland, with the sea and ships; one of which, as if setting sail from Lynn, or thereabouts, is set on fire by a flash of lightning from the clouds above the scroll. The dedication is expressed in terms rather bold for the time; of which the following may be taken as specimens.

"Most Royall Sir:

"Because I doubted who might first peruse
These honest raptures of my sleighted muse;
Observing it the quality of most
To passe rash judgements (taken up) on trust;
And that, according to the wits of those
Who censure first, the common censure goes;
Perceiving, too, with what oblique aspect,
Some glaring *comets* on my lines reflect;
Awhile I pawsed, whether trust I might
My plaine-paced *measures* to their partiall sight,
Who may upon them (ere you reade them) seize,
And comment on my text as they shall please,
Or sleight, or scoffe; such men were knowne to me;
And being loth they first of all should be

My *judges*, here I offer to your eye
The prime perusall of this *poesie*.
I doe not fear the *world* deprive me can
Of such a mind as may become a *man*.
And sure I am, tho' many seeke to spight me,
That every dog which barketh cannot bite me.
I know of *want* the utmost discontents;
The cruelty of *close imprisonments*;
The bitternesse of *slanders and disgrace*.
I doe not feare the frownes of mighty men,
Nor in close prison to be lodg'd agen:
I doe not feare those *criticks* of your court
That may my good intentions misreport;
Or say it mis-beseemeth me to dare
With such bold language to salute your eare;
I feare not any man that would abuse,
Or in her lawfull flights affront my *Muse*,
Because, perhaps, exceptions may be tooke
Against some passage in the following booke;
For, when she pleaseth, she hath meanes to pay
Those *buzzards*, that would interrupt her way.
She dares not onely, hobby-like, make wing
At *dorrs* and *butterflyes*; but also spring
Those fowles that have beene flowne at yet by none;
Ev'n those, whom our best *hawks* turn taile upon.
Not only at crowes, ravens, dawes, and kites,
Rookes, owles, or cuckowes, dare she make her flights,
At wily magpies, or the *lay* that vaunts
In others' plumes: or, greedy cormorants;
Or those, who being of the kestrell-kinde,
Unworthily aspire, and fan the winde
For aerie *titles*; or, the birds men rate
Above their value, for their idle prate:
As wag-tailes, busie tit-mise, or such like;
But with her pounces, them dares also strike,

That

That furnish courtly tables: as our gull,
A bird much found among the worshipfull.
Our dottrels, which are caught by imitation;
Our woodcocks, shadowing out that foolish nation,
Who hide their heads, and think secure they be
When they themselves their dangers doe not see.
Our strutting peacockes, whose harsh voice doth show
That some sharp stormy wind will shortly blow.
Our hernshawes, slicing backward filth on those
Whose worth they dare not openly oppose.
Our traiterous mallards, which are fed and taught
To bring in other *wild-fooles*, to be caught;
Those *fowles*, that in their over-daring pride,
Forget their breed, and will be *eglifide*:
Our British barnacles that are a dish
That can be termed neither flesh nor fish.
E'en these, or any *fowle* she durst surprise,
If they dare crosse her, when to check she flies.
Beleeve not those, who reasons will invent,
To make this volume seeme impertinent:
For what is of more moment than a story
Which mentioneth to God Almightie's glorie,
His judgments and his mercies?—
Sure nothing is more worthy of regard:
And though a foolish tale be sooner heard;
Yet, in respect thereof, the glorious things
That stand upon record of earthly *kings*,
Appeare to mee as vaine as large discourses
Of childish *May-games*, and of *hobby-horses*."
&c. &c.

In his "Premonition," after complaining of the evil constructions that had been put on his former pieces, (alluding particularly to his "Abuses Stript and Whip'd,") he proceeds to anticipate a number of ob-

jections which he foresees will be made to the present work. From the last of these, it appears, that however adventurous he might be himself, he could not find a printer equally bold: or who would with equal readiness set at defiance the pillory and the Marshalsea. "If you find (says he) anie thing which may seeme spoken out of due time, blame not mee altogether; for it is above two yeares since I laboured to get this booke printed: and it hath cost me more money, more paines, and more time to publish it, than to compose it: for I was faine to imprint every sheet thereof with my owne hand, because I could not get allowance to doe it publikely: so unwilling are we of *Remembrancers* of this kind."

The execution of the poem itself is very unequal. Amid a very great abundance of dross, there are many masses of sterling gold. At intervals we are surprised by flashes of a very vivid imagination, and many of the descriptions are highly-finished and pathetic pieces of poetry. But from the whole poem, when considered altogether, I think it fully appears, that either he was under the influence of a most extraordinary degree of enthusiasm; or, rather, that imprisonment, and irritation of mind, had disordered his intellect. For visions, and ecstasies, and supernatural revelations and impressions, are introduced, not as by a *licentia poetica*, but as real matters of fact, which were made the springs and motives of all his actions. It was one of these supernal admonitions which induced him to continue in London during the whole time of the plague; and another, which peremptorily commanded him to publish his book, in spite of every opposition he might meet with.

The

The following may be taken as a specimen of the poem, from Canto 2. It records pestilential symptoms.

"On some this Plague doth steal insensibly,
Their muddy nature stirring secretly
To their destruction. Some, it striketh so
As if a mortall hand had with a blow
Arrested them, and on their flesh hath seene
A palme's impression, to appearance, beene.
One man is faint, weake, sickly, full of feare,
And drawes his breath where strong infections are,
Yet scapes with life. Another man is young,
Light-hearted, healthy, stout, well-temper'd, strong,
And lives in wholesome ayre, yet gets a fit
Of this *land-calenture*, and dies of it.
Some are tormented by it, till we see
Their veines and sinewes almost broken be,
The very soule distracted, sense bereft,
And scarce the smallest hope of scaping left,
Yet soone recover. Other some, againe,
Fall suddenly, or feele so little paine
When they are seized, that they breathlesse lye,
Ere any dying symptomes we espy,
On some, an endless drowsinesse doth creepe;
Some others cannot get one winke of sleepe.
This useth, ev'ry day, preservatives,
Yet dies; another taketh none, yet lives.
Ev'n thus uncertainly this sicknesse playes;
Spares, wounds, and killeth, many sev'rall wayes."

The following extract from Canto 4 describes a scene of peculiar horrors, during the most calamitous period of the plague:

"Ev'ry place with sorrowes then abounded,
And ev'ry way the eyes of mourning sounded.

Yea, day by day, successively till night,
And from the evening till the morning light,
Were scenes of griefe, with strange variety,
Knit up in one continuing tragedy.
No sooner wak'd I, but twice-twenty knels,
And many sadly-sounding passing-bels,
Did greet mine eare, and by their heavy towles
To me gave notice that some early soules
Departed whilst I slept: that other some
Were drawing onward to their longest home,
And seemingly presag'd, that many a one
Should bid the world good night, ere it were noone.
My chamber entertain'd mee all alone,
And in the roomes adjoyning lodged none.
Yet, through the darksome, silent night did flye
Sometime an uncouth noise, sometime a cry;
And sometime mournfull-callings pierc'd my roome,
Which came, I neither knew from whence, nor whom.
Glad was I, when I saw the sun appeare
(And with his rayes to blesse our hemisphere)
That from the tumbled-bed I might arise,
And with more lightsomenesse refresh mine eyes:
Or, with some good companions, read or pray,
To passe the better, my sad thoughts away:
For, though such thoughts oft usefull are and good;
Yet knowing well I was but flesh and blood,
I also knew man's natural condition
Must have in joys and griefes an intermission,
Lest too much joy should fill the heart with folly,
Or, too much griefe, breed dangerous melancholy."

Beccles. W. T. SPURDENS.

ART. IV. *Angliæ Speculum, or England's Looking Glasse. Devided into two parts, by C[aptain] W[illiam] Mercer. Scribimus indocti, doctique poemata passim. London. Printed by Tho. Paine.* 1646.

Angliæ

Angliæ Speculum: or England's Looking-Glasse. The Second Part. Consisting of severall speeches, anagrams, epigrams, acrosticks, and sonnets, &c. By C. W. Mercer. 4to. Sign. Q 2.

The wood-cut of a mirror follows the title-page, with four lines above, and eight on the reverse. Others precede the dedication to Robert Earl of Essex and Ewe, &c. with a print of him by W. Marshall, followed by an acrostic sonnet on his name. Then the epistle dedicatory and address to the "curteous reader," and to the "criticall reader," commendatory sonnets by T. F. [perhaps Flatman] and W. M. [the author.]

The first part, ending with signature F, contains one long poem

"——————of civil wars
Of such disasters and distracted jars,
As tell a story tragi-comicall,
And sing the praises of his Generall," &c.

The Second Part consists of short poems inscribed:

1. To the Lords assembled in Parliament.
2. To the Hon. House of Commons.
3. To the Lords Commissioners of Scotland
4. To the Committees.
5. To Algernon, Earl of Northumberland.
6. To Philip, Earl of Pembroke.
7. To William Cecil, Earl of Salisbury.
8. To Robert, Earl of Warwick.
9. To Bazil, Earl of Denbigh.
10. To Earl Henry Rich.
11. To Edward, Earl of Manchester.
12. To Henry, Earl of Stamford.
13. To John, Earl of Lauderdale.
14. To Earl Loudon, Lord Chancellor of Scotland.

 15. To

25. To John, Lord Balmerinoch.
26. To William, Visct. Say and Seal.
27. To William, Lord Gray.
28. To John, Lord Roberts.
29. To Thomas, Lord Bruce.
30. To William Lenthall, Esq. Speaker of the House of Commons.
31. To the Hon. James Fiennes.
32. To Sir John Merrick, Kt.
33. To Sir Henry Mervyn, Kt. his father-in-law.
34. To Sir William Belfour, Kt.
35. To Sir Philip Stapleton, Kt.
36. To Sir John Clatworthye, Kt.
37. To William Jepsone.
38. To Sir Chas. Erskine, Kt.
39. To Alexander Popham, Esq.
30. To Denzal Hollis, Esq.
31. To John Goodwin, Esq.
32. To Michael Noble, Esq.
33. To Col. Audelay Mervin, his brother-in-law.
34. To Sir Richard Strode, Kt.
35. To Thos. Adams, Ld. Mayor.
36. To the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen.
37. To Sir John Northeal, Kt.
38. To Sir Samuel Roule.
39. To Anthonie Nicholls, Esq.
40. To Major General Edwd. Massie.
41. To Godfraie Bossezile, Esq.
42. To Mr. Hue Kennedie.
43. To Mr. John Cheesly, Secretary to the Commissioners for Scotland.
44. To the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Councell Men.
45. To the renowned, learned, and worthy divines, Mr.

Mr. Alexr. Henderson, Mr. Sam. Rutherford, Mr. Rob. Bayly, Mr. Geo. Gilespie, Commissioners for the church of Scotland.*

46. For Apologie to these persons of Honour.
47. To Alexander Ramsey, M. D.
48. To my brother Capt. John Mercer.
49. To the famous poet Capt. Geo. Withers.
50. To Sir Archibald Johnstoun, Ld. Warestoun.
51. To Sir Oliver Fleming.
52. The pen-man's apologie to the common reader.
53. A Satyre.
54. To the Lords and Commons in Parliament, "the humble petition of Captain William Mercer, who's forced to leave off prose and turn a verser."
55. One word more to Momus.
56. To the feareful passenger.
57. Ad eundem.
58. Upon the Title of the Book."

From the above addresses it may be gathered that Captain Mercer was a parliamentarian adherent: but that he was no great credit to the party, as a volunteer laureat, the following short specimen of his *versing* will sufficiently prove.

"*Upon the Title of the Book.*

"There are some books which bears the very name
That mine does own, yet they are not the same.
Thou never beldst a Glasse before thine eyes,
Wherein thou saw all these nobilities,
And worthies; wherefore thou must needs confesse
'Tis fitly named *England's Looking-Glasse!*

* See Tod's Baillie V. 469, and VI. 92.

Or

Or if this Glasse should have been call'd by the
The Glasse of these three kingdoms—'twere no lye. *
Then with a threefold reverence see thou stand,
And, looking in it, hold thy hat in hand.

W. M."

ART. V. *Two Centuries of Epigrammes: written by John Heath, Bachelour of Arts, and Fellow of New Colledge, in Oxford.*

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus; nostri farrago libelli est.

London: Printed by John Windet. 1610. 12mo.

Wood† has described this author as born in 1585 at Stalls, in Somersetshire, educated in Wykeham's school, admitted Fellow of New College, Oxford, in 1607,‡ where he took his degrees in arts, and became famous for his poetry, at least as an epigrammatist. The above appears to have been his only publication, and is inscribed to Mr. Thomas Bilson, only son to the bishop of Winchester. The following are favourable specimens.

* The author was a North Briton: though his book is dated "from a lodging in King-street, Westminster, at the Three Pidgeons, Jan. 6, 1645."

† Athenæ, I. 403.

‡ Heathhaving carped at "the unreasonable Epigrammatist of Hereford," as Fitzgeffrey charactered him, Davies retaliated in the following and in other similar jerks of wit.

"Thou lawd'st thine epigrams for being chaste;
No marvell:—for the *dead* are nere embrac'd.
And penal 'twere to offer light abuses
'Mong doctors, proctors, and grave heads of houses.

Scourge of Folly, p. 251."

CENT. I.—EP. 4.

In solem occidentem.

"Oft did I wonder why the setting sunne
Should looke upon us with a blushing face;—
Is't not for shame of what he hath seen done,
Whilst in our hemisphere he ran his race?

EP. 63.

In Syllam è bello reducem.

I questioned Sylla, being all alone,
What store he slew in warre? he answer'd, 'nine.'
Had he said *none*, as the truth was that time,
So had the tale been true, and eke the rime.

EP. 77.

In Lanionem medicum.

When Lanio heard the plague increast so sore,
Alas! good man, how he took on therefore:
Fearing, belike, if it continued still,
'Twould rid us all, and leave him none to kill.

EP. 84.

Ned will not keep the Jewish sabbath, hee,
Because the church hath otherwise ordain'd:
Nor yet the Christian, for he does not see
How alt'ring of the day can be maintain'd.
Thus, seeming for to doubt of keeping either,
He halts between them both, and so keepes neither.

EP. 90.

To make a face.

Wreathing the visage from his proper place,
We commonly call *making* of a face;
Which, by a divers speech methinkes more fit,
Ought rather to be learn'd—the *marring* it.

EP.

EP. 95.

Will, ask't how's sick wife did—said, 'who, my Jone?
She'll come abroad ere long, I do not feare.'
And so she did, before two dayes were gone,
With her heeles forward, mounted on a biere.

CENT. II.—EP. 10.

In Chrysalum.

The miser Chrysalus will hardly spend
One crosse * on his own use, much lesse will lend,
Or give ought to the poore of all his pelfe:—
Blame him not,—for he loves them as himselfe.

EP. 20.

In Quintum ad Academicos.

Urge Quintus with a text of any weight;—
'This text answers it selfe—' he answers straight.
If it doe so, 'tis well:—else, all his wit,
For aught I see, would hardly answer it.

EP. 44.

In Lalum.

Mark Lalus, when he doth a tale begin,
And say—whether 'd'ye see'—do not come in.
See or see not—all's one, what neede he feare?
'Twere better for him if we did not *heare*.

EP. 64.

In Amorphum.

Amorphus steps not out of doors a nights,
For feare of meeting some mishapen sprights;
Whereas, saw they his face so grisly grim,
The sprights they would be more afraid of him.

* Crosses were formerly stamped on pennies. See Leake on English Money.

EP.

EP. 73.

In Gallam.

Galla's as foule a wench, the truth to say,
As one shall light on in a summer's day;
Yet Scylla faine would match her with his heyre;
She's rich and sickly, though she be not faire.

EP. 81.

In Rufum.

Rufus got's nose so full of fiery wheales,
By studying presently upon his meales.
You credit not this tale;—I pray, Sir, why?—
It sounds not to my hearing like a lye:
For straight on meales still may you see the man
In a browne study at an ale-house can.

EP. 91.

In Linam.

Linus (what e're it is disturbs his pate)
Is, as they say, growne out of 's wit a late.—
How can it be, that he should now begin
For to be *out* of that he ne'er was *in*?"

T. P.

ART. VI. *A treatise concerning the Nauie of England written in Anno* 1570, *by Ino. Mountgomery, with an addicion thereto made by the saide author, in Anno* 1588. *M. S. 4to.**

[Every article that marks the rise and progress of the maritime power of this country must be universally interesting

* In the possession of Mr. Uphill of May's Buildings, bookseller.

to

to Englishmen: the loan of this manuscript has therefore been obtained for the purpose of this article, being partly written at a period which renders it particularly valuable, that of the invasion attempted by the Spaniards. A portion of the work, I understand, a literary gentlemen recognized as having seen before in MS. but it is supposed never to have been printed, nor do I trace it in Herbert, though there is a method in it that certainly leaves it doubtful if it has not already been before the public.]

"As every people or nation willing to defend itselfe againste the suddaine envasion of others, provydeth therfore according to the situation and bordering of their country: some that have none other but plaine fields betweene them and their enemyes, with making mightie trenches and fortes for ther safeguarde: some that are devyded with ryvers, which they count as peece of defence, with planting heere and there, as the place requyreth some kinde of fortification: some compassed with lowe grounde, by keeping of sluces to drowne the whole country aboute them; and some other by limitting their domynion at deepe fenns, greate woods, huge mountaines, and suche daungerous sands and rocks as maye seeme best to withstande the enemyes force: Even so this isle of Englande, being envyroned with the sea, and having on everye syde good portes and landinge places of safety, oughte to be defended therafter; that is to say, with shipps and block-howses as withe the proper defence thereof: Purposing therefore uppon good will and zeale to my countrey to write somwhat concerning the mayntenaunce of our navie, &c."

The

The writer, after noticing the country was overrun by Cæsar Claudius, &c. says,

"So voyde was this Ile of good shyppes at the entring of the Romaines, that we finde noe mention made of them in histories of that tyme, neyther did the Brittaines, when they had learned the making use of warlike shippes, seeke thereby to defende theire country, but suffered othar to be lordes of the seas; thorough which sufferaunce, their ennemies did not onely chuse theire landing, without any kinde of displeasure, but also were able to bark themselues safelie, and contynually, withe ayde from othar places, till they had accomplished theire whole desire; which to bring to passe, they spared not to kill without mercye, wickedlye to spoile the fruites of the earthe, to burne and overthrowe castles, townes, and cities, to ravish wives and maidens, to make slaves of nobilitie, and of their slaves gentlemen, and finally, to use all kinde of crueltie and tyranny."

Again, "It is often tymes sene that he whiche hathe to defend him selfe withall, is not soe soone sett uppon, as he that wantethe a weapon, according to the olde proverbe, weapon biddes peace; wherfore I thinke it possible, yea and very lykely to, that our enemy, us alwais provided and able to keep the seas against him, will not so redelye attempt to molest us, as he would otherwise, considdring that he cannot doe it without his owne perrill. And if it so chaunce the matter to be staied, then are we delivered without blood shed, or losse from those euills that might haue followed. But admitt that he wear soe adventurus, that notwithstanding our navy on the seas he wolde attempt to goe throughe withe the matter, yet have we thadvantage of him

him dyvires ways, for if we see our selves of sufficient force to encountre withe him, and therwithe thinke it good so to doe; then may we valliantly give him the charge, fighte withe him, and beate him from our coaste."

Here the author argues, an inferior navy would sufficiently destroy an invading enemy, to force them to return "to get repaired, trymmidd, strengthened, and augmented," and that upon a second attempt,

"All thoughe our navye should be the lesse in nomber, and inferior as it might be thoughte to encounter or give any charge, yet sholde it be of sufficient force to receve the charge and to defend it selfe, notwithstanding the enemy weare two or thre shippes against one; for in giving the charge is a greater daunger then in receving the charge, and especially uppon so forceable, woorthy, and warlyke a navy as the navye of England is: for meting or coping with our navye he shall fynde nothing but blowes, renting, tearing, sinking, fyering, slaughter and spoiling; for as muche as he must come in the face of the cannone, in the eye of the ordenaunce, and as he comethe nerer, so shall he feell the pay of the musket, calyver, and bowe; and when he comethe to hand blowes, he must feele the push of the pyke, and the waight of the brown bill, laid on with the might and hardy courage of our English men, whos quarell being to defend their natyve contry from enemyes, their goods from spoile, their wyves and children from thraldom, and themselves from beastly slaughter and slavery, they wolde no doubt fight more stoutely and withe better courage, then thenemy whoes quarrell is grounded but uppon mallice and the wining

wining of glory and domynion. Moreover ours sholde with the better hope be moved therto, knowing the strengthe of our navye to be suche, as wantethe neither goodly great nor bewtefull shippes, whoe of mould are so cleane made beneath, of proportion so fine above, of sayle so swift, the portes fighte and romes in them so well devised, with thordenance so well placed, that none of any other regeion maye seem comparable unto them; in whiche also is planted suche a deale of tirreble and deadly ordenance as is not a little mervelus to behoulde, some having iij tyers and some iiij, one above another, all charged withe brasse, that is to saye withe cannons, culverens, sakars, mynions, falcons, and foulers, and also smaler peeces of all sortes withe their shott apartayning; as rounde, cloven, cheyne, crosbarre, and haill shott, all of iron, withe dyvers sortes of fyerwoorkes, besyde their furniture of smaller peces or hand weapons, as musket, calyver, and suche lyke, every shipp being manned to the uttermoste, as some withe iij, iiij, v, vi, vij, viij C men apece, whose valliant myndes in the tyme of fight ar stired up with the courageous sounde of trompete, droms, fifes, and their sprites revyved withe the pleasant sight of topp armours, streamours, banners, flaggs, ensignes, and pendantes; so that our shippes, passing other in strengthe, swiftnes, and warlyke bewty, and being manned withe valliante captains, boldned maryners, stoute gonners, and hardy soldiers, I conclude that we are lyke to have the better, or" [here the writer repeats his opinion of the necessity the enemy would be under of giving up the enterprize, from loss of men and want of amunition, of returning home to refit, during which] " the navy (of this country) myght be repayred withe force, and

strengthe reddy to receyve him, and to give him as good a wellcome as he hadd a farewell."] This is followed by a doubt that no one or two Princes could sustain such a charge. Then from the example of Scipio Africanus, who could not expel Hannibal out of Italy, the expedient of cutting off succours and invading the country of the enemy is suggested; but that, unless the navy is well supported, aid cannot safely be received from other powers. The necessity of preserving "mayne tymber," and "to repayre our shippes, to make new in places of thoulde, and the rather while those connying carpenters yet lyve which searve the Prince at this present;" to fill the store houses with double furniture, as anchors, cables, &c. "and all maner of warlyke bravery that might encourage or kendle the hartes of woorthy servitors." The muskett and calyver are recommended in preference, as the "longbowe, crosbowe, and darte, cannot be used without greate roome." While of the other a man "layeth foorthe no more but the nose of his pece out at a loopehole lesse then halfe the breadthe of a mannes hand, wherout his eye dyrecteth him to doe his feate." With respect to number of "the Queenes Maiesties owne shipps, which shoulde allwaies lye in reddynes, they myght be 40 saylles." In "further troubles then might ther be chosen in this realme, amongst many, 40, 50, or more, tall marchantes shipps to joyne with them, sufficient nomber, with God's helpe, to withstand such enemyes." Then follows a distribution on the coasts of England, and Scotland, and the Irish seas, with the reason "whether the Scotts be our friendes or our enemyes, for keeping upon their coasts."

In providing for emergent want of vessels, the writer proposes an allowance in building marchantes

shippes;

shipps: "to any that should buyld a shippe able to stowe or carye two houndred tonns in caske or above." And "in voyages eyther to Spaine, Ittalie, the part of Turkey, Barbari, the Indies, the Islands, Hambroe, Danske, the Narue Muscovia, Burdeus and suche lyke places, wher suche shippes may best be fraighted, the saide great shippes of 200 tonns to be first fraighted foorthe and sett on woorke uppon payment of some great penaltye for ofending." And "now to come to the places in England where theis shippes should and myght best be occupied and mayntayned, I will first begyne with the citty of Bristoe, wher hathe ben and yet are a woorshipfull company of marchants and owners whiche I suppose woulde mayntaine and occupie 3. Then next to it is Falmouth, Perrin, and Truro, a good porte, but I supose their wantethe bothe marchants and trafficke of marchandies, wherfor I let them passe, and soe come to Plimouthe, and that contrye whiche I thinke wolde mayntain 1. Then might be appointed to Dartmouth, Totness, and Excetour, 2. To Southampton, 1. To the citty of London, 12. To Ipswiche, 1. To Yarmouth and Norwich, 1. To Hull and Yorke, 2. To Newcastle, 1. And to the great haven of Milford, withe the rest of the portes and havens on the coast of Wales, and that parte of England, I omytt to say any thing, because I knowe them not, but referr it to others that know the coast; also to the citty and haven or ryver of Waterforde, in Ireland, might be apointed 1. And for the rest of the portes, havens, and places of Irelande, I comitt to others that know them. And in this manner I thinke they might be well disposed; not onely because the trade of marchandis in those places is dillegentlye followed, but

also for that those havens and ryvers are good and able to receive suche shippes; not with standing they, as well as other havens and portes of this lande, decaye dayly and need repairations; for whiche cause, I would wishe by the waye, ther wer some order and provision hadd concerning the mending of them, or, at the least, for the keping of them in good state; and espetially for the Thames, or ryver of London, which daily falleth to decay and ruine from the brige downe to Purphelet, wher the chanell is decayd in moste places fyve foot, and in some place seven, nine, and twelve foot, besyde a nomber of banckes and shelves that have encreased and dayly do encrease in the said ryver, soe that it is to be thought it will not continue long navigable, nor fit for good shippes, especially for suche tall marchants shippes as I have tofore wished for and spoken of, except spedye remedy be hadd in the reformatione therof; the decay of which ryver wolde be a great hurt to the comon wealthe of that moste antyent and famouse citty."

The recommendation of erecting fortes and block howses, next follows, "especially a cople to be raised at the Nesse on bothe sydes the entry of the ryver bye Quynbrow, called Medoe water, wher the Queen's majestie's shippes doe now ryde in harbrowe;" then is recommended the increase of mariners, mayntenance of fishing, with examples of the "Duchmenne and Flemings" therein, and encouragement to marchantes. The first part concludes with praying a long and prosperous reign for the Queen, "and that her honourable counsayle, first seeking the glory of Godd, maye still provyde for the securety and defence of this lande."

Of

Of "The Addicione to this Treatise," an account will be given in the following number of CENSURA.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. VII. *Here begynneth a treatise of a gallant.*

" Ryght as small flodes encrease to waters fell,
So that narowe furrous may not sustayne,
Ryght so pryde unclosed may not counsell
This new wretchednes y^t causeth us co~playn;
How wo hath wrapped us in a cruell chayne:
Our pryde sheweth it well, bothe ferre and nere;
Englonde may wayle that ever it came here.

The synne that now reygneth to beholde is ruthe,
Of fraude and dysceyte grete abhomynacyon,
But nede constrayneth us now to saye the truthe
Of pryde and dysceyte this newe dyscymulacyon,
That blyndeth and consumeth our Englysshe nacyon.
Lucyfer's progenye amonge us dooth appere,
Englonde may wayle that ever it came here.

Ryght late stode our londe in suche prosperyte,
Of chyvalry, manhode, and ryche marchaundyse,
Thrughe all crysten realmes sprange our felycyte,
Of grete welth and prowesse in sondry wyse,
Our sadnes is chaunged for the newe guyse,
We haue exyled our welth, I note where,
Englonde may wayle that ever it came here.

Pryde hath founde waye to exclude man fro blys,
In dysfygurynge nature by this newe araye,
Bothe men and women can saye what it is,
For bothe nede and poverte gooth now ryght gaye;
But alas our sorowe encreaseth every daye,
And yf ye lyve long ye shall bothe se and here,
That Englonde shall wayle that ever it came here.

For pryde hathe our plente torned to evyll fare,
And fedeth us as beestes that draweth in the ploughe,
Many a worthy man bryngeth he to sorowe and care,
Where fortune somtyme fresshely on hym loughe,
Examyne the lyvinge that this worlde useth ynoughe,
How nede with synne groweth every where;
Englonde may wayle that ever it came here.

For many a vengeaunce, as scripture maketh mencyon.
Hath fallen to kyngdomes in sondry wyse,
And fynally put the people in dystruccyon,
For theyr obstynacy, a newe fangle guyse;
Alas Englonde, that somtyme was so wyse!
Other nacyons refuse, hast bought so dere,
That thou may wayle that ever it came here.

Som tyme we had Fraunce in grete derysyon,
For theyr hatefull pryde and lothesome unclennes;
Use we not nowe the same in our regyon,
And have permuted our welthe for theyr gladnes?
Lechery of our people is become a maystres,
Our gentylnes, for galantyse have we lefte there,
Englonde may wayle that ever it came heere.

Yf ye beholde the galantes progenye vyperius,
That out of Fraunce be fledde for theyr intoxicacyon,
Hathe nowe vengeaunce consumed that realme gloryus,
For theyr pryde and synfull abhomynacyon,
That all the worlde may wayle theyr desolacyon.
O Fraunce why ne had these galauntes byden there,
Englonde may wayle that ever it came here.

For in this name galaunt ye may expresse
Seven lettres for some cause in especyall."—

The remainder of this, sixteen others, and beginning of the next stanza, wanting.

"Good

" Good makynge of man is nowe layde on syde,
This newe araye is brought up in this londe so wyde,
And yet for all that it may not last a yere,
Englonde may wayle that ever it came here.

Beholde the rolled hodes stuffed with flockes,
The newe brothed doublettes open at the brestes,
Stuffed with pectoll of theyr loves smockes,
Theyr gownes and theyr cotes shredde all in lystes,
So many capes as now be, and so few good prestes.
I can not reken halfe the route of theyr marde gere:
Englond may wayle that ever it came here.

These galauntes use also full abhomynable,
Theyr typpettes be wrythen lyke to a chayne,
And they go haltred in them as hors in the stable:
It is a peryllous pronostycacyon certayne;
For synfull soules shall be bounde in payne,
Hande and fote in perpetuall fyre:
They shall curse the tyme that ever it came here.

All these newe bulwarkes they weare at theyr knees,
They laboure sore in theyr wyttes fantasyes to finde,
No man holdeth hym contente with his degrees,
Pryde gothe before and shame cometh behynde;
Alas that Englyshe men sholde be so blynde,
So moche sorowe amonge us and so lytell fere,
We may wayle the tyme that ever it came here.

Forgete not lyghtly how many straungers,
Have entred this kyngdome and kepte the possessyon,
Fyve tymes as wryteth olde cronyclers,
And chaunged our tonges in sondry dyvysyon;
O clergy praye for our Englysshe nacyon,
That God for his mercy of this synne make us clere,
Elles shall we wayle that ever it came here.

Effectually pray God for his reformacyon,
Of welthe, manhode, and of marchaundyse,
And tresory of peas, that Cryste in his passyon
Lefte bytwene God and man whan he sholde dye;
The comynalte in love, conserue perseverauntlye,
With charyte bothe hyghe and lowe to joyne in fere,
In voydynge of synne that tourmenteth us here.
O Englonde, remembre thyn olde sadnes,
That thou may resorte agayne to thy gladnes;

Exyle pryde, relyeve to thy goodnes,
Synne hath consumed this worldes humanyte;
Praye God thou may rejoyse thyn olde felycyte;
And his blessyd moder, as this londe is her dowere,
We have no cause to wayle that ever it came here."

FINIS.

Here endeth this treatyse made of a galaunt. Enprynted at London, in the Flete strete, at the sygne of the Sonne, by Wynkyn de Worde."

This fragment of a poem, printed in black letter, was found pasted within the fly leaf, on the oak board binding, of an imperfect volume of Pynson's Statutes, and purchased from the Nash-Court collection. The first side having the printer's letter, A j, connected with the end, seems conclusive that it did not form a portion of any particular work, or extend beyond a sheet ballad, or poem, folding in quarto, of which the above is the contents of the first and last leaf; the stanzas wanting, calculated for a deficiency of four pages. The title, as customary at that period, is on a ribband. No mention of such a tract occurs in Herbert.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART.

ART. VIII. *Country Conversations: being an account of some discourses that happen'd in a visit to the country last summer, on divers subjects; chiefly of the modern comedies, of drinking, of translated verse, of painting and painters, of poets and poetry.*

——————Recubans sub tegmine fagi
Sylvestrem tenui Musam meditaris avena.

London: Printed for Henry Bonwicke, at the Red Lyon in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1694. *Small* 8*vo.* *pp.* 86.

In a short preface, addressed "to the Wits," the anonymous author says, "I made bold to borrow one of your pens last summer, and employed it merely for a pass-time, during the intervals of angling, and such like diversions of a country retreat; *La manière de bien penser* fell in my way, I know not how, and I had a mind to try how something of that nature would look in our language. I endeavoured to imitate (though faintly, and afar off) the original draught of *Le Pere Bonhours.*"

The work is divided into five sections, according to the arrangement in the title, and from the fifth the following extract will not be unamusing to those who have been entertained by a modern dramatic author at the conceit of a man falling in love with "my grandmother."

"Among other arts, which have interfered with poesie, I have observed, in a more especial manner, that of painting to be one; as if the two sister sciences delighted

delighted to live together in the same person. You seldom knew a poet but he was a lover of pictures, nor a painter who had not the like affection for poems and musick (which is really an inarticulate poesie). Some persons have attained to a great perfection in both those arts; such was *Leonardo da Vinci*; I could name other Italians, and several of our own nation; but it is sufficient to instance only in one. A young lady of eminent virtue and beauty, was when she lived (which was not many years since) incomparable for her performances both with the pen and pencil; I mean Mrs. Ann Killigrew, whose picture, drawn by herself, is printed before her book of poems, published soon after her death. A gentleman of our acquaintance, though he had never seen her when living, fell really in love with her memory, and on the first view of her picture and poems, composed some verses which I think I can still remember.

" Often have I conquer'd been
With the beauties I have seen;
Often have uncommon faces
Pleas'd and wounded with their graces;
But till this hour I never found
That the fair sex unseen can wound;
Till now I never was a slave
To charms and beauties—in a grave.

Nor time can cure, nor hope can ease my care;
At once I see, love, and despair.
Ah sweet remains of that lamented maid!
Ah lovely shadow of a shade!
Where's now the hand which this fair image drew?
Where's that we miss, even when we view?

Where

Where is that noble fancy could design
A face, and verse, both so divine?
Where is that face that did all art defie,
That art that nature did outvy?
Where in the sex shall we her virtue find?
And where her wit in all mankind?

Absurd inquiries! can such beauty dye,
Such wit be subject to mortality?
Can such accomplishments as hers' create
Less than a miracle, and conquer fate?
See, profane infidel, see here, and find
In this eternal monument inshrined,
Her very self; her wit, her face, and mind."

"This seems, indeed, to be writ with as great affection as encomium, and more love than art. But you know Philaster, he is the author." "I did imagine, (said Mitis) it must be he; he is himself a pretender to both these arts; and that with as much success as he desires, since he never made either of them his business, but diversion."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. IX. *Richard Hampoole's Devoute Medytacyon in sayenge deuoutly the Psalter of our Lady, with diuers ensamples. Emprynted at London, in Flete strete at the signe of the Sonne, by Wynkyn de Worde, MCCCCCVIII, the furthe daye of Februarie.*

This

This volume did not appear to have any regular title page. The above is a correct * copy of the head title (a mode occasionally found adopted by the early printers) which immediately preceded the prayers. It was a quarto, printed on vellum, in black letter, and formed an article in the catalogue of the library of the late Mr. Voight; but on the morning of sale it was not to be found. Several instances of similar depredation have occurred lately at different auction rooms. In the present instance, harsh as the allegation may appear, yet the craving of a black-letter appetite can alone be suspected. So little was known of its real value, that had it been taken by one of *Newgate notoriety*, he would scarcely have found a pawnbroker to give it hoarding room with the advance of a crown; and if offered to a bookseller, was there one in the metropolis, who would appreciate its value above waste, but knew of so singular an article being exhibited for public sale, or has since seen the hand-bill distributed from Bow-street? If it was taken by a mercenary purloiner, a hunting jackall of the more indolent and wealthy collector, this registry may yet be the means of tracing it to its present lodgment, and induce a restoration; if the possessor reflects, neither russian surtout nor morocco mantle will be sufficient disguise to parry recollection within *the memory of man*. Its singular rarity renders it perhaps matchless, and in what manner can it hereafter appear without condemning the possessor? Unless it is intended to form

* The circumstance of having by chance corrected the catalogue by the original, will account for its varying both from that and the hand bill afterwards distributed. The work does not appear to be mentioned by Herbert.

an

an inchoated article in the *Bibliotheca Purloiniana*, it must be kept more sacred than a cabinet curiosity, unknown, unseen, or the publicity of the theft may lead to a discovery. Where is the opportunity for ostentatious display, too often the parsimonious gratification which alone delights the sordid collector of old books? The *unique copy* must hide its guilty head, doomed to an unexplored nook, and decreed at last to destruction, in order to save the fair fame of its possessor from posthumous censure and obliquity. Purchase may be alleged, but that is such equivocal transfer, where only a solitary copy is known, that it must appear a vain attempt to screen connivance at an act founded on fraud, covin, and petty larceny. Let it be hoped this register may help to check such acts in future, perhaps deter, which is much better than to detect.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. X. *A Discovrse of Life and Death. Written in French by Phil. Mornay. Done in English by the Countesse of Pembroke. London: Printed for W. Ponsonby.* 1600. 12*mo.*

Of "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," Collins, in his memoirs of the Sidneys; Ballard, in his account of learned Ladies; and almost every subsequent biographer, have afforded an interesting account. The publication here cited, is not less estimable than rare: and having omitted to introduce any extract from it in the late edition of Royal and Noble Authors, for the sake of interweaving poetic specimens; I take the present occasion

occasion of exhibiting her Ladyship's elegant and forcible style in prose, from the exordium to this translation.

" It seemes to me strange, and a thing much to be marveiled, that the laborer to repose himselfe hasteneth as it were the course of the sunne; that the mariner rowes with all force to attaine the port, and with a joyfull crie salutes the descried land; that the traveller is never quiet nor content, till he be at the end of his voyage; and that we, in the meane while, tied in this world to a perpetuall taske, tossed with continuall tempest, tyred with a rough and combersome way, cannot yet see the end of our labour but with griefe, nor behold our port but with teares, nor approach our home and quiet abode but with horrour and trembling. This life is but a Penelope's web, wherein we are alwayes doing and undoing; a sea open to all winds, which, sometime within, sometime without, never cease to torment us; a wearie journey through extreame heats and colds, over high mountaines, steepe rockes, and theevish deserts. And so we terme it, in weaving at this web, in rowing at this oare, in passing this miserable way. Yet loe, when Death comes to end our worke; when she stretcheth out her armes to pull us into the port: when, after so many dangerous passages and lothsome lodgings, she would conduct us to our true home and resting-place: in steade of rejoycing at the end of our labour, of taking comfort at the sight of our land, of singing at the approch of our happie mansion; we would faine (who would beleeve it?) retake our worke in hand, we would again hoise saile to the wind, and willingly undertake our journey anew. No more *then* remember we our paines; our shipwracks and

and dangers are forgotten: we feare no more the travailes nor the theeves. Contrariwise, we apprehend death as an extreame paine, we doubt it as a rocke, we flie it as a thiefe. We do as little children, who all the day complaine, and when the medicine is brought them, are no longer sicke; as they who all the weeke long runne up and downe the streetes with paine of the teeth, and seeing the barber comming to pull them out, feele no more paine. We feare more the cure than the disease, the surgeon than the paine. We have more sense of the medicine's bitternesse, soone gone, then of a bitter languishing, long continued; more feeling of death, the end of our miseries, than the endlesse miserie of our life. We fear *that* we ought to hope for, and wish for *that* we ought to feare."

Though not printed till 1600, the last leaf of the volume is dated "Wilton, the 13 of May, 1590."

T. P.

ART. XI. *A misticall deuise of the spirituall and godly love betwene Christ the Spouse, and the Church or congregation. Firste made by the wise prince Saloman, and now newly set forth in verse by Jud Smith. Wherunto is annexed certeine other briefe stories. And also a Treatise of Prodigalitie, most fit and necessarie for to be read and marked of all estates.* 1575. *Imprinted at London by Henry Kirckham, and are to be solde at his shoppe, at the little northe doore of Paules, at the signe of the Black Boie. Small 8vo.*

Mr.

Mr. Warton, in his enumeration of the various English versions of Solomon's song made in the 16th century,* does not notice the present; nor is it registered either by Ames or Herbert. An address to the Christian reader is prefixed by John Wharton, a puritanical writer of poetry, and thus begins:

"In perusing this little volume intituled 'A misticall devise,' being requested of my frend therunto, I did fynde such a pleasantnes therin, that my hart rejoyced and gave du signes what pleasure and delight my minde of it conceived. For surely (gentle reader) if thou covit to heare any olde bables, as I may terme them, or stale tales of Chauser, or to learne howe Acteon came by his horned head, if thy mynde be fixed to any such metamorphocall toyes, this booke is not apt nor fit for thy purpose. But if thou art contrarywise bent to heare, or to reade holsome documentes, as it becometh all Christians, then take this same: for thou shalt fynde it sweeter (as the prophet sayeth) then the honye or the honye combe. For Salomon had great delite in the makinge of these, to recreat and revyve his spirits, and called them by this name, *Canticum Canticorum*, whyche is to saye—the song of songes."

These songs are very briefly and prosaically metrified, in ten pages: then succeeds "A coppie of the Epistle that Jeremye sent unto the Jewes, which were led away prisoners by the king of Babilon, &c." in verse. This also fills ten pages. Then, "The Commaundements of God our Creator, geven by Moyses," followed by texts from scripture, on four pages: and on four

* Hist. Eng. Poetry, III. sect. xxvii.

concluding

concluding ones, "The Commaundements of Sathan, put in practise dayly by the Pope." A very scanty specimen may suffice, from his version of the song of Solomon.

Christ speaketh to the Churche.

" Come, wend unto my garden gay,
My sister and my spowse;
For I have gathered mirre with spice,
And other goodly bowes.

I meane to eate my honnye, and
My honny combe so sweete,
And I will drinke my wyne and milke,
For so it seemeth meete.

Christe to the Apostles.

Eat now, my frinds, do nothing spare,
But be of perfect cheare;
And drink with mirth, for you of me
Are sure beloved deare."

T. P.

ART. XII. *Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, and Sonnets. London: Printed by J. G. for Rich. Marriot and Hen. Herringman, and sold in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet-street, and at the New Exchange.* 1657. *Small* 8vo.

From an address of the publishers to the author (who was Dr. Henry King, bishop of Chichester) it appears, that this little volume was printed without that author's

• " The Devil's Commandments," in verse, make a part of that antiquated medley called The Calender of Shepheards. In course they are diametrically opposite to those delivered by Moses.

consent, if not against his inclination. Part of their apology runs thus:

"The best we can say for our selves is, that if we have injured you, it is meerly in your own defence, preventing the present attempts of others, who to their theft would (by their false copies of these poems) have added violence, and some way have wounded your reputation."

Wood* tells us, that these poems, on their first appearance, were attributed to Dr. Philip King, the author's brother, and inserted as such in the Bodleian catalogue. The uncertainty of the real author might have led to a clumsy deception, which I have twice had occasion to observe. Whether the book had sold but little, from being published anonymously, or whether a number of copies had fallen into the hands of some ignorant book-jobber, certain it is, that the old title-page was displaced, and that a new one was prefixed, with the date of 1700, in which the poems were called *Ben Johnson's! !* No popular name could perhaps have been more awkwardly misapplied: for, besides a total dissimilarity between the metrical style of rare Ben and Bishop King, there is a copy of verses inscribed "*To my sister, Anne King,*" at p. 83, while (unluckily for the spurious title) an elegy is addressed "*To my dead friend Ben Johnson,*" at the distance of a few pages.

Mr. Headley† has truly said, that the poetry of bishop King, which was either written at an early age or as a relaxation from severer studies, is neat and un-

* Athenæ Oxon. II. 432.

† Biog. Sketches before Select Beauties of Anc. Eng. Poetry, p. lvii.

commmonly

commonly elegant. Howell before had remarked, in his Familiar Letters, "I find not only heat and strength, but also an exact concinnity and evenness of fancy in Dr. King's poems." A single and short extract shall only here be made; as an entire republication is intended by Mr. Gilchrist, who has so ably edited the poetical works of Bishop Corbet.

"To Patience.

"Down, stormy passions, down; no more
Let your rude waves invade the shore
Where blushing reason sits and hides
Her from the fury of the tides.
Fit onely 'tis, where you bear sway,
That fools or franticks do obey:
Since judgment, if it not resists,
Will lose itself in your blind mists.
Fall, easie Patience, fall like rest
Whose soft spells charm a troubled breast:
And where those rebels you espy,
O in your silken cordage tie
Their malice up! so shall I raise
Altars to thank your power, and praise
The soveraign vertue of your balm,
Which cures a tempest by a calm."

To some copies of bishop King's poems are affixed elegies on his death.

T. P.

ART. XIII. *Characters vpon Essaies, morall and diuine, written for those good Spirits, that will take them in good part, and make vse of them to*

good purpose. London: Printed by Edw. Griffin for John Guillim, and are to be sold at his shop in Britaines-Burse. 1615. 12*mo.*

This is one of the numerous productions of that prolific penman Nicholas Breton, who inscribes it in a dedication of five pages "to the honorable and his much worthy honored, truly learned, and judicious knight, Sir Francis Bacon, his Majestie's Attourney-Generall." A short prose address "to the reader" follows: after which verses *Ad Authorem & in laudem Operis*, signatured W. D. W. P. I. B. I. R. C. N. R. B. The Charactering of Essays then extends from p. 1 to 44, and comprises 1. Wisdome. 2. Learning. 3. Knowledge. 4. Practise. 5. Patience. 6. Love. 7. Peace. 8. Warre. 9. Valor. 10. Resolution. 11. Honor. 12. Truth. 13. Time. 14. Death. 15. Faith. 16. Feare. These are written in a strain of antithesis and paradox, very prevalent at that period, with the writers of essays, or characteristics, of which Sir Francis Bacon, and Bishop Hall, appear to have been the earliest prototypes. The following may serve as a specimen of what Breton terms the "travells of *his* spirit."

"*Warre.*

"Warre is a scourge of the wrath of God, which by famine, fire, or sword, humbleth the spirits of the repentant, tryeth the patience of the faithfull, and hardneth the hearts of the ungodly. It is the misery of time, and the terror of nature; the dispeopling of the earth, and the ruine of hir beauty. Hir life is action; hir food, bloud; hir honour, valor; and hir joy, conquest. Shee is valor's exercise, and honor's adventure; reason's

reason's trouble, and peace's enemy; shee is the stout man's love, and the weake man's feare; the poore man's toile, and the rich man's plague: shee is the armourer's benefactor, and the chirurgion's agent; the coward's ague, and the desperate's overthrow: she is the wish of envy, the plague of them that wish hir, the shipwracke of life, and the agent for death. The best of hir is, that shee is the seasoner of the body and the manager of the minde, for the induring of labor, in the resolution of action. Shee thunders in the aire, rips up the earth, cuts thorough the seas, and consumes with the fire. Shee is indeed the invention of malice, the worke of mischiefe, the musique of hell, and the daunce of the devill. Shee makes the end of youth untimely, and of age, wretched; the citie's sacke, and the countrie's beggery. Shee is the captaine's pride, and the captive's sorrow; the throat of bloud, and the grave of flesh. Shee is the woe of the world, the punishment of sinne, the passage of danger, and the messenger of destruction. Shee is the wise man's warning, and the foole's paiment; the godly man's griefe, and the wicked man's game. In summe, so many are her woundes, so mortall her cures, so daungerous her course, and so devilish her devises, that I will wade no further in her rivers of bloud, but only thus conclude in her description:—she is God's curse, and man's misery; hell's practise, and earthe's hell."

T. P.

ART. XIV. *Lives of Modern Poets.*

N°. IV.

DR. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The character of Oliver Goldsmith offers many points of deep disquisition, which have never yet been entered upon, in an interesting, and still less in a satisfactory, manner. I feel my own inability, as well as my want of materials, to execute this task myself at any time, but more especially at the present, when a want of time and a great hurry of spirits must weaken the little powers I possess. Nevertheless the occasion calls; and I must do the best, which it admits.

Genius, we well know, surmounts the barriers of unpropitious circumstances, and is independent of birth, fortune, and opportunity. In the descent and early education of Goldsmith there was indeed nothing unfavourable to the powers he afterwards displayed; but in the events of his life, which immediately followed, in the indiscretion of his conduct, which had often the appearance of absolute fatuity, he had violent prejudices and difficulties to conquer, over which his brilliant talents triumphantly prevailed.

Our poet, a native of Ireland, was born 29 Nov. 1728, at the parish of Forney, in the county of Longford. His father was the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, afterwards minister of Kilkenny West in the county of Westmeath. His mother's name was Anne Jones. He received the first rudiments of learning from a village schoolmaster, who had been a quarter-master in Queen

Queen Anne's wars, and having been a great traveller, and possessing a romantic turn of mind, is supposed to have given his pupil the first tincture of that wandering and unsettled turn, which afterwards became a prominent trait of his life.

At this period his relations describe him to have exhibited many of those characteristics of moody thoughtfulness, or sudden vivacity, which Beattie so beautifully attributes to his young Minstrel, Edwin. These qualities at length induced his father, embarrassed as he was by a large family, and small income, to send him to the University of Dublin, with the assistance of the Rev. Thos. Contarine, a man of eminent learning, and a generous spirit, who had married his aunt. In June 1744 he was accordingly entered at Dublin College. But his tutor, Mr. Wilder, was a man of savage disposition, and perhaps laid the seeds of all his future misfortunes. Once when Goldsmith offended against the discipline of the place, by giving a supper and dance in his rooms, this man broke in upon the party with so much rudeness, and treated his pupil with such ferocity, that the disgraced lad fled from the University, and wandered about for six weeks, none of his friends knew whither, till all his money and claims of hospitality were exhausted, when he returned pennyless to his mother's house.

While he remained at college he gave few proofs of those extraordinary endowments, which Nature had bestowed on him. His hard-hearted and undiscerning tutor had broken his spirit, and brought on an habitual despondence, which was attended by its constant concomitant, a morbid indolence. He was generally seen lounging in the gateway in a state of

apparent stupor; while flimsy witlings passed him by in scorn, and gloried in their own superiority.

Conceive the indignant flashes, which must now and then even at this period have lightened through the gloom of his mind. "These triflers, so vain of their slender faculties; these insects now fluttering in the short sunshine of unmerited encouragement! The day will yet come, when the blaze of my reputation shall eclipse and mortify them, and give me ample vengeance for these insults! Stupid and heavy as they deem my intellects, that very heaviness is brooding over scenes of future fertility, which shall put my enemies to shame, and unexpectedly astonish my despairing friends!"

He was not admitted to the degree of A. B. till 27 Feb. 1749, two years after the regular time. It seems that he had lost his father at this time, and that his uncle Contarine supplied his place. This good man enabled him to remove to Edinburgh in 1752 to study physic; where he attended the lectures of Monro, and other professors in the medical line. In a letter dated 26 Sept. 1753, he has given a ludicrous account of Edinburgh society at this time.

From Edinburgh he removed to Leyden, where he stayed about a year. Here he suffered many vicissitudes from an indulgence of that unhappy love of gambling, from which he never afterwards was free, and which rendered the affluent income of his latter days not much more capable of preserving him from pecuniary embarrassment, than the slender one of his former life.

Driven by distress thus created from Leyden, he is said

said to have set out, with no money in his pocket, a pedestrian wanderer on the tour of Europe; and many of the particulars ascribed to the traveller in the Vicar of Wakefield are believed to have happened to himself; especially, his obtaining entrance and entertainment at the houses of the peasantry by the exhibition of his humble skill in music. When he approached one of these cottages at night-fall, he played one of his merriest tunes; and the doors of the generous inhabitants were instantly opened to him. What an affecting picture of fortitude in adversity! What a romantic tale, if exhibited in all its circumstances, by the glowing pencil of Genius! With a sensibility acute in itself, which must ever be the case with men of vivid intellect; but rendered trebly active by the scenes of difficulty, in which he was placed,

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy——"

with what gratitude and delight, must he have looked on those, who thus received "the houseless stranger." With what feelings of admiration and affection must he have beheld the face of the simple peasant-girl listening to his music and his stories!

It is said that in these wanderings Goldsmith first felt within him the powers of a poet; and that at this time he first made many of the sketches, which he afterwards worked into such beautiful pictures in his poem, entitled "The Traveller."

In this way he passed through Flanders, and some parts of France and Germany, to Switzerland, a country, in which he found peculiar pleasure. "I fought my way," said he, "from convent to convent, walked from

from city to city, examined mankind more nearly, and if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture."

He now visited all the northern part of Italy; and beheld Venice, Verona, and Florence. At this period he lost his uncle, who was his principal supporter, and resolved to return home. He had still no means of travelling but on foot; in which manner he returned through France, and reached Dover in 1756.

Hence he resorted to the capital, where yet without money, or friends, he had to seek the means of subsistence. Those means were difficult to be found even in an humble capacity, by a stranger of unpolished manners and neglected appearance. He sought admission as an usher into some school or academy; but even there experienced little facility in the attainment of his wishes. Such however was his well-grounded pride, and just confidence in his future eminence, that his applications were made in a feigned name; and when he had occasion to seek the recommendation of Dr. Radcliff, who had been joint tutor to him with his cruel enemy, he informed him of this circumstance, and requested him to humour this innocent concealment.

He probably did not long continue this degrading employment, but next applied for the place of an assistant in the shops of apothecaries and druggists, which from his forlorn figure and uncouth dialect he did not procure without much mortification and many denials.

At length he met with his friend Dr. Sleigh, with whom he had been a fellow-student at Edinburgh. By the assistance of this affectionate and liberal man, he resolved to commence the practice of his original profession

profession of physic, which he began first in Southwark, and afterwards in the neighbourhood of the Temple. It is probable he was not very successful; but the comparative dignity of his new situation perhaps revived his spirits, and gave him leisure to attempt those literary occupations, by which he was ere long to acquire so much fame, and so much money.

In a letter to an Irish friend, dated 27 Dec. 1757, written with all that simplicity and naivetè, which afterwards so much distinguished the style of this writer, he says, "I suppose you desire to know my present situation. As there is nothing in it, at which I should blush, or which mankind could censure, I see no reason for making it a secret; in short, by a very little practice as a physician, and a very little reputation as a poet, I make a shift to live. Nothing is more apt to introduce us to the gates of the Muses than poverty; but it were well, if they only left us at the door: the mischief is, they sometimes give us their company at the entertainment; and Want, instead of being gentleman-usher, often turns master of the ceremonies. Thus, upon hearing I write, no doubt you imagine I starve; and the name of an author naturally reminds you of a garret. In this particular I do not think proper to undeceive my friends."

The next year Goldsmith had an intention of going physician to one of the factories in India, for which he obtained a regular appointment. This intention gradually cooled, and was at last laid aside. At this time he was employed about eight months by Mr. Griffiths in writing for the Monthly Review. And in 1759 he published his *Enquiry into the present State of Polite Literature*

Literature in Europe. Printed for Dodsley, 1759. 12*mo.*

At this time the poet occupied mean and dirty lodgings in Green-Arbour-Court, Old Bailey. He afterwards removed to better apartments in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet Street, where he wrote his *Vicar of Wakefield,* which he sold on a pecuniary emergency to Mr. Newbery, for 60l. In 1761 commenced his acquaintance with Dr. Johnson. In the course of the three or four subsequent years, his connection with Newbery drew on him many other literary tasks, which he executed for his subsistence. Among these were his *Letters on English History,* 2 vols. 12*mo.* and his *Letters of a Chinese Philosopher,* published in the "Ledger," and collected by Newbery into 2 vols. 12mo. His best fugitive pieces were also collected under the title of *Essays,* 1765, 12*mo.*

At this period he had a project of obtaining a mission into the internal parts of Africa, in search of knowledge; and applied to Lord Bute for a salary to enable him to undertake it. But in vain: for his reputation was not yet established.

At length in 1765 his celebrated poem, *The Traveller,* was given to the public, and immediately raised him to a high seat in the temple of fame. Lord Nugent, himself a minor poet, now became his patron; and introduced him to the Earl of Northumberland, who regretted he did not know his desire of travelling to Africa, during his Lieutenancy of Ireland, which he had lately resigned, as he would have procured him a salary on the Irish establishment for that purpose: though Johnson observed that of all men Goldsmith

was

was least fitted for such an employment, as he knew nothing of the state of the arts he was about to quit.

In 1764 our author took up his abode in the Temple, where after changing his chambers twice he closed his life. About this time he was one of the institutors of the Literary Club. In 1765 he gave the public his Ballad of *The Hermit*.

He was now encouraged to try the drama by his comedy of "*The Good Natured Man*," which was represented at Covent Garden, 29 Jan. 1768. During the intervals of his greater works, he supported himself, as usual, by several historical compilations for the booksellers.

The Deserted Village appeared in 1769. The next year he made a short trip to Paris, in company with a party of ladies. In 1771, it appears by a letter to Mr. Bennet Langton, that he was busily employed about his *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*, which did not make its appearance till 1774, in 8 vols. 8vo.

On 15th March, 1773, his second comedy, *The Mistakes of a Night*; *or She Stoops to Conquer*, was acted at Covent Garden, with the highest applause.

Notwithstanding the various works, which he had now produced with so much credit, and for which he was most liberally paid, his total want of prudence and management, added to that unfortunate addiction to gambling, which had aggravated the difficulties of his earlier life, had now so far embarrassed his circumstances, as to prey upon his mind, which in the Spring of 1774, brought on his old complaint, the strangury. This increased so far, as on the 25th of March to bring on a violent fever. Medical assistance was called in; but

but the symptoms became every day more unfavourable; and unluckily he persisted against the advice and importunities of those who attended him, in an improper use of James's Powders. After ten days struggle, his disorder terminated in death, on the 4th of April 1774, in the 46th year of his age.

Of this extraordinary, but inconsistent man, what Garrick said, is well known, that

"He wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor Poll!"

Garrick further characterized him with much severity in the following fable.

"*Jupiter and Mercury.*

"Here, Hermes, says Jove, who with nectar was mellow,
Go, fetch me some clay; I will make an odd fellow;
Right and wrong shall be jumbled; much gold and some dross;
Without cause be he pleas'd, without cause be he cross;
Be sure, as I work, to throw in contradictions,
A great love of truth, yet a mind turn'd to fictions;
Now mix these ingredients, which, warm'd in the baking,
Turn'd to learning and gaming, religion and raking.
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste;
Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with fine taste;
That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to the head, and set fire to the tail:
For the joy of each sex, on the world I'll bestow it,
This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet:
Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
And among brother mortals be GOLDSMITH his name.
When on earth this strange mixture no more shall appear,
You, Hermes, shall fetch him, to make us sport here."

Beattie's

Beattie's opinion of his character, not inconsistent with this, has already been given in Vol. III. p. 130 of this work. "Goldsmith's common conversation," says he, "was a strange mixture of absurdity and silliness; of silliness so great, as to make me think sometimes that he affected it.* Yet he was a great genius of no mean rank: somebody,† who knew him well, called him *an inspired ideot*. His ballad of Edwin and Angelina, is exceedingly beautiful; and in his two other poems, though there be great inequalities, there is pathos, energy, and even sublimity."

Character of Goldsmith by Boswell.

"No man had the art of displaying with more advantage as a writer, whatever literary acquisitions he made. *Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.* His mind resembled a fertile, but thin soil. There was a quick, but not a strong vegetation, of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there; but the elegant shrubbery, and the fragrant parterre appeared in gay succession. It has been generally believed that he was a mere fool in conversation; but in truth this has been greatly exaggerated. He had, no doubt, a more than common share of that hurry of ideas which we often find in his countrymen, and which sometimes produces a laughable confusion in expressing them. He was very much what the French call *un etourdi*, and from vanity and an eager desire of being conspicuous wherever he was, he frequently talked care-

* So thought Sir Joshua Reynolds.

† Lord Orford.

lessly,

lessly without knowledge of the subject, or even without thought. His person was short, his countenance coarse and vulgar, his deportment that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman. Those, who were in any way distinguished, excited envy in him to so ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credible. When accompanying two beautiful young ladies (the Miss Hornecks) with their mother, on a tour to France, he was seriously angry that more attention was paid to them than to him; and once at the exhibition of the Fantoccini in London, when those who sat next him observed with what dexterity a puppet was made to toss a pike, he could not bear that it should have such praise, and exclaimed, with some warmth, 'Pshaw! I can do it better myself!'*

Character of Goldsmith by Cumberland.

**** "That he was fantastically vain all the world knows; but there was no settled and inherent malice in his heart. He was tenacious to a ridiculous extreme of certain pretensions that did not, and by nature could not belong to him, and at the same time inexcusably careless of the fame which he had power to command. His table-talk, was, as Garrick aptly compared it, like that of a parrot, whilst he wrote like Apollo; he

* Boswell's Life of Johnson, I. 377. At p. 380 Boswell gives Johnson's account of Goldsmith's arrest at the suit of his landlady; and his release by the sale to a bookseller of *The Vicar of Wakefield* for 60l. through Johnson's intervention, which is related differently by Mrs. Piozzi, *Anecdotes, p.* 119; and with still greater variation by Cumberland, *Life, p.* 273. All from Johnson's own relation—so difficult is it to get at truth. Boswell's is probably the accurate story, as taken down at the moment, and bearing internal marks of exactness.

had

had gleams of eloquence, and at times a majesty of thought, but in general his tongue and his pen had two very different styles of talking. What foibles he had, he took no pains to conceal; the good qualities of his heart were too frequently obscured by the carelessness of his conduct, and the frivolity of his manners. Sir Joshua Reynolds was very good to him; and would have drilled him into better trim and order for society, if he would have been amenable; for Reynolds was a perfect gentleman, had good sense, great propriety, with all the social attributes, and all the graces of hospitality, equal to any man. He well knew how to appreciate men of talents, and how near akin the muse of poetry was to that art, of which he was so eminent a master. From Goldsmith he caught the subject of his famous Ugolino; what aids he got from others, if he got any, were worthily bestowed, and happily applied.

"There is something in Goldsmith's prose, that to my ear is uncommonly sweet and harmonious; it is clear, simple, easy to be understood; we never want to read his period twice over, except for the pleasure it bestows; obscurity never calls us back to a repetition of it. That he was a poet there is no doubt; but the paucity of his verses does not allow us to rank him in that high station, where his genius might have carried him. There must be bulk, * variety, and grandeur of design

* These opinions of Mr. Cumberland I cannot subscribe to. They would exclude Pindar, Horace, Dryden, Gray, &c. &c. from the list of great poets, and so it is apparent that Mr. C. thinks of the last, whom he calls the most active of all writers in this line. But we must estimate poems by

design to constitute a first-rate poet. The Deserted Village, Traveller, and Hermit, are all specimens, beautiful as such; but they are only birds' eggs on a string, and eggs of small birds too. One great magnificent *whole* must be accomplished before we can pronounce upon the *maker* to be the ὁ ποιητης. Pope himself never earned this title by a work of any magnitude but his Homer, and that being a translation, only constitutes him an accomplished versifier. Distress drove Goldsmith upon undertakings neither congenial with his studies, nor worthy of his talents. I remember him, when in his chamber in the Temple, he shewed me the beginning of his *Animated Nature*: it was with a sigh such as genius draws, when hard necessity diverts it from its bent to drudge for bread, and talk of birds and beasts, and creeping things, which Pidcock's showman would have done as well. Poor fellow! he hardly knew an ass from a mule, nor a turkey from a goose, but when he saw it on the table. But publishers hate poetry,* and Paternoster-Row is not Parnassus,†" &c.

Such is the testimony of men, who had a personal acquaintance with Goldsmith, and whose own talents

the quantity of sterling ore which they contain, and not by the number of their verses, or the extent of their design. It is natural, however, for Mr. Cumberland, who has written epic poems himself, to indulge these sentiments!

* This is scarcely a liberal or just assertion at the present moment. There are poets, who, if report speaks true, can prove the contrary—witness Bloomfield, Walter Scott, &c. &c.

† Cumberland's Life, 257, 258.

and

and experience enabled them to form a due estimate of his moral and intellectual qualities.

It is probable that the striking inconsistency between the elegance, propriety, and wisdom of his writings, and the awkwardness and folly of his conversation, arose from the irritability of his passions, which were excited by company, and clouded his faculties; while in the calmness of the closet his judgment had full power to operate. His intolerable vanity, which made him aspire to be universally brilliant and distinguished wherever he appeared, instead of giving him a superiority over the eminent, degraded him below the stupid. His perpetual failures and mortifications, arising from this cause, must have deeply affected the complacency of his mind, when alone: for with a rectitude of thinking, which in the hours of quiet and seclusion was exquisite, he must have reflected on the appearances, he was continually exhibiting in society, with the compunctious visitings of regret and shame. It was probably his lot, like all those who give up the rein to their passions, daily to sin in this way, and daily to repent.

They, who heard him talk as if he was scarce capable of a clear comprehension of any thing; and if he did comprehend it, utterly unable to express and explain it; must have read, almost with a doubt of their own senses, successive publications by him on various subjects, in which he exhibited the power of expressing every thing in the neatest and most perspicuous manner; and relating even what he never pretended to understand or study deeply, better than those who understood it best. "He is now writing a *Natural History*," said Johnson, "and will make it as entertaining as an

Arabian Tale." In another place this powerful critic has pronounced, that "Goldsmith was a man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best, that which he was doing; a man, who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness."

His poems I esteem to possess grea' value, because they are both original, and among the most finished of their kind; but I never can yield to the school of criticism, of which Dr. Johnson was the master, that that is a *very high* kind! Goldsmith, was like Pope, a poet rather of reason than of fancy or pathos; and his popularity does not appear to me by any means a test (though a favourite test with Johnson) of his transcendent claims. But it seems the style of poetry he adopted, resulted not merely from the character of his genius, but from the conviction of his judgment that it was the best. For in his life of Parnell he has given us the following critical opinions.

"The universal esteem in which Parnell's poems are held, and the reiterated pleasure they give in the perusal, are a sufficient test of their merit. He appears to me the last of that great school that had modelled itself upon the ancients, and taught English poetry to resemble what the generality of mankind have allowed to excel. A studious and correct observer of antiquity, he set himself to consider nature with the lights it lent him; and he found that the more aid he borrowed from the one, the more delightfully he resembled the other. To copy nature is a task the most bungling workman

workman is able to execute; to select such parts as contribute to delight, is reserved only for those, whom accident has blest with uncommon talents, or such as have read the ancients with indefatigable industry. Parnell is ever happy in the selection of his images, and scrupulously careful in the choice of his subjects. His productions bear no resemblance to those tawdry things, which it has for some time been the fashion to admire; in writing which the poet sits down without any plan, and heaps up splendid images without any selection; where the reader grows dizzy with praise and admiration, and yet soon grows weary, he scarce can tell why. Our poet on the contrary gives out his beauties with a more sparing hand; he is still carrying his reader forward, and just gives him refreshment sufficient to support him to his journey's end. At the end of his course the reader regrets that his way has been so short; he wonders that it gave him so little trouble, and so resolves to go the journey over again.

"His poetical language is not less correct than his subjects are pleasing. He found it at that period, at which it was brought to its highest pitch of refinement; and ever since his time it has been gradually debasing. It is indeed amazing, after what has been done by Dryden, Addison, and Pope, to improve and harmonize our native tongue, that their successors should have taken so much pains to involve it into pristine barbarity. These misguided innovators have not been content with restoring antiquated words and phrases, but have indulged themselves in the most licentious transpositions, and the harshest constructions, vainly imagining that the more their writings are unlike prose, the more they resemble poetry. They have

adopted a language of their own, and call upon mankind for admiration. All those who do not understand them, are silent, and those who make out their meaning are willing to praise, to shew they understand. From these follies and affectations the poems of Parnell," (and it may be added, those of Goldsmith) "are free; he has considered the language of poetry as the language of life, and conveys the warmest thoughts in the simplest expression."

All this abstractedly may be very just; though it must be observed that it applies rather to the outward dress than to the substance and essence of poetry. At the same time we cannot help feeling a little disgust, when we consider the purpose with which it was written, and recollect that it became on every occasion the cant both of Goldsmith and Johnson, with a view to depress and degrade the compositions of Gray, Collins, and others of that stamp, to whom they undoubtedly alluded, and of whom they indulged an illiberal envy.

But I am confident that neither Johnson nor Goldsmith possessed fancy or sensibility sufficiently lively to relish duly the higher flights of the muse. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader of Shakspeare's description of the real poet's powers.

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name." *

* Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V. Sc. 1.

Instruction

Instruction is not the first object of poetry; it is not to the reason that she addresses herself. When we resort to her power to exercise our faculties, we expect to be carried into the realms of fancy and passion; we demand voluntary delusions, and strive to escape from the dull severities of truth. Didactic verse, therefore, which can only aspire to some of the outward clothing, and minor embellishments, (as the metaphors and the rhythm) of the muse, must always stand in a subordinate class. It is wonderful how much more distinctly and universally these distinctions are understood in the sister art of painting. *There* the most conspicuous honours of the art are without hesitation decreed to those who have shewn the boldest and most sublime invention; to figures which surpass in strength or beauty the imperfect specimens of reality, or scenes which exceed in richness and variety the proudest productions of nature. The portrait-painter, the ingenious Dutchman, who brings forth with such exquisite minuteness the pictures of familiar life; nay, the delineator of historic groups, neither obtains, nor even for a moment asks, a seat in the upper ranks of his profession.

Let us then put the class, to which Goldsmith belongs, in its proper rank; and having done so, we can have no scruple in placing him among the very first of that class. The Traveller is indeed a very finished and a very noble poem. The sentiments are always interesting, generally just, and often new; the imagery is elegant, picturesque, and occasionally sublime; the language is nervous, highly finished, and full of harmony. * The

* There is a forgotten poem of Blackmore, entitled "The Nature of Man, in Three Books," with this motto, "Quid quæque ferat Regio, et

The Deserted Village is a poem far inferior to The Traveller, though it contains many beautiful passages. I do not enter into its pretensions to skill in political

quid quæque recuset." Virg. 1711. 8vo. in which the Second Book is filled with topics very similar to those of Goldsmith, in the above poem. Blackmore, in his Preface, says—

"The Design of this poem is to express how far the disparity of the intellectual faculties, dispositions, and passions of men is owing to the different situation of their native countries in respect of the sun; and to shew what advantages those receive, who are born in a mild air and temperate climate; and what disadvantages in respect of understanding, reason, and moral improvements, those nations lie under, who suffer the extreme either of cold or heat: this is attempted in the First Book. Next, the Design is to bring down this general object to particular instances, by giving the distinct characters of many European nations, arising from the different nature of the air and soil of their respective countries; and this is the subject of the Second Book. In the Third, the causes are enumerated, which raise and preserve a worthy and generous race of men; and the fatal errors and distempers of mind, which bring unavoidable ruin and destruction on the greatest and most flourishing people."

The Argument of the Second Book is thus stated:

"The Character of the French Nation; their virtues and vices. Of the Spaniard. Of the Inhabitants of the Northern Coast of Africa stretching along the Mediterranean sea. Of the Italians. Of the Germans. Of the people of the United Netherlands. Of the Britons. An Episodical Digression, in praise of British Liberty. The Briton's Vices."

The following is part of the description of the French.

"Splendid in houses, equipage, and dress,
For show and pomp their passions they express.
Fawning and servile to the great they bow,
While scornful they insult the mean and low;
They thirst for praise immoderate, and proclaim,
In fulsome style, a benefactor's name;
And when their lawless monarch is the theme,
To court a tyrant they their God blaspheme.
They boast with hasty pride each small success,
And at small losses soon their souls depress,
Still in extremes their passions they employ;
Abject their grief, and insolent their joy."

economy,

economy, though, in that respect, it contains a strange mixture of important truths and dangerous fallacies. My business is with its poetry. Its inferiority to its predecessor arises from its comparative want of compression, as well as of force and novelty of imagery. Its tone of melancholy is more sickly, and some of the descriptions, which have been most praised, are marked by all the poverty and flatness, and indeed are peopled with the sort of comic and grotesque figures, of a Flemish landscape.

"The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The *never-failing brook, the busy mill,*
The *decent* church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn *bush,* with *seats* beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made,
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And *sleights of art and feats of strength went round,*
And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The *dancing pair,* that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The *swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,*
While *secret laughter titter'd round the place,*" &c.

Are not these the exact verbal description of a scene of Teniers?

In the mention of the village murmurs, which rise of a still evening to the neighbouring hill, occurs a line

line of this sort, which never could have been admitted by one endued with high taste.

" The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool."

The recollected scene of the village ale-house contains also several passages strikingly liable to this censure.

" The white-wash'd wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules; the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when Winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glitter'd in a row."

If these were meant to be comic, they ought not to have occurred in a serious poem; and if they were not meant to be so, they must be admitted to be in a very bad style, and very unfortunate! But I do not doubt that Goldsmith thought them, as the mob always think a Dutch piece of drollery, highly simple and natural! And there are not a few readers, who of course consider them among the best verses of the poem.

How different is the following part of an Address to Poetry, with which he closes.

" Farewell! And O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side;
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or Winter wraps the polar world in snow;
Still let thy voice, prevailing over Time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;

Aid

Aid slighted Truth with thy persuasive strain,
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states, of native strength possest,
Tho' very poor, may yet be very blest;
That Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As Ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky."

May 21, 1807.

ART. XV. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral and sentimental Essays.*

N°. IX.

On the Belief of Supernatural Beings.

TO THE RUMINATOR.

SIR,

In the course of your deep speculations on men and things; in the varied reflections of a poetic as well as philosophic mind, you must sometimes probably have thought on what will be, as well as on that which has been. Some of your *ruminations* no doubt have turned on subjects of higher and more lasting importance than political, and, of course, temporary concerns; than the far more engaging pursuits of philosophy, or even of that divine art, which, beyond all others, ensures the immortality of this world.*

Speculations

* Witness the assertion of Horace, that his fame would last as long as the Vestal Virgin should offer sacrifice on the Capitol. The Pagan Priest, the Vestal Virgin have served for centuries, only

"To point a moral or adorn a tale,"

and

Speculations of this nature have indeed engaged the attention of the wise and learned in every age; and, perhaps, in exact proportion to the excellency of those mental faculties, by which they felt a consciousness of excelling the brute creation, attended by an inward assurance that it was therefore improbable that they should cease, like them, to exist. Hence (not to allude at all to the inestimable advantages of that revelation which "has brought life and immortality to light" through the gospel) the most interesting inquiries of those who have thought deeply and abstrusely, have been directed to the nature of that future state, of which almost every sage, in every period of the world, has asserted the probability, if not the certainty.

For this reason, perhaps, it is, that in all ages the belief of supernatural beings, or appearances, seems to have prevailed; the persuasion of something, neither defined nor understood, forming, as it were, a link, a connexion, or bond of union, between this world and the next.* Modern philosophers, indeed, cut the gordian knot at once, by denying the truth of every relation that tends to establish such belief; without deigning to inquire or scrutinize, they assume the impossibility of them as an incontrovertible axiom, and scorn to use any other argument but that powerful,

and the Capitol itself, the residence of the contemptible representative of the Conscript Fathers, the *Senator of Rome*, "stat magni nominis umbra;" but the poet's lays still survive and shine with undiminshed splendour, after the lapse of eighteen hundred years.

* If it be said that this idea loses ground in proportion to the spreading of civilization, still it keeps pace exactly with religion; a lukewarmness, or indifference towards which, is also found unfortunately to increase as soon as civilization degenerates into luxury, towards which it makes a continual and sometimes rapid progress.

though

though somewhat uncivil one, *ad stultitiam*. The ancients did not so; but they, perhaps, erred as much on the other side, by receiving indifferently, as true, all sorts of idle stories, however improbable or ill supported.

I was led into these reflections by reading an account of the most ancient apparition mentioned either in history or poetry, which is told in these words: "When deep sleep falleth upon men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face, the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice." *

There are not, perhaps, many instances of relations delivered in language more truly sublime as well as poetic. The fear and trembling of limbs, and horror of something unknown, which was the forerunner of the spectre; the dark veil of impenetrable mystery thrown over the form of the appearance; the undefined outline of the vision which was before his eyes; and the dread silence which preceded its speech, are an assemblage of images hardly surpassed by any writer in a more polished age.

But with the language in which the story is clothed, we have, at present, no concern; it is only brought as a proof of the very early belief of the reality of supernatural appearances: and this persuasion seems so rooted in the mind of man, that Dr. Johnson even

* Job iv. 13, &c. This book was written, in the opinion of the most learned commentators, before the Israelites came out of Egypt; consequently many ages before any other records, but those which are to be found in the same volume.

ventured

ventured to assert, that, though all argument is against it, all belief is for it. But *pace tanti viri*, that expression, so often quoted, does not properly apply to the case. The question is not whether all the popular tales of absurd fear and superstition be true; whether ghosts meet the trembling wanderer in every lone church-yard; whether forsaken maidens leave their graves to terrify their inconstant and conscience-smitten swains; and misers return to the upper regions to brood over concealed treasures, or point out the spot where they have buried them; but whether there are, or not, multitudes of "ministring angels"* who execute the commands of the Almighty on earth; and whether these may not at times be permitted to assume bodily shapes, for purposes consistent with his general government of his creatures, though not always perhaps obvious to our limited understandings.

If it be said that there are no accounts of such visions in ancient or modern history so authenticated as to leave no room for doubt concerning them, it may be replied, that in both there are relations of this kind, as well attested as most other historical facts which are generally believed.† If it be affirmed, that no adequate consequences have ever been produced by such supernatural appearances; that no example is on record of misfortune having been prevented by them, or of the wicked having been persuaded or terrified into virtue;

* Hebrews i. 13. Milton and Young are not quoted as authorities, lest it should be said that they wrote as poets, and not as philosophers.

† Such, for instance, as the appearance of his evil genius to Brutus; of Sir George Villiers, previous to the murder of the Duke of Buckingham; of the vision which announced his approaching death to Thomas, Lord Lyttelton, and many others which might be enumerated.

this

this is begging the question, and taking that for granted which remains to be proved. Though we may know what has been the consequence when such warnings have been slighted, we cannot possibly tell what might have happened had they not been attended to, nor how often they may have had an influence on the conduct; for the altered intention in this case can be known only to the person who had originally formed it. And, indeed, he alone who made the heart can judge of the alteration of it; and the impressive circumstance of a warning, which he thinks out of the common course of human events, may have produced in the mind of the person who has experienced it, a conviction salutary to himself and beneficial to others, though the effect may not have been so sudden as to be noticed by the world. *

We should be careful therefore not to affirm too rashly, either that such things are not, or that they are useless. In the bounded state of our present faculties, many events in this world may be brought about by an agency of which we have as yet no conception. For my own part, such an idea, instead of being terrific, is rather delightful. I know that such things cannot happen but by the permission of the Father and Creator of all; and, if they ever do, it is a still more convincing and affecting proof of his tender care of his creatures. It is a sort of approximation to a better world; and the idea that such superior beings are appointed to watch over us, seems to give us an additional safety in this.

I am, &c. &c.

* See the remarkable occurrence in the last century, known by the name of Colonel Gardiner's conversion.

N°. XII.

How far genius, when properly exerted, brings its own reward with it.

It is a subject of curious meditation, to consider how far genius, if properly regulated, is, like virtue, its own reward. Riches, and power, and rank, too frequently fall on the meanest and most stupid and profligate of mankind. These beings, who turn into curses the blessings which have been conferred upon them, are perfectly insensible to the charms of literature; or if they know any thing of it, know it only to hate those who excel in it. In their coarser minds a different estimate of eminence is encouraged; skill in intrigue, an oily tongue, a power of suppressing and concealing all emotions, which it is contrary to a selfish interest to betray; a conscience, which no nice scruples perplex; a brazen countenance, and an unfeeling heart! these are the qualities, which are acceptable to vulgar greatness. Of men, whose whole lives have been spent in schemes of ordinary ambition, the mere puppets of fortune, such are the only traits which excite the notice, or the comprehension.

If these observations be just, genius will be miserably disappointed in the expectation of worldly favour or advancement; and must turn inward, and look to itself for its principal, if not only, gratifications. It must elevate its sentiments "above this visible diurnal sphere;" it must learn to despise those gew-gaws and baubles, which corrupt and undiscerning Power heaps upon the unworthy, and which the foolish multitude pursues and worships with a base idolatry; it must learn to bear with fortitude the neglects and insults of those, whose heads are overset

set by prosperity and upstart command; and retire with a smile of placid or indignant contempt from the half-witted dispensers of political trust, or honour, or emolument.

But is it in the power of minds thus endowed with a keener sensibility, to tranquilize, at all times, their emotions, and extract a balm for their wounded spirits, from a due estimate of their own dignity? I am fearful that, in the frailty of poor human nature, it is not! Much may undoubtedly be done by a virtuous exertion; low and degrading desires may gradually be nearly extinguished; and a calm loftiness of thought succeeding, may become habitual, and at last lift the possessor, as it were, into a higher order of existence.

A head and a heart thus modified, may in truth find an ample fund of satisfaction in their own resources. For them the morning unbars her gates, and opens all the glories of nature to their view, unalloyed by the folly and wickedness, which are prevalent in the principal haunts of human life; at such prospects their bosoms expand, and their fancies glow with unutterable pleasure; they see not, or see with pity, the major part of mankind grovelling at a distance from them in paths of dirt and danger, actuated by restless and disgraceful passions, and sinking at last, without even momentary enjoyment, into quagmires, and irrecoverable pits. At the same time, "their" own "minds are kingdoms to themselves;"* and kingdoms not only of power, but of virtuous power. Time and space are at their command; the pomp of thrones, and the most in-

* Alluding to the beautiful words of the old song, "My mind to me a kingdom is."

genious splendour of human hands, are insignificant compared with the creations of their ideas; they can call forth a paradise in a desert with the wand of a magician; and people the earth with angelic beauty and wisdom.

If such be the powers of genius when rightly directed, do its operations produce no recompense to itself? The sensual wretch, whose whole soul is imbruted, will deem these shadowy enjoyments worse than insipid; he will consider them as the play-things of insanity; and behold with ignorant contempt, or affected pity, the unhappiness of him, whom he will denominate a moon-struck visionary. Far different will be the opinion of the man of taste, and the sound philosopher. They well know, that "to advance ourselves in the order of intellectual beings" is next to virtue, probably one of the first purposes for which we are destined to a trial in this state of existence; and is indeed itself a very high degree of virtue. I have heard that a celebrated poet, now living, lately said, that "the only things he values in this world are virtue and genius;" and, giving credit to the report, I have admitted him to a still higher rank (if possible) in my admiration than before.

He who imagines that the best proof of talent is the worldly fruit it brings forth; and that our mental faculties are only given us for the purpose of accumulating wealth and titles, and carrying on with acuteness and success the ordinary business of society, must behold the frequent failure of genius in these points with wonder. He must hear the evidence of fame with doubt; and refuse conviction to his own observations; because he will generally see men of the most brilliant

brilliant capacities not only unwilling but unable to do the drudgery of practical affairs; because he will find men of subordinate and plodding parts, and not those who have pretensions to great intellectual preeminence, at the head of senates and councils; and neglect and insult pursue those of splendid endowments, even when they descend to a contest in these ambitious paths.

There is nothing, therefore, more necessary to be impressed on Genius, than to know how to set a proper estimate on itself. Till it can survey the objects of vulgar flattery with a calm and dignified scorn; till it can raise itself above a competition for those distinctions, which coarse minds are better qualified to obtain; till a rivalry of its sharp and delicate-edged wit with heads of block and hearts of stone can be withdrawn, it will, it must be miserable. Defeated by those it despises, its irritable feelings generate poisonous vapours, which envelop in clouds of gloom and dissatisfaction all its golden visions.

Let the poet "reverence the lyre," to which his propitious nativity has consecrated him. Let him look to its charms to soothe away his angry passions; or to strike from its chords the tones of indignation, by which mean-spirited, or stupid greatness is held up,

"Fit garbage for the hell-hound Infamy!"

The scenery of inanimate creation is at his command; "the breath of heaven, fresh-blowing;" meadows, and hills, and vallies, and woods, and streams, are open to his rambles, where vanity and ostentation will seldom insult him, and the drunkenness of puft-up prosperity will have little opportunity to spit her loathsome jokes on his humble fortune!

Such are the firm convictions of the present writer; and, if he does not always act up to these sentiments, let no one question his sincerity. There are those who too well know that his ardent passions sometimes mislead him; and that he cannot always suppress the seduction of views of ambition, which, he trusts, are far below him. These delusive flames, which occasionally emit their dancing lights to draw him over quagmires and precipices, he has too much reason to dread and abhor. Every step thus set is accompanied by anxiety, and toil, and followed by regret, and disappointment.

May 12, 1807.

ART. XVI. *Original Poems by the late Henry Kirke White.*

Mr. Southey's intention to publish the Life and Poetical Remains of the late Mr. Henry Kirke White, has already been announced. I am not a little proud to record my gratitude to that great poet for the communication of the following most exquisite specimens, which I am sure every reader of sensibility or fancy will read with as much delight as I have done. They have never before been printed, and are a treasure, which, while they adorn my pages, will necessarily raise the expectations of the public very high for the appearance of the work, in which Mr. Southey has so amiably engaged. What must be the charm of a life of such a writer written by another of such endowments as Mr. Southey? But I will not by my pen detain the

the reader any longer from these most beautiful relics.

Denton, May 24, 1807.

Poetical Relics of Henry Kirke White.

SONNET.

"Yes, 'twill be over soon. This sickly dream
Of life will vanish from my feverish brain,
And death my wearied spirit will redeem
From this wild region of continual pain.
Yon brook will glide as softly as before,
Yon landscape smile, yon golden harvest grow,
Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing will soar
When Henry's name is heard no more below.
I sigh when all my youthful friends caress,
They laugh in health and future evils brave;
Them shall a wife and smiling children bless
While I am mouldering in my silent grave.
God of the just! thou gav'st the bitter cup,
I bow to thy behest and drink it up."

SONNET.

"Gently, most gently, on thy victim's head,
Consumption, lay thine hand! Let me decay
Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away,
And softly go to slumber with the dead.
And if 'tis true what holy men have said,
That strains angelic oft foretel the day
Of death, to those good men who fall thy prey,
O let the aerial music, round my bed,
Dissolving slow in dying symphony,
Whisper the solemn warning to mine ear;
That I may bid my weeping friends good-bye,
Ere I depart upon my journey drear;
And, smiling faintly on the painful past,
Compose my decent head, and breathe my last."

SOLITUDE.

" It is not that my lot is low
That bids this silent tear to flow:
It is not grief that bids me moan,
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him home;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks in its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs
With hallowed airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear and dead,
It floats upon the water's bed;
I would not be a leaf to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds with sullen wail
Tell all the same unvaried tale:
I've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view
That thinks of me and loves me too,—
I start,—and when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone."

ART. XVII. *Origin of the Name of Mount Caucasus.*

[CONTINUED FROM VOL. IV. P. 418.]

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

Since my former testimony from Bayer, concerning the probable origin of the name *Caucasus*, I have met with a remarkable confirmation of it in *a Memoir concerning the Nations inhabiting Mount Caucasus*, published by Edwards, in 1788, and extracted out of various books of travels, by Russians into Tartary, viz. Guldenstadt, Klingstadt, Gaerber, and Strahlenburg. Now, at p. 31, are these words, "The flat countries, near the Volga, were *always* called by the Tartars *Capchak*, which Strahlenburg supposes to have been corrupted into *Casak*." Whether Strahlenburg has or not given us a better derivation of *Casak*, than Mr. Wilford from *Ch' asas*, yet it is evident that the name here of *Capchak*, for the *plains* which surround the Caspian sea, is the very same which Bayer expressed by *Kaphgjak*, his *phgj* being changed into the guttural aspirate *ch*; and the author here assures us, that it is no name newly imposed, but has *always* been the same. We know also, that the natives of barbarous countries commonly preserve the ancient names of places with more tenacity than civilized nations: hence in Syria, and other parts of Asia, notwithstanding the new names imposed by the Greeks, Romans, and Arabs, many of the most ancient names are still current among the natives, in the neighbourhood of them. It appears also, from the above sentence, that

the name in Bayer is not a compound of two words, as I before suspected to be possible; and how the Greeks could pronounce it otherwise than by *Kauc*, I cannot conceive, unless they had preferred the *Gog* of the Jews: we are indebted then much to Bayer, for having first brought this native name for those *plains* to light, and to the knowledge of Europeans; the meaning of which, even Bochart did not venture to guess at, although he was plainly got into the right road; neither has the author of this *memoir* noticed that additional information by Bayer, that the word of itself signifies *a great plain*. We cannot wonder, that it should be so corrupted by the Greeks as to become scarcely cognizable, if we consider, that the very same has been done by the Persians, Arabians, and Turks, who pronounce *Gog* and *Magog* as if written *Jagiouge* and *Majouge*, as we are informed by Herbelot; the distinction between which may possibly have been, that *Gog* denoted the people who inhabited the *plains* and vallies contiguous to Mount Caucasus, and *Magog* the mountain itself; for *Ma* and *Maha*, we find to have always among Orientals included the idea of *great* or *high*, as they still do among the Hindoos. It is observable, that the author of the above *memoir* no where informs us, by what name the mountain Caucasus is denoted at present, by its inhabitants, and only gives us the names of the different nations, who dwell in the vallies and plains which surround it; who speak a great variety of languages, many of which have no resemblance to one another, and in a dozen of these the author gives us vocabularies of the names of the most common objects; but unfortunately has totally omitted the names for *plain*. *Coh*, however, never occurs there, as the

name

name for a mountain; and it is remarkable, that in all those languages there is not the least similitude to the Scythian, that is, to the common parent of the Gothic, Saxon, German, and Belgic tongues: neither does *Ch' asu* occur as the name for *Snow*; but in the dialect of the *Oseti*, a mountain is named *Khohk*, and among the *Tchetchens* it means a *foot*, and also a *hand*, so that nothing can be concluded from it. In fact, the present inhabitants of Caucasus seem to be new tribes from the east, who have settled there, and their languages are so totally different among themselves, that they must have come from distant and different parts. It is, therefore, only from the Tartars, on the northward of them, that any farther information concerning the word *Kaphgjak*, in Bayer, can be collected; it seems, however, already to be sufficiently confirmed, that it is the ancient name given to the immense desert *plains*, adjacent to the Caspian sea, and equally so to those on the west, as the east of that seat. Guldenstadt seems even to have found some traces there still, of the name *Kauc*; for, being permitted to make extracts from a manuscript chronicle in the *Georgian* tongue, preserved in a Christian monastery, near *Tiflis*, among the names of other neighbouring nations, he found that of "Kaucas, inhabiting Kaucasranta," which he supposes to mean *Caucasians*, p. 53.

As to the latter half of the name of *Cauc-asus*, I may now add as a farther proof, that the name of Asia was probably derived from the name of some nation, of a nearly similar name, dwelling near the Euxine sea; that Strabo mentions a considerable wandering nation

nation of that name, "Ex Nomadibus *maxime* innotuerunt Asii, Pasiani," &c. *lib.* II. We find also other traces of the scriptural name *Ashenez*, in *Ascania*, the name of a river in Phrygia, and in the name of *Ascanius*, given to persons, which, together with those enumerated by me before, may be all relics of that nation, which first gave name to Asia, and which must have been very ancient, as Herodotus says, that he could give no account why that country was called *Asia*. Now it appears also, by Herodotus, that the country north of the Euxine sea, even as far east as beyond the *Volga*, was anciently inhabited by Celts, under the name of Cimmerians; which is confirmed by the name of *Cimmerian Bosphorus*, afterwards given to the mouth of the Palus Mœotis: if then those *Asii* dwelt near the Caucasus, or even on the south side of the Euxine, in Asia Minor, it would be natural for the Celts, on the north side, to give the name of *Asia* to those districts to the south of their own habitations, occupied by that nation of Asii; for many names of aggregate countries have been thus formed from the names of those people dwelling in them, who were first or best known to some foreign and neighbouring nation; just as we now give the single name of *India* to a vast extent of different countries, because the name of the single nation of Hindoos was first or best made known to European nations by means of Alexander and others, and was also nearer to Europe, than the more distant country of China. The latter half of *Cauc-asus* may therefore be another relic of the name of the same nation, from which Asia was derived, of which *Ch' asus* may be another relic.

I cannot omit mentioning, that in the language of the

the *Tchetchens*, the name for *a spirit* is *Esey*, *Ssay*, which has some resemblance to the *Asæ* of the Gothic ancestors of our northern parts, who gave formerly this name to their *divine beings*, which might have been *the spirits* of some heroic ancestors. But this is the only word which has the most distant resemblance to any, in any of the Gothic languages.

I cannot but observe also, that it seems rather extraordinary, why the editor of the new edition of *Wells's Geography*, should have inserted so many of Mr. Milford's Hindu reveries, on this and other subjects, by way of addition to that work. *Wells* himself has too many manifestly erroneous opinions, which ought rather to have been corrected, than additions made to them out of Mr. Wilford's meditations; while no notice whatever is taken of the *Spicilegium Geographiæ Sacræ*, by Michaelis, nor of the opinions of any of the later and best critics concerning sacred geography: neither are the positions advanced by the editor himself, as his own, supported by sufficient evidence from facts or arguments; so that, between them all, readers of the Jewish scriptures will be rather involved more and more in a wilderness, than find a *companion to the Bible*, on whom they can depend. A judicious and abbreviated collection from all the latest and best writers, would have been a useful work in the English language, instead of this vast warehouse of ill-sorted goods.

S.

ART.

ART. XVIII. *Extracts from the Memoirs of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, by her nephew, the Rev. Montagu Pennington, just published, in one vol. 4to.*

Whatever matter the following extracts may exclude, the Editor feels that he cannot gratify his readers more than by giving them an early place. In the Letters and other relics, which are contained in the Memoirs of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, will be found treasures of moral and intellectual wisdom, such as the public can seldom receive. The first, which I shall select, I cannot doubt, will receive all the praise it deserves: from me, I am not ashamed to confess, that, when its amiable and able editor shewed it to me in MS. some months ago, it drew tears of the most exalted gratification. It is part of a letter addressed to Miss Sutton, to whom Mrs. Carter's fine lines, beginning "*Heir of immortal being,*" *&c.* are addressed, and is on the same subject as that poem, which was written a few months afterwards. Miss Sutton, it seems, had low spirits, and was too apt to see the evils of human life in a desponding light.

Mrs. Carter to Miss Sutton.

Oct. 27, 1762.

"It is by our own fault, if human improvement ever stands still. The languors of illness are as much the subject of life, as the vigorous spirits of health; and the powers that are insufficient for active exertions of understanding, and for high attainments, are equal to the duty of unrepining submission to the disappointment of favourite aims, and of thankful enjoyment of every permitted good.

"No:

"No: it is impossible that it could be from serious conviction; it must be merely an accidental transient thought, that made you speak of annihilation, as 'preferable to staying always in such a world as this.' Surely, my dear Miss Sutton, life with all its portion of toils and sufferings, is mercifully diversified with such a mixture of ease, and even of positive delight, as must render it greatly preferable to non-existence. Was every prospect to be limited by the grave, what inexpressible horrors must one feel at the thought of quitting such a system of creation, as engages the attention by every form of variety, strikes by every wonder of magnificence, and charms with every grace, and every elegance of beauty! How terrible to close one's eyes upon the flowery earth and radiant sun, to 'leave the warm precincts of the chearful day,' * and sink into a cold, dark, eternal night! Then to think of losing all sense of intellectual pleasure, all the tendernesses of affection, and all the excellencies of virtue. †

"From this dreadful extinction, God be thanked, we are graciously secured; and as much as I have said in profession of my attachment to this world, I heartily join with you in rejoicing, that it is not to last for ever. (Yet I have but little curiosity concerning any other particulars about a better, than those which are revealed to us.) Content and thankful for the promise,

* Gray.

† "These mournful ideas are evidently only on the supposition of there being no life after this; for the thoughts of the passage from this state of existence to another (usually called, but improperly, *death*) never affected Mrs. Carter's mind with melancholy. She used to say, that in all her meditations upon that subject, she never suffered her mind to dwell on the shroud and the coffin, but passed at once from this life to a better." *Pennington.*

promise, which HE, 'who cannot lie,' has made, that all who endeavour to fulfil, the conditions of happiness shall infallibly be happy, and convinced, that he alone knows what will make us so. The general ideas of perfect health, perfect security, and perfect virtue, are sufficient to support the mind in the hours of pain and languor; to console it amidst the anxieties of precarious good; and to elevate and encourage it amidst the humiliations of mortal frailty, vainly struggling for an entire conquest over those corruptions of a disordered nature, which can never be completely subdued, but in that state, where alone the 'spirits of the just will be made perfect.' * * * * *

The following is an extract from a letter to Mrs. Vesey, containing an account of

The death of George Lord Lyttelton, 1773.

"It is impossible for me to begin my letter with any other subject than that which I am sure must at present be so near your heart, as the loss of our excellent and dear Lord Lyttelton. To his friends alone this is a melancholy event; to himself, I trust, it proves most joyful. From a world which so little deserved his virtues, he is removed to the applauding society of saints and angels, and to the righteous Judge, who will reward them. Except the testimony of a good conscience, a long series of disappointments in every human pursuit, left him a very small portion of happiness below. His great integrity, his amiable simplicity, and the gentle temper of his mind, rendered him unfit for the advancements of public life, which in this bad world are procured and supported by arts, to which

which his soul was an utter stranger, and the affections of his heart were disappointed in every scheme of that domestic comfort, which he was so peculiarly qualified to impart, and to enjoy. He was a noble and edifying example of the power of Christian principles, in many instances, and very particularly in that absolute resignation to the Divine Will, which calmed his mind amid all its storms, which, with most unremitted violence beat upon him. In all the conversations upon his misfortunes, to which I have been a witness, I do not recollect ever to have heard him utter a single murmur or complaint. It pleased God to try him in the furnace of affliction; and, like gold, he came out with the brighter lustre and the greater purity.

"The concluding scene of his life was conformable to all the first. The account is very affecting, but very delightful. His sun set in calm splendour without a cloud. His mind was supported by Christian faith, and his hopes were full of immortality. I had a letter from Mrs. Montagu last night upon this subject. She appears as deeply affected by it as one would naturally suppose her to be: and expresses herself with as much piety as sensibility on the loss of such a friend."

In another letter to Mrs. Talbot she says,

"The newspapers must have informed you of the death of good Lord Lyttelton. He was indeed an Israelite without guile. Never, I believe, was a human heart more free from every bad inclination, or more filled with the kindest and most benevolent dispositions. He was a sincere Christian; and amidst the many and various afflictions which he suffered, he always preserved the most absolute and uncomplaining submission

submission and resignation. The trial of his virtues is now over, and he is called away to the reward of them. All who intimately knew him must regret their loss of so excellent a friend: but most severely in all probability will it be felt by his daughter-in-law, to whom he afforded so kind a protection."

May 25, 1807.

ART. XIX. *Extraordinary instance of Prediction, copied from a paper found among the MSS. of a celebrated literary person, lately deceased.*

Extract of a Letter, dated Oct. 21, 1763, relating to the story of the School-boys at Winchester.

"If a boy at Winchester school was now to foretel the deaths of three persons belonging to that society, by name, in the compass of half a year; and the order in which they should die, and the very day and hour of the death of one of them; you, and I, no doubt, should look upon him as a very great fool and impostor. But if this prophecy of his should be verified by the event, in every particular, exactly as he foretold it, should not we change our opinions? And think, that the story he had told, however ridiculous, was true?

"This, I think, is the case of NEEDS' story; and if so, the only doubt must be, 'whether he really foretold it, so fully and exactly, as is supposed above?'"

That he did, will appear from a short paper, (the original of which subsists) written and signed by Dr. Fletcher, then the under master of Winchester school, who was present at the examination of some of his school-

school-fellows, about this affair, and who attended Needs himself in his last hours.

From an attested copy of Dr Fletcher's paper.

"Forder says, that within a fornight after the return of our scholars, *i e.* about the beginning of June, as he was speaking of the Bishop of Winchester to Needs, Needs repeated to Forder, 'that the Bishop and Mr. Carman, a chaplain of the college, would die before Christmas.' Some time after, when Mr. Carman fell sick, Needs repeated to Forder, 'that the Bishop and Mr. Carman should die before Christmas, and that he himself should die before that time.' He says farther, that it was usual for his school-fellows, to jest at him for this prediction. He says also, that on Friday, the 23d of August, Needs told Burton, sen. (who has since left school) upon his saying, 'Needs, thou art a prophet, and foretellest the Bishop's death, and Mr. Carman's, prithee, tell me, when thou thyself shalt die?' that he should die the Thursday fortnight following; 'which,' said he, (counting the days upon his fingers) 'will be the 12th of September.'

"Coker sen. says, 'that before Whitsuntide last, he heard Needs say, that the Bishop of Winchester, Mr. Carman, and himself, should die before Christmas.' He said also, 'that Mr. Carman should die first; himself next; and the old man should survive them both; but should die a considerable time before Christmas.'

"Rymes says, that three weeks before Needs died, he said to him, ''tis in vain to send for a doctor, for I shall die the 12th of September.'

"In the morning, he said to me, 'Is this Thursday morning, and I to die to-day, and no better prepared?'

"Edmunds says, 'that more than a fortnight before Needs died, he told him, that in a dream an angel appeared to him, and told him that he should die on Thursday, the 12th of September, about three o'clock in the afternoon."

J. FLETCHER.

"My copy is attested by Philip, a son of the doctor, who adds, that his father was by Needs when he died, and that he died just as Trinity clock struck three.

"*Mem.* The then Bishop of Winchester died in five or six weeks after Needs, (I think on the first of Nov.) and was succeeded by Sir Jonathan Trelawney. Dr. Congbeare, late Bishop of Oxford, has told me, that the famous Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, (no over-credulous man) having had a full account of this prediction from persons of credit, and of its having been fulfilled so particularly as to Carman's and Needs's parts in it, sent a full account of the whole to his great friend, Sir Jonathan, who he knew had views towards Winchester, to incite him to strengthen his interests that way, as much and as fast as he possibly could. Sir Jonathan did so, and got the bishopric by it."

ART. XX. *Smith's Chronicon Rusticum.*

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

To the account of that "invaluable and erudite work," *Smith's Chronicon Rusticum Commerciale,**

* Cens. Lit. Vol. I. pp. 270, 404.

it

it may be added, that the proposals for printing it by subscription,* (8vo. 8 pages) are dated January 16, 1744-5; wherein the author thus explains the occasion and design of his intended publication.

"There is no book extant which answers to the intention of this. The plan is new; and the performance, it is presumed, will be useful. For though this subject not only is, but by all is acknowledged to be, of vast importance; yet, not being matter of erudition, or of polite conversation, nor the immediate concern of any one, or of any select number of persons, more than of multitudes besides, it has been too neglected; while almost every other part of knowledge, in things of far less moment, has been studiously cultivated, and by some one, or more, accurately treated of.

Nor have there been wanting writers on this head also; but several of those (from the Restoration especially) out of eager solicitude for some separate interest, or being greatly enamoured with some darling scheme, for which they were willing to allege the practice and experience of past ages, have, whether by mistake or design, misrepresented many facts of consequence; whom others copying after implicitly, it has come to pass, that our history and reasoning in this case, is commonly overrun with falsehood and error. And what hath been wrote in this way, with sobriety and truth, either through length of time, or by being buried among other matter, is too remote from observation, or else it has been published in short pamphlets, superficial and fugitive in their nature. So that there is actually wanting upon this subject, beyond all

* At ten shillings for the two volumes in sheets.

others that have been thought of any consideration, some distinct work of competent intelligence, which, as obtaining a place in the gentleman's library, and the trader's closet, might be recurred to occasionally.

Now, in the volumes proposed, among other things, as promised, besides what is more ancient upon record, it is intended, as the most unexceptionable method of representation, to bring together, from the year 1601, (many whereof are very scarce facts, found in the Harleian Library and elsewhere) a series of authors themselves, treating professedly upon the subject; also what lies interspersed, relating thereto, in various, and some of them voluminous, works of the best note; to compare and examine them critically; correcting the false history too frequently given, in considerable instances, and confirming the true by authentic vouchers; above all, to exhibit one plain interesting proof, or decision of a principal question, by the evidence of certain facts never yet exposed in a true light. The nature of which proof is,

1. That as it is a criterion of moment, or test much wanted, so is it difficult to be obtained by any other medium.
2. That it arises out of a juncture of circumstances, such as rarely have coincided, and possibly may not meet again.
3. This juncture, for want of being properly noted at the time when it did happen, has since been unluckily disguised, and the conclusion from it inverted; insomuch, that if the whole affair is not soon exemplified in some better manner, than hitherto it hath been, the important

portant testimony it conveys will be irrecoverably lost; at least, if this is not done now that there is a possiblity of disproving the same, provided it was not true, it must, though afterwards produced, abate much of its credit and weight; because contradicting, essentially, accounts that have passed with the generality of the people, and opinions which have gained strength, upon the authority of those accounts.

For these reasons, it is desirable not to let slip the opportunity, but that this proof should be communicated to the present age, and transmitted to posterity, clearly and fully as it will admit of, and as it deserves.

N. B. The author having no partial views, his whole aim is truth; which is equally a friend to the landed, as to the trading interest. And these two, commerce and agriculture, are rightly said to be the breasts that suckle and nourish the state. And they also, like members of the same natural body, do reciprocally support and serve each other. The latter, indeed, agriculture, is subdivided into arable and pasture; but as arable is apt to be affected with a bad state of pasturage, and the consequential ploughing-up of sheep-walks; so it is to be hoped that gentlemen, without distinction, as well as merchants, manufacturers, &c. will favour this undertaking. And in regard, a very low price for wool has, at times, a tendency to lower the price of corn too, wherein the universities are greatly interested, it is further hoped, that those

learned bodies also will bpleased to countenance th e same.

☞ Forasmuch as it is incumbent upon every historical writer to tender due proof, above all things, of his own fidelity; and, whereas the several tracts mentioned to make a part of these memoirs, being long since out of print, are now almost in the nature of original papers. Therefore, for the sake of obviating such disputes as otherwise might, sooner or later, be raised concerning them, it is proposed to lodge the said tracts, for a season, from the time of the work being published, in the hands of an eminent bookseller in London, with a liberty of free perusal to any one; and, finally, to deposit the same in a nobleman's, or in some public library; of which a proper intimation may be expected in a postscript to the work itself."

CENS. LIT. Vol. IV. p. 21. To the various editions of *Commines*, mentioned by De Bure, and in the Bibl. Harl. may be added one in folio, by Denis Sauvage, "Acheué d'imprimer, par moy Claude Bruneual, maistre Imprimeur à Paris, le dix-neufiesme d'Aoust. mil. cinq cens quatre vingts:" of which edition, a fine copy, bound in vellum, appropriately decorated with Fleurs de Lys, came lately into my possession.

Birmingham. W. HAMPER.

ART.

Art. XXI. *Literary Intelligence.*

1. Mr. John Pinkerton has undertaken to edite a *General Collection of Voyages and Travels*, in about eight or ten quarto volumes, to be abridged and digested from the originals; but, with as much use as possible of the voyagers' or travellers' own language.

2. The new edition of Pope's Works, by the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, is nearly ready for publication.

3. Mr. Coleridge has two volumes of Poems in the press.

4. Mr. Elton has nearly completed a poetical translation of Hesiod.

5. Jortin's Life of Erasmus, is editing by Dr. Raine and Dr. Henley.

6. Dr. Charles Fothergill is preparing An Account of the Northern Islands, including the Orcades, Shetland, &c.

7. Mr. William Spence, F. L. S. is bringing forward a work, entitled, "*Britain independent of Commerce.*"

8. Mr. Park is engaged in superintending a new edition of that very scarce work, *The Harleian Miscellany*, with additional notes, and two additional volumes.

9. The Rev. Mr. Collinson is printing a Life of the Historian Thuanus.

10. The Rev. G. S. Faber is finishing a work on the Restoration of Israel, and the destruction of Antichrist.

11. The Rev. Mr. Kidd, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has announced a new edition of Homer, with notes, &c. in 5 vols. 8vo.

12. Mr. Stephen Jones is getting ready a new edition of the Biographia Dramatica, with the aid of Isaac Reed's MS. notes.

13. Dr. Dickson is about to edite a new Agricultural Magazine.

14. The second volume of Jones's History of Brecon is nearly ready for the press.

15. Mr. Byerley has in the press a new translation of *The Prince* of Machiavel, the most celebrated of that author's works, with copious notes.

16. Mr. Card is printing a *Life of Charlemagne*, in one vol. 8vo.

17. A Reply to Mr. Malthus's Remarks on the Poor, by a person of eminence, is in the press.

18. The *ninth* volume of the new edition of Bishop Hall's Works will soon appear.

19. The fifth volume of the Annual Review is announced.

20. The Rev. John Oldisworth, of Swansea, proposes a new edition of *Nicholls's Paraphrase on the Common Prayer, and Psalms of David*, with notes, &c.

21. The Rev. J. Milner is reprinting *Fox's Martyrs*, in 8vo. with notes.

22. Letters from England, by Don Manuel Alvarez Espriella, translated from the Spanish, in two vols. 12mo. are announced.

23. A

23. A new edition of the Poems of Robert Ferguson, with his Life, is in the press, in 8vo.

24. Dr. Jarrold, of Manchester, has in the press, Dissertations on the Form and Colour of the Person of Man, 8vo.

25. Dr. Miller, of Edinburgh, is preparing a new edition of Williams's Mineral Kingdom.

26. The author of Celtic Researches is preparing another work.

27. The Memoirs, &c. of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, in one vol. 4to. by her nephew, the Rev. *Montagu Pennington*, have made their appearance.

28. The first volume of the new edition of Holinshed's Chronicle, has also been published, and the second will very soon follow.

29. Isaac Reed's Library will be sold in October by King, and will make forty days' sale.

ART. XXII. *Supplement to former Lists of Literary Deaths, with brief Biographical Notices.*

1748. Thomas Brerewood, Esq. author of various poems, published in Gent. Mag. 1744, 1746, &c.

1779. Aug. 29. Mr. Vere, formerly an eminent silk-merchant in Bishopsgate Street,* and uncle to the present banker of that name. He was author of a curious book, entitled "*A physical*

* In partnership with Mr. Carter, who married his sister, and was uncle to the late Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.

and

and moral Enquiry into the Causes of that internal restlessness and disorder in Man, which has been the complaint of all ages," 1778, in which he was much assisted by Dr. Owen, the late Vicar of Edmondton, whom he rewarded by a present of 500l. He is said to have died worth 80,000l.

1786. April 4. Overwhelmed with age and poverty, Wells Egelsham, bred a printer, but many years a writer of fugitive pieces for the newspapers. He was author of "*A Short Sketch of English Grammar,*" 8vo.

—— July 1. At Chiswick, Dr. William Rose, translator of Selections from Sallust, and largely concerned in the Monthly Review.

———— 10. At Acomb, near York, Wm. Cooper, D. D. Archdeacon of York.

—— Aug. 27. At Nottingham, Matthew Unwin, hosier, author of a small volume of "*Poems, Sacred and Evangelical,*" 1783.

—— Sept. 25. At Bath, Edw. Ives, author of "*A Voyage from England to India in* 1754," 1773, 4to.

—— Oct. 24. At Lincoln, Cecil Willis, D. D. Vicar of Holbeach.

1786. Nov. . Rev. Edw. Clarke, A. M. Rector of Buxted, Sussex, author of "*Letters concerning the Spanish Nation,*" 1763, 4to. &c.

1787. Jan. 8. At Bath, Lieut. Gen. Sir William Draper, K. B.

———— 21. Nearly 70, Gustavus Brander, F. R. and A. S. S.

—— Feb. 1. At Ashted, Surry, æt. 61, Thomas Tyers, Esq.

1787. March 3. At Hertford, aged near 70, Benjamin Bartlet, F. R. S. a great collector of coins.

—— April 1. Floyer Sydenham, well known by his elaborate comment on the works of Plato, born 1710.

—— June 14. Israel Mauduit, Esq. F. A. S. aged 79.

—— Aug. 4. In Gray's Inn, John Baynes, Esq. æt. 30.

———— 15. Joseph Reed, æt. 65, a rope-maker, author of "*The Register Office*," and other dramatic pieces.

—— Sept. 12. At Edinburgh, John Brown, painter, author of "*Letters on the Italian Opera.*"

———— 13. Rev. Moses Brown, aged 83, Vicar of Olney, Bucks, author of "*Piscatory Eclogues*," &c. &c.

———————— At Dresden, Kenneth Fergusson, Secretary to Morton Eden, Esq. a young man of great genius and learning, and translator of an epic poem, entitled "*Joseph*"

—— Nov. 3. Rev. John Glen King, D. D. Rector of Wormley, Herts.

——— 13. At Oxford, Geo. Jubb, D. D. &c.

—— Nov. . At Bury, Suff. Rev. Philip Laurents, A. M. many years Head-Master of the Grammar-school there.

1788. ——. Isaac Ritson, Translator of Homer's *Hymn to Venus*, with notes, 1788. He was a schoolmaster at Penrith, in Cumberland, in a lucrative and respectable situation, which he quitted, and then went to Edinburgh to study physic under the late Dr. Brown. He has been absurdly confounded with *Joseph* Ritson, who,

who, I believe, did not understand a syllable of Greek.

1788. Oct. 18. In Jamaica, John Lindsay, D. D. author of "*A Voyage to Senegal*," of several novels, and a poem, called "*Sir John Tostle*."

—— Nov. 25. Aged 97, Thomas Amory, M. D. author of "*John Buncle*."

1789. Jan. 23. In Petty France, aged 80, John Cleland.

———— 26. At Leicester, æt. 61, Rev. Wm. Bickerstaffe.

—— Mar. 24. Aged 42, Mrs. Anne Emelinda Foster, author of "*The Old Maid*," a Novel, &c.

—— April 17. Æt. 32, Wm. Jackson, Esq. an ingenious young man, at Canterbury, author of several poems in Nichols's Collection, &c.

—— May 5. Joseph Baretti.

———— 21. Æt. 71, Sir John Hawkins, Kt.

—— July 20. Rev. James Ramsay, A. M. Vicar of Teston, Kent, aged 55.

—— Aug. 8. At York, aged upwards of 80, Joseph Randall, author of the "*Semi-Virgilian Husbandry*," 1764, 8*vo*. &c. He was formerly Master of the Academy at Heath, near Wakefield.

—— —— Joseph Harris, æt. 38, formerly Secretary to Vice-Admiral Milbanke, and author of "*Naval Characters*," &c.

—— Sept. 14. At Busbridge, Surry, Sir Rob. Barker, Bar.

———— Rev. John Walters, poet, Master of Ruthin school, son of the Rev. John Walters, the ingenious

genious and learned author of the English Welsh Dictionary, died *before* Oct. 1789.

1789. In France, James Paine, Esq. the celebrated architect, æt. 73. He published two volumes of "*Plans, Elevations, &c. of Noblemen's, Gentlemen's, and other Houses and Buildings, designed by him,*" 1783.

—— Nov. 29. In Ireland, Geo. Cleghorn, M. D. aged 75.

—— Nov. 26. James Ibbetson, Barrister at Law.

1790. Jan. 30. John Watson Reed, F. S. A.

———— At Cotterstock, Northamptonshire, Rev. Sam. Ward, author of "*The Modern System of Natural History,*" in 12 vols.

—— April 12. Dr. Nathaniel Forster, Rector of All Saints, Colchester.

—— July 24. Rev. Mr. Withers, in Newgate.

—— Aug. 2. Rev. Wm. Dade, who in 1783 published Proposals for "*The History and Antiquities of Holderness in Yorkshire.*" He was F. A. S. Rector of Barmston, Co. of York, and Curate of the perpetual Curacy of St. Olave, Moregate, without Bootham-Bar.

—— Aug. 22. Mr. Macdonald, author of "*The Tragedy of Vimonda.*" He was also author of a Novel, entitled "*The Independent.*"

—— Aug. 1. Mr. John Knox, formerly a bookseller in London, and author of "*A Systematic View of Scotland, with regard to its Fisheries,*" &c.

—— Sept. 23. John Aitken, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. and author of several publications on his profession.

1790.

1790. Oct. 11. At Wycliffe, Co. of York, Marmaduke Cuthbert Tunsall, Esq. F. R. and A. S. S. Editor of "*Ornithologia Britannica*," 1771, Fol.

——— Francis Pigott, Esq. Barrister at Law, of Berks, and Oxfordshire.

—— Nov. 5. At his house in Savile Row, Michael Lort, D. D.

1790. July 27. Rev. Sam. Rogers, A. M. æt. 60, author of two volumes of "*Miscelluneous Pieces in Verse*," 12*mo*. He died at the Close, Salisbury, and was Rector of Husband Bosworth, Co. of Leicester, and of Brampton, Co. of Northampton.

——— At Pant-y-kelyn, near Llandevery, in Carmarthenshire, aged 72, the Rev. Wm. Williams, a methodistical clergyman of distinguished talents and character, said to be "probably the last lyric poet of South Wales."

1791. — Mrs. Celesia, daughter of David Mallet, at Genoa. She wrote a Tragedy, called "*Almida*," 1771.

—— April 23. Lockyer Davis, bookseller, aged 73. He edited "*Rochefoucault's Maxims*," 1774, 8vo.

——— 3. Dr. John Berkenhout, æt. 61.

——— Near Pershore, Co. of Worcester, Henry Winchescomb, author of "*The Lyre of Amphion*," and other poetical effusions.

[*To be continued.*]

ART.

Art. XXIII. *Literary Obituary.*

1807. April . At Cambridge, the Rev. John Mainwaring, Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity in that University, 1788—Of St. John's Coll. A.B. 1745; A.M. 1750; S.T.B. 1758, Rector of Church-Stretton, Co. Salop, and of Aberdaron, Co. Caernarvon. Author of a volume of Sermons, 1780, with a prefixed Dissertation on that species of Composition. He was a native of Warwickshire.

April 13. Robert Heron, author of the History of Scotland, Tour to the Highlands, &c. He was a native of Scotland, and bred to the church; but his promotion in that line not answering his expectations, he resolved to take advantage of his intellectual acquirements, which he had already proved by several publications of merit, and came to London as a literary adventurer, where he soon obtained the patronage of the booksellers. He for some time edited the Globe and British-Press Newspapers; and at last began another, entitled the Fame, which not succeeding involved him in pecuniary difficulties, which preying on his mind, brought on a fever, that terminated his life.

May 19. John Douglas, D.D. Bishop of Salisbury, æt. 85. He was, we believe, the fabricator of his own fortune, being born of obscure parents in London. He was educated at Oxford, where he became a student in 1738, when Johnson's "London" was first published. In 1750 he distinguished himself by a detection of the forgeries of William Lauder; and afterwards the impositions

positions of Psalmanazar and Archibald Bower. He was chaplain to the celebrated William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, whom he attended on a tour in Germany and Holland, about 1763, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Montagu, and Mrs. Elizabeth Carter. He was afterwards a Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's; and promoted to the see of Carlisle, 1787; from whence he was translated to Salisbury, in 1791. He was author of "The Criterion, or Miracles Examined," 1757.

May . At Osborn's Hotel, Adelphi, London, Sir James Durno, knighted March 13, 1799, lately his Majesty's Consul at Memel, &c. distinguished for his commercial abilities, who had afforded great literary assistance to authors, and probably an author himself, though the present Editor cannot specify any publications by him.

May 16. John Charnock, Jun. Esq. F. S. A.

T. Bensley, Printer, Bolt Court,
Fleet Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XVIII.

[Being Number VI. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *The Golden Aphroditis: a pleasant discourse, penned by John Grange, gentleman, student in the common lawe of Englande. Whereunto be annexed, by the same Authour, aswell certayne metres vpon sundry poyntes, as also diuers pamphlets in prose; which he entituleth His Garden: pleasant to the eare and delightful to the reader, if he abuse not the scente of the floures.*

Habet et musca splenem,
Et formicæ sua bilis inest.

At London: Anno 1577. Colophon. *Imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman.* 4to. *Signat. S.*

Grange's Garden, the second title to this book, is given, by Herbert,* at length: but the above must have been wanting in the copy used by him, as he has only cited the running title. There appears also to be some mistake in describing it as "licensed July 1, 1578;" since the printed date is 1577. An epistle dedicatory of seven pages is addres-

* Typogr. Antiq. II. 990.

sed to "the Lord Sturton," by his "poore oratour John Grange." Two pages follow of long metre, in which the authour sendeth greeting "to the courte-like dames and ladielike gentlewomen." Then, a short copy of verses superscribed "Cuiquam." Acrostical verses fill another page by "C. G. Maister of Arte, in the prayse of the Author:" and eighteen commendatory lines succeed, by W. S. This probably was Wm. Smith, the writer of other poesies. Shakspeare it could not be: both on account of the date, and because he thus useth the common-place process of compliment employed in that age, in which mythology and personification are made to halt for it.

"Of silver pure thy penne is made, dipte in the Muses well,
Thy eloquence and loftie style, all other doth excell:
Thy wisdome great and secrete sense, diffusedly disguysde,
Doth shew how Pallas rules thy minde; and Phœbus hath devisde
Those golden lines which polisht are with Tagus' glittring sandes,
A pallace playne of pleasures great, unto the vewer's handes.
Thy learning doth bewray it selfe, and worthie praise dothe crave,
Who so thee knew did little thinke, suche learning thee to have.
Here Virtue seemes to checke at Vice, and Wisedome Folly tauntes:
Here Venus she is set at naught, and dame Diane she vauntes.
Here Pallas Cupid doth detest, and all his carpet-knightes;
Here doth she shew that youthfull impes in folly most delightes;

And

And how when age comes creeping on; with shewe of
hoary heares,*
Then they the losse of time repent, with sobbes and brynish
teares," &c.

Of John Grange I have not met with any biographical intimation; but as a poetical writer he is placed by Webbe,† with Whetstone, Munday, &c. and not without propriety. The same critic, to exemplify that puerile species of versification called Echo, has cited six lines from the Golden Aphroditis;‡ a work, as the title§ may infer, adapted to youthful votaries of the foam-sprung goddess, and comprising a gallimawfry of pedantical, mythological, and unnatural conceits. In proof of this, the following short colloquy may be cited, between a loquacious lady and her logical gallant.

N. O. is the gentleman who speaks: "I know, deare dame, if it were thy pleasure to shake me of, thy comely personage, thy courteous harte, thy lowly mind, thy friendly cheere, thy cherefull countenance, and eke thy brave demeanour therewithall, desireth to matche with one, whose feete standeth higher than ever my head will reache. Yet, lady, where true love,

* *Heares* for *hairs*: an orthographic license used by most of our early poets, when the rhyme required it.

† Discourse of English Poetrie, 1586.

‡ Grange tells us in his dedication, that certain young gentlemen earnestly requested him to entitle this book "A Nettle for an Ape:" but being somewhat wedded to his own opinion, he thought it good to set a more seemly name upon it, viz. "Golden Aphroditis." Lodge might have adopted a hint in part which Grange rejected, for he printed in 1591 "A Nettle for Nice Noses."

§ Hesiod. in Theogon.

friendship, and charitie, remayneth; there goodes can never wante. Wherefore, though I wante the pompe of Cæsar, the goodes of Crœsus, the wealth of Crassus, the gold of Midas, and the excessive treasure of Artalus the olde; yet hope I still a blisfull lyfe to leade."

She answered: "They live not most at ease that have the world at will; but they, whome true love hath united and knit togither, doe leade the pleasant life: for, as Sallust testifieth, *Concordia parvæ res crescunt, discordia maxima dilabuntur*; which is, by concord small things growe to great, and discorde maketh great things small." N. O. liked this well: yet, beyng in the vayne of hope, he was not content to feede his eyes with the sight of his lady, and his eares with the pleasaunt wordes whiche flowed forth of hyr sugred mouth; yea, sweeter to him than the hony or the hony-combe, sayde—'These wordes, lady, make me leape for joye, transporting my corps (as it were) to paradise; placing my minde in a *pallaice of pleasure*, rocking my wittes in a *cradle of securitie*, and penning up my harte in a *castle of comforte*. Yet, lady, God graunt I play not as the swan of Menander, or Apolloes' birde, who joyfully sings before his death, even when the pangs themselves drawe neare. For this we see the catte delights to play a long time with the mouse, hyr prisoner, before she enjoyes his death."

A. O. looking frowningly, bending hyr browes, and scowling with hir eye-liddes, like unto Pallas, who can no otherwise doe, for that shee was ingendred of the braynes of Jupiter, who alwayes are troubled and vexed, answered—'Am I the catte, by whome thou meanest?"

Grange, in the conclusion of his Aphroditis, offers the following apology for what he terms his "glosing stile."

"By what meanes could Skelton that laureat poet, or Erasmus that great and learned clarke, have uttered their mindes so well at large, as thorowe their clokes of mery conceytes in wryting of toyes and foolish theames: as Skelton did by *Speake parrot, Ware the hauke, the Tunning of Elynour Rumming, Why come ye not to the Courte? Phillip Sparrowe*, and such like: yet what greater sense or better matter can be, than is in this ragged ryme contayned? Or who would have hearde his fault so playnely tolde him, if not in such gibyng sorte? Also Erasmus, under his *prayse of Folly*, what matters hath he touched therein? even the chiefest poyntes whiche pertayneth to man's salvation. And sure in my minde he shewed no greater learnyng in any one booke of his penning, than he did in this. Beare therefore, gentle reader, I beseeche thee, with my bolde attempte in wrytyng, accepting rather my good will herein than the thing it selfe; yet judge thereof with equitie: and if it deserve commendation, so it is; if not, then use thy discretion therein. For I must needs say, that such tragedies as intend to inhumanitie, are not worthie of reading, neyther to be put in printe. But yet the tragedies of Euripides and Sophocles interlaced with pretie poemes and pleasaunt talke I condemne not, whose sweete language did (as it were) intermedle the Graces with the Muses. Wherefore suche paganicall histories and poeticall pamphlets ought to be redde with indifferency."

The division of the volume entitled 'Grange's

 Garden,"

Garden," is chiefly in verse, and consists of the following pieces.

1. "A valiant yong Gentleman beyng trayned up in martiall prowes, and allured by evill counsell to Women's follies, bewayleth his life in this order.
2. The force of Beauties pryce.
3. A Gentleman revealeth his former life.
4. A Gentleman suyng for grace. (Prose)
5. The paynting of a Curtezan.
6. A Gentleman seeing his Brother desirous to goe to the seas, wrote these verses following, unwitting to any, and layed them in his Brother's way.
7. A Gentleman, halfe in despayre, seeketh release. (Prose.)
8. The description of the love of a Gentleman and a Gentlewoman.
9. A Song whiche the Gentlewoman made, before she slew hir selfe.
10. An Answere to a Letter written unto him by a Curtyzan.
11. A Song of a Lover, wherein he shewes his love towarde his Lady.
12. A Gentleman, being halfe forsaken by mistrust, appealeth to his Lady again by humilitie.
13. A newe married man being stung with wedlocke, declareth his minde *Cantico more*, upon this texte:

'Content your selfe as well as I,
Let reason rule your minde,
As cuckoldes come by destinie,
So cuckowes sing by kinde.'

14. The

14. The Lover forsaken, bewayleth his chaunce.
15. The Lover hearing his Lady to be caste in dumpes, writeth unto hir in this order. (Prose.)
16. J. G. biddeth his friende A. T. good morrowe.
17. His good night to the same A. T.
18. His Farewell to the same.
19. Epilogus." (Prose.)

From his "Farewell to his friend," too much in the strain of those amatorial ditties, in which he designed "to blase the incineration of Veneriall dames and ruffling nymphes," the following stanzas are taken.

"A greater griefe can hardly be,
Than faythfull friendes for to departe,
Thy tryed friendship biddes me say
That absence thyne will cut my harte.

Thou arte my gem of all my joye,
The fountayne eke of my delight,
Thou arte the staffe whereto I leane,
How might I misse thee fro my sight?

Though space is great and myles are long,
Whiche seemes to parte our corpse in twayne:
Yet distaunce shall not parte our love,
Our hartes alike shall still remayne.

O Titus true! O Phenix kynde!
How lothe am I to bidde farewell!
It grieves me that suche faithfull friendes
For aye together may not dwell.

Shall we asunder parted be,
Who thus have livde in tryed troth?
If needs we must, then fare you well,
Yet to departe I am full lothe.

Ten thousand times I rather had
A grisly ghost to ende my lyfe:
Come Atropos therefore in haste,
On me to use thy shredding knyfe.

Come lothsome death, with fearefull mace,
Spare not to worke my latter dome:
Make haste, make haste, I live to long;
Breath yeelded hath, bryng me my tome."

A prose epilogue concludes the volume, and may fitly do the same by this article.

"The proud pecocke (gentle reader) strouteth and playteth his gorgeous tayle so long, till at the length he discovereth the filthe thereof: so some will thinke, and will not sticke to say, that whyle I indevour to discover the imbecillitie of other men's natures, I reveale thereby mine owne licencious livyng, if so (at the least) I speake by experience. And what if I did?—Yet are they farre deceyved herein, and do but dreame (as it were) upon falshoode it selfe. For the market declareth how the corne is solde: and though I am but yong of yeares, yet may I dayly heare and see that, whereof by action I am not partaker. It seemeth also, the vanities of this world are the greater, when as they lie so open, and are so manifest unto my youthfull yeares. And though it hath not pleased Polymneia so to favour my penne, as to countervayle my well willing: yet I truste yee will accepte of me for my well meanyng, who am not therein a strawe bredth incomparable to Cleanthes. Comparisons are odious:* I meane not therefore by his learnyng, (for therunto I am many a degree below) but by the great desire he

* So said Shakspeare's Dogberry; or rather, meant to say.

had

had in writing, and by the pleasure he tooke all his life time therein.

"How simple yet so ever this little volume of mine be, if thou wilte bestowe thy travell to seeke forth the grounde and the depth therof, thou shalt soone espie and quickly perceyve how in every poynte and clause therof is hidden, besides the myrthe, some deeper sense and purpose. But unto the carelesse reader it is (as it were) a peece of unleavened dough, wherefore for such I thinke it better to have their browes knitte harde with the kercher of Morpheus, and so to lay them doune to sleepe, than *legere et non intelligere, nempe negligere est.* And as I have been briefe in all things heretofore, so will I be likewise herein: and as I have brought you into my rude Garden, so (turnyng the key) here will I leave you to choose what flowers shall like you beste. My penne is stubbed, my paper spente, my inke wasted, my wittes gravelled, and (to be shorte) tyme calleth me away; wherefore, standing to your curtesies, and hoping of your good acceptaunce hereof, wishyng to you as to my selfe, in haste I bidde you farewell."

T. P.

ART. II. *A Report and Discourse, written by Roger Ascham, of the affaires and state of Germany, and the Emperour Charles his court; duryng certaine yeares while the sayd Roger was there. At London: Printed by John Daye, dwelling over Aldersgate. Cum grat. & privileg. Regiæ Majest.* 4to. pp. 60.

In September 1550, the noted penman of this report, accompanied Sir Richard Morysine to Germany, when

when he went as ambassador from the court of England to Charles the Fifth. There Ascham continued three years; and, during that time, left nothing unattended to, which might serve to perfect his knowledge of men as well as books. In Oct. 1552 he was requested by his particular friend, Mr. John Astely,* Master of the Jewel Office, to draw up an account of the political events which took place during his stay in Germany, and this account is described by Dr. Campbell to be "one of the most delicate pieces of history that ever was penned in our language, evincing its author to have been a man as capable of shining in the cabinet as in the closet."† As a brief historical document, faithfully deduced from personal observation, it is certainly of considerable value: yet perhaps the most interesting extract to general readers, will be Ascham's prefatory statement of the qualifications essential to an historian. It is addressed to his friend John Astely.‡

"When you and I read Livye together (if you do remember) after some reasonyng we concluded both what was in our opinion to be looked for at his hand, that would well and advisedly write an history. First point was, to write nothyng false: next, to be bold to say any truth: wherby is avoyded two great faultes—flattery and hatred. For which two pointes, Cæsar is read to his great prayse; and Jovius the Italian to hys just reproch. Then to marke diligently the causes, counsels, acts, and issues, in all great attemptes: and in causes, what is just or unjust; in counsels, what is purposed wisely or rashly; in actes, what is done courageously or fayntly; and of every issue, to note some

* For whom see Gent. Mag. Vol. LXVII. † Biog. Brit. I. 254.

‡ Blundevile partly addressed his "Port of Rest," 1561, to John Astely, as a true lover of wisdom.

generall

generall lesson of wisedome and warines, for lyke matters in time to come, wherin Polibius in Greeke, and Phillip Comines in French, have done the duties of wyse and worthy writers. Diligence also must be used in kepyng truly the order of tyme, and describyng lyvely, both the site of places and nature of persons, not onely for the outward shape of the body, but also for the inward disposition of the mynde, as Thucidides doth in many places very trimly; and Homer every where, and that alwayes most excellently, which observation is chiefly to be marked in hym. And our Chaucer doth the same, very praise worthely: marke hym well, and conferre hym with any other that writeth in our tyme in their proudest toung, whosoever lyst. The stile must be alwayes playne and open; yet some time higher and lower, as matters do ryse and fall. For if proper and naturall wordes, in well joyned sentences, do lyvely expresse the matter, be it troublesome, quyet, angry, or pleasant, a man shal thincke not to be readyng, but present, in doyng of the same. And herein Livie of all other in any toung, by myne opinion, carieth away the prayse."

T. P.

ART. III. *The Scholemaster, or plaine and perfite way of teachyng children to understand, write, and speake the Latin tong; but specially purposed for the private brynging vp of youth in Jentlemen and noblemen's houses, and commodious also for all such as have forgot the Latine tonge, and would by themselves without a scholemaster, in short tyme and*

and with small paines, recover a sufficient habilitie to understand, write, and speake Latin. By Roger Ascham. An. 1570. *At London: Printed by John Daye, &c. pp.* 135. 4*to.*

Dr. Campbell has dated this title 1571,* and says, that the colophon tells us, it was printed in 1573." In the copy now before me, both title and colophon bear the date of 1570. Ascham died on the 30th of December, 1568, and the present publication was inscribed by Margaret, his widow, to Sir Wm. Cecil, principal Secretary of State, and Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. The book had its accidental origin from a conversation at a dinner-party in the apartments of Secretary Cecil at Windsor, during the time of the plague in 1563. Several scholars having run away from Eton college, in consequence of the master's severity,† it occasioned a warm debate on the best method of educating youth, in which Ascham took so prominent a part, that he was instigated by Sir Richard Sackvile to draw up his sentiments on the subject for the benefit of his grandson. So ably did the royal tutor execute his task, that the Schoolmaster has been characterized as "a book that will be always useful, and everlastingly esteemed on account of the good sense, judicious observations, excellent characters of ancient authors, and many pleasant and profitable passages of English history, which are plentifully sprinkled therein." As this excellent scho-

* Biog. Brit. I. 285, note F.

† Which master is said to have been Nicholas Udal. See Hawkins's History of Music.

lastic

lastic treatise has been reprinted, and has also been largely extracted from, in Seward's Anecdotes, a single passage only shall be cited, which serves to shew the fashionable reading of the *beau monde* in Ascham's day. He is inveighing against that travelled object of disgust, an Englishman Italianated.

"In our forefathers' tyme, when Papistrie, as a standyng poole, covered and overflowed all England, fewe bookes were read in our tong, savyng certaine bookes of Chevalrie, as they said, for pastime, and pleasure; which, as some say, were made in monasteries by idle monkes or wanton chanons, as one for example, *Morte Arthure:* the whole pleasure of which booke standeth in two speciall poyntes: in open mansslaughter and bold bawdrye. In which booke, those be counted the noblest knightes that do kill most men without any quarell, and commit fowlest advoulteres by sutlest shiftes; as Sir Launcelote, with the wife of King Arthure, his master; Syr Tristram, with the wife of Kynge Marke his uncle; Syr Lamerocke, with the wife of King Lote, that was his own aunte. This is good stuffe for wise men to laughe at, or honest men to take pleasure at: yet I know when God's Bible was banished the court, and Morte Arthure received into the Prince's chamber.—And yet ten Morte Arthures do not the tenth part so much harme as one of these bookes made in Italie and translated in England. Suffer these bookes to be read, and they shall soone displace all bookes of godly learnyng. [Hence,] they have in more reverence the triumphes of Petrarche than the Genesis of Moses; they make more account of Tullie's Offices, than S. Paule's Epistles; of a tale in Bocace than a storie of the Bible." T. P.

ART.

ART. IV. *The Schoolemaster, or Teacher of Table philosophie. A most pleasant and merie Companion, wel worthy to be welcomed (for a dayly gheast) not onely to all men's boorde, to guyde them with moderate and holsome dyet; but also into every man's companie at all tymes, to recreate their mindes with honest mirth and delectable devises, to sundrie pleasant purposes of pleasure and pastyme. Gathered out of divers, the best approved auctours: and devided into foure pithy and pleasant Treatises, as it may appeare by the contentes. Imprinted at London by Richarde Jones, dwelling over against St. Sepulcher's Church, without Newgate.* 1576. 4*to.*

The learned friend who possesses this scarce tract, observes, there is good reason for supposing that it was written or compiled by Dr. Twyne, * who completed the translation of Phaer's Virgil. He was a pedagogue of a very different description from Roger Ascham; his work being designed to regulate the culinary economy of the table, with the behaviour, the conversation, and the festal mirth of the *bon vivant*. The anonymous editor inscribed it "to the Right Worshipfull M. Alexander Nowell, Dean of S. Paul's," a frequent and paineful preacher (according to Wood) and a zealous writer against certain English Catholics: but, according to the present writer, "a solacer of himself and others at his table, with seemly mirth in opportunities uttered."

* At the end of the work, are the initials T. T. and in a list of books dedicated to Dean Nowell, the Schoolmaster is positively given to Twyne.

The

The dedicator declares, that "having by chance happened on this pamflet, and comming into his hands both without name and orderly beginning, he did not onely peruse it himself, but shewed it also unto some of his friends, and was by them and others exhorted to publish the same in print, for that it seemed to containe nothing else but holesome diet, sauced with honest mirth and pleasant pastimes; and interlaced with pithy and effectual examples, tending unto the advauncement of vertue and suppression of vice, a fit meane to delight and recreate the weake and specially the over-weryed spirits of studients." Such scrupulosity did the publisher observe in adhereing to the original text, that he "thought it good not to leave out any thing; but only to admonish, that who so shall not so well like of some trifling tales of this book, in the fourth part, may sufficiently recreate himself in the other three parts."

The several parts have the following general arguments prefixed.

1. "The first book, which is of naturall philosophie, treateth of the nature and qualitie of all manner of meates, drinkes, and sauces, that are used at meales.
2. The second book, which is of morall philosophie, speaketh of the manners, behaviour, and usage of all such, with whom we may happen to be conversant withall, as well at the table, as all other times among companie.
3. The third booke is of naturall philosophie, and conteyneth certayne delectable and pleasaunt questions and pretie problems, to be propounded

pounded for myrth among companie at all times, but most conveniently at the table.

4. The fourth booke is of morall discourses, and compriseth honest jestes, delectable devises, and pleasaunt purposes, to be used among companie for delight and recreation at all times, but especially at meale times at the table."

There is so little of grave anecdote in this last book of moral discourses, that much of it might serve to augment the modern reprints of Joe Miller's Jests, Baker's Witticisms, or Wood's pieces of humour; and some of them have actually done so. The compiler confesses himself indebted to Macrobius, and Macrobius was so to his predecessors. A few of the *bon mots* shall be extracted.

"An olde woman, having almost lost her sight, feed a physician to come and dresse her eyes every day, who, as oft as he came, stole some piece of houshold stuffe away with him, untyll all the house was emptie. But when she recovered her sight, seeing all her goodes gone, was thereat much amazed, and woulde not pay the physicion his duetie. Then he convened her before a judge: to whom she complayned, that she was not yet fully cured, but rather saw lesse than she did before; for (sayd she) "I could see good store of houshold stuffe in my house, and nowe I can see nothing."

"On a time there came unto a sanctes church so many hault and lame people to be cured, that the priest could not drive them foorth. Then said the priest—'Give me your staves and I wil heale you all.' And when he had them, he sent for fier, and beinge demaunded

maunded what he would do with it?' 'Burne him that is *most lame*, (quoth he) that you may all be healed with his ashes.' And when they heard this, they *ran* all away."

"A certayne frier comming unto the gate of an abbey, seeing that he could not get in, rang the bell very hard: and a munke, comming to the gate, asked why he rang? Then sayd the frier—'I ring for the *charitie* which is gone away from the abbey:' which the munke hearing, took the bell and rang harder than hee had done.' 'What meaneth this then?' quod the frier. Then quod the munke, 'I ring for the *patience* which is departed from your friery."

T. P.

ART. V. *The Muses Cabinet: stored with variety of poems: both pleasant and profitable. By W. W. London: Printed for F. Coles in the Old Baily*, 1655. 12*mo. pp.* 48.

William Winstanley reveals his claim to the initials in the above title, by his dedicatory verses "to the truly and excellent well accomplished gentleman, Mr. William Holgate.' From a similarity of name, and of plebeian taste in poetry, there is much reason to believe this picklock of the Muses' Cabinet, was the barber-biographer, who impudently as falsely declared "the fame of MILTON would go out like a candle in a snuff, and his memory always stink;"* while, in the same book, he delivers the following truism, adverting

* Lives of the most famous English Poets, 1687, p. 195.

(it is presumable) to his own despised volume:—"I have known (says this auctorial shaver) a well-writ poem, after a double expence of brain to bring it forth, and of purse to publish it to the world, condemned to the drudgery of the chandler or oylman, or, which is worse, to light tobacco." * Great indeed is likely to have been the candle-lighting consumption of Winstanley's poetry, since the copy now before me, is the only one that has met my observation; and was purchased by its present owner from the curious library of Major Pearson. That thirty years afterward the poetaster became ashamed of his own metrical performances, is to be inferred from a short article of John Taylor, in his Lives of the English Poets, where he says that "one" bestowed the following *Epitaph* upon the Water-poet, which *one* proves to be himself, as the lines occur at p. 21 of the Muses' Cabinet.

"Here lies the Water-poet, honest John,
Who rowed on the streams of Helicon;
Where, having many rocks and dangers past,
He at the haven of heaven arriv'd at last."

These lines form a tolerable "picture in little," of the talent and accomplishments of Mr. Winstanley. The following tribute becomes interesting only from its allusion.

"On Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia.

"When I that learned work of his peruse,
And read the lines indited by his Muse:
It makes me think, so sweet of love he sings,
His pens were quills pluckt off from Cupid's wings."

* Epistle to the reader.

One

One more specimen addressed to a contemporary verse-man may suffice.

"To Mr. Sheppard, on his most excellent Epigrams.*

" Sheppard, thou hast
Martial o'repast,
Ausonius conquered;
Thou Harrington
Hast overcome
And Owen stricken dead.

These, in their time,
For wits the prime,
Of poets counted were:
But if to thee
Compar'd they be,
We see they nothing are.

Then sit thee down,
Whilest we do crown
Thy head with wreaths of bays: †
The Muses nine
Do all combine
To warble forth thy praise."

T. P.

ART. VI. *Ritson's Bibliographia Poetica. Additions and alterations to "Poets of the Sixteenth Century."*

JOHN ALDAY has five pieces of poetry in "Theatrum Mundi: the Theatre or Rule of the World, wherein may be sene the running race and course of every

* The Epigrams of Sheppard remain to be noticed. They were published with his other poesies in 1651.

† This alludes to a frontispiece before Sheppard's poems, in which Mercury (who may be Winstanley mythologized) seems about to make a sorry bargain, by proffering a wreath of bays in exchange for the poet's printed book.

man's life, as touching miserie and felicity; wherein is contained wonderfull examples, learned devises, to the over throwe of vice and exalting of virtue: whereunto is added a learned and marvellous worke, of the excellencie of mankinde, written in the French and Latin tongues by Peter Boaystuau, and translated into English by John Alday. Imprinted at London by H. D. for Thomas Hacket, and are to be sold at his shop in Paule's Church Yarde, at the signe of the Key." Very small 8vo. not paged nor dated, bl. l.

"In prayse of the booke." 36 lines, back of the title.

"Tymon's Epitaph." 4 lines, fo. 3.

"Tiberius' drunken Nurse, from Euripides." 6 lines, fo. 30.

"Complaint of Job." 10 lines, second side, fo. 30.

"A complaint of the pore Husbandman, in meeter, made upon Da pacem Domine in diebus nostris, &c." 12 stanzas, of four lines, each having a Latin word of the sentence preceding it, except the first stanza.

Another edition was printed by Henry Bynneman, 1574.

JOHN BALE—"A mysterye of Iniquyte, contayned within the heretycall genealogye of Ponce Pantolabus, is here both dysclosed and confuted by Johan Bayle. An. M. D. xlii. &c. Emprynted at Geneva by Mychael Woode, 1545," small 8vo. b. l. This volume contains 38 divisions, or "Mysteries," in prose, each having a head or introduction of four or six lines of doggrel poetry.

"NICHOLAS BOWYER, in commendation of this booke;" prefixed to three stanzas of six lines each, before Whetstone's Rock of Regard, 1576.*

* See CENSURA, page 2 of this volume.

JOHN

JOHN BYSHOP has twenty four lines, "The Authour unto his booke, borrowed and translated out of Martial, his Epigrammes," prefixed to "Beautifull Blossomes gathered by John Byshop from the best trees of all kyndes, divine, philosophicall, astronomicall, cosmographical, historical, and humane, that are growing in Greece, Latium, and Arabia; and some also in vulgar orchards; as well fro" those in auncient time were grafted, as also from them which have with skilful head and hand beene of late yeares, yea and in our dayes, planted; to the unspeakeable both pleasure and profite of all such as wil vouchsafe to use them. The first tome. Imprynted at London for Henrie Cockyn, dwelling in Flete Streate, at the signe of the Elephant, a little above the Conduit. Anno 1577." 4to. 154 folios, without table, &c.

"R. C. in praise of Whetstons and his Rocke of Regard," prefixed to four six-line stanzas among the induction poems of that volume; and in "the Ortchard of Repentance," fourth part of the Rock of Regard, is "R. C. answere to G. W. opinion of trade;" consisting of thirteen eight-line stanzas; also "an Epitaphe uppon the death of Henrie Cantrell of Lincolne's Inne, Gent. by his friend R. C." Four six-line stanzas.

HENOCH CLAPHAM.—"A Briefe of the Bible, drawne first into English poesy, and then illustrated by apte annotations; togeither with some other necessary appendices by Henoch Clapham. Printed for Robert Waldegrave, Printer to the King's Maiesties. Cum Privilegio Regio." 12mo. At the end of the volume is "A Soule's Lamentation," thirteen six-line stanzas, and "A Soule's Solace," five twelve-line stanzas.

(See CENSURA, Vol. IV. p. 258, for an account of a later edition.)

WILLIAM CLOWES has twelve lines in "The Epistle to the Reader," prefixed to his "A proved Practise for all young Chirurgians, concerning burnings with gunpowder, and wounds made with gun shot, sword, halbard, pyke, lance, or such other." 4to. 1588.

SAMUEL DANIEL—"The First Fowre Bookes of the Civill Warres betweene the two Houses of Lancaster and Yorke, by Samuel Daniel. Ætas prima canat veneres, postrema tumultus. Printed at London by P. Short, for Simon Waterson, 1595," 4to. There is another title of the same date, varying in the printer's ornaments, and the following transposition, "at London printed." It may be necessary to notice, that in Brand's Catalogue (p. 101) a copy is entered as printed in 1594; but it was a mistake for the following year.

RICHARD EDEN translated Peter Martyr's "Decades of the Newe Worlde, or West India. London, Imprinted by G. Powel, 1555," 4to. b. l. At the end of the volume are a few lines of poetry.

ABRAHAM FLEMING "upon G. Whetston's worke," consisting of four six-line stanzas, may be found at the beginning of the Rock of Regard.

WILLIAM FULWOOD—"The Enimie of Idlenesse. Teaching the maner and stile how to endite, compose, and write all sorts of Epistles and Letters, as well by answer as otherwise. Devided into foure bokes, no lesse plesaunt than profitable; set forth in English by William Fulwood, marchant, &c. The contents hereof appere in the table at the latter ende of the booke.

'An

'An enimie to idlenesse,
A friend to exercise,
My practise of the prudent pen
Loe here before thine eyes.'

Imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman, for Leonard Maylard, Anno 1568," 8vo. b. l. Induction "To the Right Worshipfull the Maister, Wardens, and Company of the Marchant Tayllors of London, W. F. wishett increase of worship, with prosperous successe and eternall felicitie," prefixed to 128 lines, rhyming alternately, signed "your Worships W. F." At the end are six pieces of poetry, each having a couplet for a title, viz.

"A constant lover doth expresse
His griping griefes, which still encrease."
64 lines in alternate rhyme.

"A lover pearst with Cupide's bowe,
Thinks long till he be rid from woe."
44 lines, same measure.

"A secrete lover writes his will
By story of Pigmalion's ill."
10 stanzas of six lines each.

"A lover hath his ladie's hart,
And writes to hir as is his part."
72 lines, rhyming alternately.

"A lover sick for very love,
To pity doeth his lady move."
72 lines, same.

"A faithfull lover feeling smart,
Doethe nippe his ladie false of heart."
80 lines, same.

"FINIS, quod W. F."

ROBERT GREENE, in the title page of "The Spanish Masquerado, 4to. 1589, has the "Twelve articles of the State of Spaine," in verse.

DAVID GWYN—"Certaine English verses penned by David Gwyn, who for the space of eleuen yeares and ten moneths was in most grieuous servitude in the gallies, vnder the King of Spaine; and nowe lately (by the wonderfull prouidence of God) deliuered from captiuitie, to the overthrow of many of the Spaniards, and the great rejoycing of all true hearted English men. Presented to the Queene's most Excellent Maiestie, in the Parke, at Saint James, on Sunday the xviii of August, 1588, by David Gwyn, as foloweth.—Imprinted at London by Richard Hudson, dwelling in Hosier Lane, at the signe of the Wool-sacke," 8vo. b. l. eleven pages. There are three poems in this volume entitled as follows:

"Certain English verses presented to the Queene's most Excellent Maiestie, in the Parke, at Saint James, on Sunday, the xviii of August, 1588." 92 lines, rhyming alternately.

"Another, at the same time delivered to her Maiestie, by David Gwyn." 60 lines, same.

"An other, presented to her Maiestie, by David Gwyn, in commendation of Sir Francis Drake." 80 lines, same.

Conduit street. J. H

[*To be continued.*]

ART.

Art. VII. *A Treatise concerning the Navie of England, &c.*

[continued from p. 37.]

"The Addicione to the former Treatise." Then

"To the gentle Reader.

" Ulisses, chiefe of all the Greekes,
which saughte and conquered Troye;
By noble navie wanne the same,
to all his countries joye.
Tomyris, queene of Scithia,
throughe wisdome, grace, and store,
Slewe mightie Cirus, and with him
two hundred thowsande more:
And multitudes of lyke effects,
of causes lyke have growne;
As auncient stories doe recorde,
and wee have lately knowne.
King Phillipp, thirsting England's crowne,
did ymitate the Greeke;
But England's God, her Queene and force,
repulste him, Tomyre lyke:
And as the Grecians did retourne
with high victorius fame;
So fled the fearefull Spaniards hence,
with mightie losse apd shame.
To God be yeelded all the praise!
yet greate good will to those,
Which study, travaille, wright, or fight,
for to anoye our foes;
For foresight is a tower of strengthe,
and weapon bodeth peace;
Provision daunteth enemyes,
and causeth warrs to cease.

And

And as greate mountaines, woods, and fenns,
doe strengthen well the shore;
So shipps and shippings for the seas,
doe dread the enemye more.
As some examples of them all
this litle booke will showe;
Yf gratefully thou take the same,
and reading wilt bestowe.

Ber. Gar."*

These verses might ground an opinion of the first part having been published anterior to the "Addicione" being written, and the whole a transcript of a printed work; the copy however wants the usual second title or head, and the author abruptly proceeds.

"After the wryting and finishing of the Treatise gonne before, I considered with my selfe that it was not good altogether to trust to myne owne witt, but to heare allso the mindes of others therin, wheruppon I requested my freiudes, the fowre principall masters of her Majestie's navie, that then were, (whome I knewe to be men of experte judgement) to lett me have their opinions theirin; who, after the perusing therof, requested me to exhibit the same to some noble man of the parlament then being, who for his authoritie might preferre the cause of so good meaning. But I denyde their requeste, for that my meaning was not to write to others, but to delight my selfe therin; neither was the matter it selfe, for wante of abilitie and skill in me, penned in such foorme and order woorthy the presenting to any noble personadge: notwithstanding, they so much urging me, by reason of a bill by them at that

* Bernard, or Barnard Garter, see Ritson's Bibliographia Poetica.

present

present exhibited into the Parlament-howse conserning fyshing, which tended to the increase of maryners and mainetainaunce of the navie, as my saide treatise did, so that I coulde not any longer withholde me from graunting their desyre; the effecte of which bill so concurred with the matter of my saide treatise, as yf they had bothe binne written by one consent; theirs very breefe, but myne more at large, by reason wherof and their ymportunacie, a coppy therof, fayre written, was by me presented to the Earle of Lecestre, and one other to the L. Clinton and Saye, then L. Admyrall, bothe Lordes of the Parlament at that present, whose wisdomes waying more the true meaning of the matter, then looking after curious style, accepted all in good parte, which coppy so presented, was the yeere of our helthe 1570, and the 13 yeere of her Majesties raigne. Sithence which tyme there hathe happened many thinges to dyvers regions and nations unlooked for, to Persia, Sypres, Musco, Pollonia, Portugall, Navarre, the lowe countries of Flaunders, also of England, by meane of the pope and his confederates, and more had lyke to have felte, had not God binne on our syde. For they thought to have put in practyse thexecution of their devilishe leage againste us, which they termed the holy-leage. And for the saide purpose had laide a mischevous plot to have taken us in, what betweene the King of Spaine and the Prince of Parma in Flaunders, with other their complices, whoe veryly did thinke to have rooted us out of this our auncient enheritaunce and naturall soyle of England, as it well apeared by their huge and mightie navie of shipps that they broughte, which so farre surmounted our expectation as wee never supposed that they coulde

ever

ever have founde, gathered, and joyned, so greate a force of puissante shipps together, and so well apointed with the cannon, culverin, and other greate peces of brasse ordinaunce, with so many men, so many musketts, and all other furniture, according both for sea and land; that it appeared they spared not for any coste to bring their wicked purpose to passe; for never was ther any such navie that came againste England before this tyme."

The all-saving power of the Almighty who "with his mightie whyrle windes and stormes from the heavens brake their shipps uppon the rockes, drowned them, and saved us," with scriptural allusions, follow.

"But now to come to ourselves, as we are but men, and calling to memorye the evill intent of the Spaniards, with the huge strengthe of their navie, that so cruellye came againste us; I saye, calling them to minde and printing them in our remembrance geveth us cause to make the better provision for our defence, as allwaye to have in reddines a navie of suche force and puissaunce, as maye be able to encounter with the mightiest enemye that shall ryse against us, towarde the furtheraunce wherof I have heere according to my simple skill sett downe a proporcion of shippe such as for nomber and bourden, I (under correcktion) wishe her Majestie's own proper shipps to be.

The proporcion a [s] followeth.

4 of 1000 tonne the peece
4 of 0900
4 of 0800
4 of 0700
4 of 0600
2 of 0600 Galliasses

4 of

	4 of 0500	tonne the peece
	4 of 0400	
	2 of 0350	
Propocion	2 of 0300	
	3 of 0250	
	3 of 0200	
	1 of 0160	
	1 of 0150	
	2 of 0060	Pinnasses
	2 of 0050	
	2 of 0040	
	2 of 0030	
	50	in all greate and smalle.

Of which nomber of shipps and pinnasses as heere mentioned, her Majestie hath part in her navie all redy, and for such as bee wanting shee maye comaunde to be built at her pleasure; and concerning the building of such greate shipps, or shipps royall as wee use to terme them, wherin yf I (under correction) maye speake my minde; then, in myne opinion, as it is not good for them to be hye builded for gathering of much winde, no more is it seemely nor sightly to builde them to lowe for disgracing. For such royall shipps in my judgement woulde [should] ever be builded in such foorme and order, as might allwaies carry such geare and countenaunce as the very sight of them might be a terror to the enemye."

Conduit street. J. H.

[*To be continued.*]

ART.

ART. VIII. *Poesis Rediviva; or Poesie reviv'd by John Collop, M. D. Odi prophanum vulgus & arceo. London: Printed for Humphrey Mosely, and are to be sold at his shop at the Prince's Armes in St. Paul's Church Yard.* 1656. *Small* 8vo. *pp.* 110.

With such a magic title it might seem a record of envy to thrust the author into a barren Bibliographic Catalogue, which was at first intended; yet whether he was entitled to a higher distinction the following specimens will be sufficient to decide.

The Epistle Dedicatory is "To the Right Honorable Henry Marquis of Dorchester, Earl of Kingstone, Viscount Newark, the Lord Pierrepoint. *Si fuerint Mæcenates, non defuerint Marones.* Poetry revives, quickened by the beams of such a sun, whom all the Muses acknowledge their Apollo; and sun-like you may gild even the lowest and most humble valleys, yet neither impair your height or lustre; glance a more auspicious beam on this birth, which, eaglet-like, approaches the sun for legitimation, the most piercing ray of your judgment. I shall not after the mode of dedications, cry out of jejunenes and sterility, and intreat a patronage to my weakness; as not content to commit errour without a patron, or recommitting it in an apologie: to gild a dunghill would but exhale a stench; though the odours of virtues charioted in sun-beams, may communicate their influences, and perfume the world. Nor wants poetry her virtues;—stones, trees, and wilde beasts, accompany an Orpheus, while he molli fies the most obdurate, and stone-assimilating

lating tempers; teaches the most irregular pieces by his measures, to be squared by the rule of proportion, and serve to the edifice of virtue; produces harmony out of Nature's discords, while the most savage natures by his harmony, are reduced to consort. Civility dead, poesie revives; and though some object as the lyrick to Maro, *Quid si Threicio blandius Orpheo, auditam moderere arboribus fidem, non vanæ redeat sanguis imagini*; virtue now being onely a vain and bloodless image."

"Nor is poesie unworthy of your patronage, which a Sir Philip Sidney hath praised, our seraphick Donne used, the learned Scaliger, and he who makes all praises modest, the excellent Hugo Grotius laboured in. Nay, even the prophets were poets, and Pagan poets are cited by the Apostles. And though poesie be *vinum dæmonum*, as the father calls it, when it inebriates men's mindes with folly; yet it is *flagellum dæmonum* when it lashes them out of their vanity, tormenting them in their members. The inriching of the people of God with the ornaments of Egypt, S. Austin applies to arts and sciences invented by heathens, but taken from them as the spoil of Egypt and converted to God's service. It may be said of poesie, as of S. Cyprian, Lactantius, Victorinus, Hilarius, *Quanto auro & argento & veste exiit ex Ægypto?* Converted from Paganism to Christianity. Let an atheist, like Porphyrius, scoff at it, as borrowed from gentilism; and an apostate, resembling Julian prohibite humane literature in Christians; which none have disrespected, beside those whose ignorance rendered incapable of it, or blacker impieties court oblivion. This could make an Octavius descend to the

Lyricks

Lyricks friendship; and a Lord Brook, as the most permanent epitaph, desire to be writ Sir Philip Sidney's friend. Friends to poesie cannot want a memory, while time can keep a register."

"To you, (who have passed through the temple of Virtue to that of Honour, whose Honour is a temple to enshrine Virtue, monopolizing more then these want, whose glorious outsides, like Egyptian temples, by introspection afford nothing above an ape,) as a tribute due to honour, I present these besprinklings of a retirement, while Democritus-like I laugh at the shittlecock world, and exquire the causes of the spleen in the beast, the rabble; which will invite some who *Abderitanæ pectora plebis habent*, the mad rabble and those plebeian heads, who are a degree above them in their clothes, not in their intelligences, is to accuse me of phrensie: yet an Hippocrates (the more refined spirit) will pass intainted with the aire of popular displicencies, since the temples of virtue and honour want not their sacrifices. Your Honour's most humble servitor, and most affectionate admirer,

J. Collop."

There are 127 pieces of poetry on various subjects, political, amatory, complimentary, and religious. The first poem consists of ninety lines, from which accept a specimen: it is entitled

"The Poet.

"What art? thought below wise men, yet 'bove ages;
Can'st make sev'n lines, speak more then the sev'n sages?
A name for *Falkland* or th' *Lord Digby* fit?
Or the elixir of *Hugh Grotius'* wit?

Pacing

Pacing in rithme no poets makes; words fit,
High sense, soul quickning each part of it.
Phancies effluxions, which with light do stream,
Each sentence gilding like a solar beam:
No day can pass to write lends him no ray,
Nay makes ev'n night vie splendor with the day,
To feed on trash hath no green-sickness Muse,
Through Wit's obstruction a cachexy shews:
No cup-froth'd fancy, sparkled wit from wine;
Sobriety waters vertues in each line.
None are born poets, * naturally some pace,
Shuffle in rithme, horse-like, without a grace.
His Helicon must flow from sweat of 's brain;
And musing thoughts lend his poetick vein;
Riche (then those veins spring from heart of earth,)
While gold without an ore he giveth birth.
Th' philosopher's elixir in each line,
Doth in epitome all that's rich confine,
Above the salts of Ciceronian wit,
Whose name can lend no grain to season it.
Nor adages, nor apophthegms new pick'd,
Bear-like nor form'd, nor handsom 'cause their lick'd,
Vents onely what mistaken sages coyn'd,
With the disguise of verse on what's purloin'd:
Unhappy fate of poets to be poor,
All beg'd, or borrowed from another's store.
He must have ravell'd times, and kingdoms through,
And when the world ore view'd can make a new. †
A Plato's commonwealth who can outdo?
A More's Utopia, and Atlantis too." &c.

* *Per contra*—Poeta nascitur non fit!

† "Each change of many-colour'd life he drew
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new."
JOHNSON'S PROLOGUE.

" On a Retir'd Lady.

" Spring of beauty, mine of pleasure,
Why so like a miser treasure?
Or a richer jewel set,
In a viler cabinet?
Virtue and vice
Know but one price,
Seem both ally'd:
Nere distinguish'd if ne're try'd.

The sun's as fair as bright as you,
And yet expos'd to publick view:
Whom if envious grown, or proud,
Masks his beauty in a cloud:
The wind and rain,
Him back again,
In sighs and tears
Woo, till smiling he appears.

Love's wing'd, and hasts away;
Time is wing'd, and hasts to prey;
Love deluded may fly hence;
Retirement 'gainst time's no fence:
He'l wanton there,
Dig caves for care,
Make graves for love,
Where the blind boy nere durst rove.

Ceruse nor stibium can prevail,
No art repairs, where age make makes fail:
Then, Euphormia, be not still
A prisoner to a fonder will.
Nor let's in vain,
Thus nature blame,
'Cause she confines
To barren grounds the richer mines."

" To

"To a degenerate thing falsely called a Noble.
(A piece of 42 lines.)

"Fie! fie! can nothing noble speak, 'bove oathes,
Or the apish varnish of some modish clothes?
Or to learn jockey phrase, dialect of th' hound?
Whose virtue, like your own, is all in sound.
Or can distinguish Lanner, Lanneret,
Falcon, Jarfalcon, Gosshawk, and cry Ret;
Hares start, deer rowse, that partridge sprung is knows,
What woodcocks be by's nose that's cup-flush'd shows;
Or to unkennel fox can wisely tell;
Rare gentleman, highly bred, though scarce can spell,
And writes his name in text, with such a paw
You'd swear 'twas catechiz'd with the devil's claw.
Or th' country air's too dull, he must to the burse
Of blasphemy, irreligion's nurse;
Where's not a look but baited for to cheat,
And not a tongue but oyled for deceit.
Of's families blood carousing cups here fill,
And bids it die, while he his die throws ill.—
These are the comets rear'd from th' fat of earth,
Presage kings ruine, and the people death."

"The Poetaster.

"All are not poets, who can pace in rime,
And to an odde tune, can in ding dong chime;
Castalian nymphs and god Apollo name;
Dan Cupid's fire, and a sea-froth'd Dame;
While they glean straw in Egypt for to raise
Unto themselves strange pyramids of praise.
Though like to tulips they enamel'd be,
Yet the fool's coat is their best liverie.
On Pagan gods and goddesses who call,
Sure their religion is poetical.

Nor should they the vintage judge of Pagan wit,
Who what they have but gleanings are from it;
Nor learn'd 'bove fooleries; rich above romance,
Fit th' price of vanity only to inhance;
A fountain tavern thus may Helicon be,
Nine wenches muses lending poetrie;
While idol priests, who poets do approve,
Themselves some idol make, a wench they love;
Their wit like to their Venus, born of froth,
Is fit for fire, a Vulcan to betroth."

Conduit street. J. H.*

ART. IX. *Original Poems and Translations. By James Beattie, A. M. London.* 1760.

In Vol. IV. p. 246 of CENSURA, the contents were stated and some extracts given from this *first edition* of Dr. Beattie's Poems, on account of its scarceness. For the same reason I now proceed to offer a specimen of his translation of Virgil's pastorals, and I prefer the first eclogue only on account of its being more popularly known. The translator's motto is taken from Lucretius, lib. iii.

"Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem,
Quod *te imitari* aveo."

"Melibœus, Tityrus.

Mel. "Where the broad beech an ample shade displays,
Your slender reed resounds the sylvan lays,
O happy Tityrus! while we, forlorn,
Driven from our lands to distant climes are born,

* I was not aware, till this article was written, of the author having obtained a place in Mr. Ellis's Specimens, who has given three stanzas of the poem "On a Retired Lady."

Stretch'd

Stretch'd careless in the peaceful shade you sing,
And all the groves with Amaryllis ring.

Tit. This peace to a propitious god I owe;
None else, my friend such blessings could bestow.
Him will I celebrate with rites divine,
And frequent lambs shall stain his sacred shrine.
By him, these feeding herds in safety stray;
By him, in peace I pipe the rural lay.

Mel. I envy not, but wonder at your fate,
That no alarms invade this blest retreat;
While neighbouring fields the voice of woe resound,
And desolation rages all around.
Worn with fatigue I slowly onward bend,
And scarce my feeble fainting goats attend.
My hand this sickly dam can hardly bear,
Whose young new-yean'd (ah, once an hopeful pair!).
Amid the tangling hazles as they lay,
On the sharp flint were left to pine away.
These ills I had foreseen, but that my mind
To all portents and prodigies was blind.
Oft have the blasted oaks foretold my woe;
And often has the inauspicious crow,
Perch'd on the wither'd holm, with fearful cries
Scream'd in my ear her dismal prophecies.
But say, O Tityrus, what god bestows
This blissful life of undisturb'd repose?

Tit. Imperial Rome, while yet to me unknown,
I vainly liken'd to our country-town,
Our little Mantua, at which is sold
The yearly offspring of our fruitful fold:
As in the whelp the father's shape appears,
And as the kid its mother's semblance bears,
Thus greater things my inexperienc'd mind
Rated by others of inferior kind;

But she, amidst other cities, rears her head
High, as the cypress overtops the reed.

Mel. And why to visit Rome was you inclin'd?

Tit. 'Twas there I hoped my liberty to find.
And there my liberty I found at last,
Though long with listless indolence oppress;
Yet not till Time had silver'd o'er my hairs,
And I had told a tedious length of years;
Nor till the gentle Amaryllis charm'd,
And Galatea's love no longer warm'd.
For (to my friend I will confess the whole)
While Galatea captive held my soul,
Languid and lifeless all I dragg'd the chain,
Neglected liberty, neglected gain.
Though from my fold the frequent victim bled,
Though my fat cheese th' ungrateful city fed,
For this I ne'er perceiv'd my wealth increase;
I lavish'd all her haughty heart to please.

Mel. Why Amaryllis pin'd, and pass'd away
In lonely shades the melancholy day;
Why to the gods she breath'd incessant vows;
For whom her mellow apples press'd the boughs
So late, I wonder'd—Tityrus was gone,
And she (ah luckless maid!) was left alone.
Your absence every warbling fountain mourn'd,
And woods and wilds the wailing strains return'd.

Tit. What could I do? To break th' enslaving chain
All other efforts had (alas!) been vain;
Nor durst my hopes presume, but there, to find
The gods so condescending and so kind.
'Twas there these eyes the heaven-born youth* beheld,
To whom our altars monthly incense yield:

* Augustus Cæsar.

My

My suit he even prevented, while he spoke,
'Manure your antient farm, and feed your former flock.'

Mel. Happy old man! then shall your lands remain,
Extent sufficient for th' industrious swain!
Though bleak and bare yon ridgy rocks arise,
And lost in lakes the neighbouring pasture lies,
Your herds on wonted grounds shall safely range,
And never feel the dire effects of change.
No foreign flock shall spread infecting bane
To hurt your pregnant dams, thrice happy swain!
You, by known streams and sacred fountains laid,
Shall taste the coolness of the fragrant shade.
Beneath yon fence, where willow-boughs unite,
And to their flowers the swarming bees invite,
Oft shall the lulling hum persuade to rest,
And balmy slumbers steal into your breast;
While warbled from this rock the pruner's lay
In deep repose dissolves your soul away,
High on yon elm the turtle wails alone,
And your lov'd ringdoves breathe a hoarser moan.

Tit. The nimble harts shall gaze in empty air,
And seas retreating leave their fishes bare,
The German dwell where rapid Tigris flows,
The Parthian, banish'd by invading foes,
Shall drink the Gallic Arar, from my breast
Ere his majestic image be effac'd.

Mel. But we must travel o'er a length of lands,
O'er Scythian snows, or Afric's burning sands;
Some wander where remote Oäxes laves
The Cretan meadows with his rapid waves;
In Britain some, from every comfort torn,
From all the world remov'd, are doom'd to mourn.
When long long years have tedious roll'd away,
Shall I yet at last, at last survey

My dear paternal lands, and dear abode,
Where once I reign'd in walls of humble sod!
These lands, these harvests must the soldier share
For rude barbarians lavish we our care!
How are our fields become the spoil of wars!
How are we ruin'd by intestine jars!
Now, Melibœus, now ingraff the pear,
Now teach the vine its tender sprays to rear:—
Go then, my goats!—go, once an happy store!
Once happy!—happy now (alas!) no more!
No more shall I, beneath the bowery shade
In rural quiet indolently laid,
Behold you from afar the cliffs ascend,
And from the shrubby precipice depend;
No more to music wake my melting flute,
While on the thyme you feed, and willow's wholesome shoot.

Tit. This night at least with me you may repose
On the green foliage, and forget your woes.
Apples and nuts mature our boughs afford,
And curdled milk in plenty crowns my board.
Now from yon hamlets clouds of smoke arise,
And slowly roll along the evening-skies;
And see projected from the mountain's brow
A lengthen'd shade obscures the plain below."

As a testimonial of the critical minuteness with which Dr. Beattie revised those productions that were by him designated for posterity, I subjoin the early printed copy of his Ode entitled "Retirement," accompanied by the variations which took place in the second edition, six years afterward. Those who compare both with the modern copies, will find it has since undergone numerous emendations.

RETIREMENT.

RETIREMENT.

"Shook from the *evening's fragrant* * *wings*
When dews impearl the grove,
And *round* † *the listening valley rings*
The languid voice of love;
Laid on a daisy-sprinkled green,
Beside a plaintive stream,
A meek-eyed youth of serious mein
Indulg'd this solemn theme:

Ye cliffs, in savage grandeur pil'd
High o'er the *darkening* ‡ dale!
Ye groves, along whose windings wild
Soft *steals* § *the murmuring gale*;
Where oft lone Mela. holy strays,
By wilder'd Fancy *led*, ||
What time the wan moon's yellow rays
Stream through the chequer'd shade.

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
Scap'd *the*** tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me *at* †† *last recline*,
Where Solitude, *meek* ‡‡ modest power,
Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

How shall I woo thee, matchless fair!
Thy *envy'd* §§ smile how win!
Thy smile, that smooths the brow of Care,
And stills each storm within!

* purple wings of even. *2d edition.*
† from the darkening verge of Heaven
Beams the sweet star of love.
‡ Glimmering. § Sighs the saddening gale. || Sway'd.
** a. †† *My* woes resign. ‡‡ mild. §§ Heavenly.

O wil:

O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene on silent wing!"

[Three new stanzas here inserted in the 2d. edition.]

"*There* while to thee glad Nature pours*
Her gently-warbling song,
And *zephyr*† from the waste of flowers
Wafts‡ *sweet perfumes* along;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
Flash on *thy*§ startled eye."

[One new stanza here introduced.]

"For me, no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb *life's*‖ *panting* heights,
By guileful Hope misled:
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To *Joy's*** *enlivening lays*—
Soon are the glittering moments o'er,
Soon each gay form decays."

T. P.

* O while to thee the woodland pours
its wildly, &c.

† Fragrant. ‡ The zephyr breathes. § Thee. ‖ Those toilsome.

** To Mirth's enlivening strain,
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain.

ART.

ART. X. *A most excellent Treatise of the begynnyng of Heresyes in oure tyme, compyled by the Reuerend Father in God, Stanislavs Hosivs, Byshop of Wormes in Prussia. To the moste renomed Prynce, Lorde Sigismund, myghtie Kyng of Poole, greate Duke of Luten and Russia, Lorde and Heyre of all Prussia, Masouia, Samogitia, &c. Translated out of Laten in to Englyshe by Richard Shacklock, M. of Arte and Student of the Ciuil Lawes, and intituled by hym, "The Hatchet of Heresies."*

"Hæreses ad suam originem revocasse, est refutasse]
Of heresies to shewe the spryng
Is them vnto an end to bryng."

Imprinted at Antwerp by Æg. Diest, Anno 1565, the 10 of August. Cum privilegio. Small 8vo. 95 folios, without Epistles Dedicatory, Table, &c. b. l. [See Ames, 532; Herbert, 1612.]

At the back of the title eighteen lines, "The Translatoure upon the figure following," which describe Sathan, "wery of whipping Luther and Calvine," peeps out of the infernal regions, and sees big trees sprung from his seed, but fixing his eye on Prussian ground, observes Hosius making his book:

"——— which boke so sone as he spyde,
An hachet, an hachet, oh me! he cryde:
An hachet I see in Hosius hand,
Which felleth my trees, which ells myght have stand:
Then having so sayde, byting his lypp,
He ran agayne, Luther and Calvine to whypp."

Then follows a wood cut, size of the page, on the left in a body of flames "Sathan," on the right "Hosius"

"Hosius" in his episcopal robes, having in his right hand an hatchet, in his left a book, "De Origine Heresium:" in the centre a tree having been twice cut by the bishop, the root "rayling," the body "rebellion," branches "bloodshed," leaves "lyes," and apples "atheisme," other trees in the distance; two shields in the corners; the one with our Saviour on the cross, "insigne veritatis;" the other, an ape and a cock "in signe falsitatis." On the following page, more ingeniously explained, by

"The Translatoure upon the figure before going.

"Who planted this tree, which there is set oute?
Sathan, the sower of syn, withoute doute.
The rote is rayling: but can you tell why?
Take away rayling and heretykes dy.
The body is rebellion: wherefore can you tell? *
For a cap they be redy their Prince to expell.
The braunces is blodshed: knowe you the cause?
Thei wold kil (if thei could) al without lawes.
But why with lyes arre so loden the leaves?
Ah, heresie with lyes all the worlde deceaves.
The apples be atheisme; what doth that meane?
Heresie removeth religion cleane.
Wherefore dothe Sathan so sowrely loke?
Oh, he is angry at Hosius' boke.
What meaneth the crosse, which here you do carve?
The badge of truth, which never doth swarve.
What meaneth the cock which here I do fynde?
The badge of heretykes, which wave with the wynde.
But what doth the ape under the cock?
Signifieth heretykes, which holy thinges mock."

The Epistle Dedicatory of the translator is "To the moste excellent and gratious Pryncesse Elyzabeth by

* "Samson, Humfrey, Cole, with others."

the

the grace of God, Quene of England, Fraunce, and Irelande, defendoure of the faythe: your moste humble and obedient subject, Richard Schacklock, hartily wysheth all grace and peace from God, with long reigne, honour, helth, and prosperitie."

The translator commences his dedication with assigning the reason for performing the task.—"Althoughe my faythefull and obedient hart towarde your Royal Maiesty (most sovereigne and gracyouse Lady) be so well knowen to God and all good men, that it may seme neadeles to declare any outwarde testimonial of it, yet because (as St. Chrysostome sayth) God wolde never have made the mouthe, if it had bene inough in hart to thynck well, I could not at thys tyme content my conscience, onles I dyd gyve an open and evident signification of my secret fidelitie, loyaltie, and humble obedience toward your most excellent Maiesty.

"The which, because I was not able to wytnesse unto the world, ether by famouse feates of armes, for lacke of experience; ether in brynging golden gyftes, for lack of abilitie; either in writyng workes of nue invention, for fault peradventure of learnyng and knowledge; I thought, I myght declare no small token of a true subjectes harte towarde your gracyouse hyghenes, in travaylyng to translate some godly worke of some worthy wryter; and when I had translated it, to dedicate it to youre excellent Maiestie:* specyally seing your Hyghnes even from your tender age, hath bene trayned up in the treasure howse of learnyng, not so muche bewtyfyed with byllementes and precyouse

* "The education of our noble Quene."

pearles,

pearles, as garnyshed with marvaylouse gyftes of grace and godlynes, and even with the increase of yeares, hathe had an increasyng desyre of true science and knowledge: in so much, that I here it reported credibly, and beleve it verily, that every nyght callyng your selfe to an accompt, according to Pythagoras councell, howe you have spent the day, if by reason of consulting and caryng for youre common wealth, any day scape withoute learnyng of one lesson oute of some godly authour, you be wont to saye unto them, which be aboute your noble grace, 'Frendes, this day have I loste, for I have learned never a lesson.'* O sentence worthy to be pronounced of so excellent a Prynce! O saying worthie to be translated in to all languages and to be written in letters of golde!"

The translator afterwards assigns the cause of translating and presenting his work, "Not that I dyd thynk any such lack of Latten to be in your grace, that your grace could not understand it in the tongue in the which the fyrst author dyd wryte it, for God hathe made youre grace as it were hys treasure howse of tounges; youre fame florysheth for the Frenche, your renome spreadeth farre for the Italian, your glory glystreth for the Greke, and many other laudable languages;" but that men when told matter of importance had rather have the same in their mother tongue: and who is more worthy to have bokes dedicated to them of veritie, which is lykened to syncere and pure virginitie, then youre grace, a most cleare, bryght, and unspotted virgin? who is more mete to receave that precyouse juel which was presented to the wyse, ver-

* "A golden sentence of our excellent Quene." But was not this golden sentence borrowed from the Emperor Vespasian? *Editor.*

tuouse

tuissecald catholyke Kyng of Poole, then yt, the one of the best learned, graciouse, victoriouse, mercyfull, Prynces under the Pole," &c. This dedication occupies ten pages, Roman type, and concludes—"I desyre God to be youre grace's buckler in battayle, youre pillar in peace, youre leader in all the slyppery wayes of this lyff, and your crowner in the blessed kyngdome which is to come Amen. Your grace's faythfull and obedient subject,

RICHARD SHACKLOCK."

Then follow three stanzas of seven lines each, "The Translatoure upon the holy writer Hosius."

The author's Epistle Dedicatory is "To the moste redoubted and moste Christian Prince, his renomed Lorde, Lorde Sigismund, by the grace of God, Kyng of Poole, great Duke of Luten, Lorde and Heyre of Russia, Prussia, Masovia, Samogitia, &c. his gratiouse Lorde; Stanislaus Hosius, Byshop of Wormes, profereth his lowly service." By which the work appears in answer to "a certayne booke compyled by Ihon Brentius, whiche Petrus Paulus Vergeri feared not to dedicate unto youre grace." This was called the golden book, but of more harm than the gold of Tolosa; "a proverbe which had this begynnyng—when Quintus Cepio toke bi assaulte the citie of Tolosa in Italy, there was founde in the temples greate plentie of golde, which being taken away, all that had any parte thereof, dyed myserably; whereof happened this proverbe, when anye man fynished his lyfe miserablie, men wolde say that he had gold of Tolosa." Subscribed "oute of my Castell of Heilsbergh, in the Ides of Octobre, M. D. LVII." 15 pages in Italic characters.

"Michael

"Michael Scrinius Dantis canos Prussiæ, Lectori.

"Volve Stanislai, Lector studiose, libellum,
Nobilis eloquio Præsulis atque fide.
Detegit hic primos errores temporis hujus,
Et tua ab hæreticis pectora tuta facit."

"The Translatoure his paraphrase upon those verses.

"With markyng minde peruse this booke
Of holy Hosius here,
To whome, thoughe very farre thou looke,
Thou scant shalt fynde a pere:
In learnyng and in lyfe
For golden wordes to sounde,
In heaven the lyke perchaunse be ryffe,
But few in yearthe be founde.
Of heresies he doth detect
The rootes here and the sprynges:
To hartes with heresies infect,
A sovereigne salve he brynges. R. S."

After this introductory matter comes "A Treatise of the beginnyng of Heresies in oure tyme." For running title "The Hatchet of Heresies," 95 folios of black letter. Then, "Oratio R. Shacklocki pro Regina, Regno, et toto Christianismo," 29 lines, the table faults escaped, and concludes with

"An Admonition to the fault-fynder.

"If mo faultes in this boke thou fynde,
Yet think not the correctoure blynde;
If Argos here hym selfe had bene,
He sholde perchaunce not all have sene:
Al wordes awry mend without stryffe,
And, wordes amended, redresse thy lyfe.
RYCHARD SHACKLOCK."

Ritson

Ritson has mentioned another work by the translator, of the same date, and also inscribed to Queen Elizabeth, to which there are introductory verses.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XI. *Britain's Remembrancer, containing a narration of the Plague lately past; a declaration of the mischiefs present; and a prediction of judgments to come (if repentance prevent not.) By Geo. Wither.* 1628.

[CONCLUDED FROM P. 22.]

Wither thus proceeds to paint, in dread array, the chariot of Death.

" My fancy did present to me that houre
A glimpse of Death, ev'n in his greatest power.
Methought I saw him in a charret ride
With all his grim companions by his side,
Such as Oblivion and Corruption be.
Not half a step before him—rode these three
(On monsters back'd) Paine, Horror, and Despaire:—
Next to *Death*, came *Judgment*;—after whom
Hell, with devouring jaws did gaping come—
Death's carr, with many chaines, and ropes, and strings,
And by a multitude of severall things,
As *Pleasures, Passions, Cares*, and such as they,
Was drawne along upon a beaten way,
New gravell'd with old bones: and *Sin* did seeme
To be the foremost beast of all the teeme:
And *Sicknesse* to be that which haled next
The charret wheele: for none I saw betwixt.
Time led the way: and *Justice* did appeere
To sit before, and play the charioteer.—

There was of trumpets and of drums the sound;
But in loud cries and roarings it was drown'd,
Sad *elegies* and songs of lamentation
Were howled out, but moved no compassion;
Skulls, coffins, spades, and mattocks, placed were
About the charret. Crawling *wormes* were there;
And whatsoever else might signifie
Death's nature, and weak man's mortalitie."

Surely those who affect to despise the poetry of Wither, must do justice to the spirit and imagination employed in this description. The grim monarch rides in a horrible majesty worthy of the pen of Dante. But, as is too frequently the case, his judgment was not equal to his fancy. He has gone on too far with the description, till it wearies the mind. He has not been content with describing a countless multitude who preceded the chariot, of those who had died in the preceding year, but he tells us, he could scarce distinguish a score of them from the far greater number of "beasts and birds, and fishes," which had also served to satiate the appetite of the ravenous tyrant! However, such as he *could* distinguish, he proceeds to enumerate; foremost among whom is King James, then the Duke of Richmond, the Duke of Lenox, Marquis of Hamilton, &c. &c.

The following description will need no apology for its insertion, notwithstanding its defects: unless it should be thought too horribly accurate.

"As to and fro I walked that I might
On ev'ry ruthfull object fix my sight,
Upon those Golgothas I cast mine eye,
Where all the common people buried lye.

Lie

Lie buried did I say? I should have said;
Whose carkasses to bury graves were laid.
Lord! what a sight was there! and what strong smells
Ascended from among death's narrow cells!
You scarce could make a little infant's bed
In all those plots, but you should pare a head,
An arme, a shoulder, or a leg away,
Of one or other, who there buried lay.
One grave did often many scores enclose
Of men and women; and it may be those
That could not in two parishes agree,
Now, in one little roome, at quiet be.
You, lay a heape of skulls; another there;
Here, half unburied did a corpse appeare;
Close by, you might have seene a brace of feet
That had kick'd off the rotten winding-sheet.
A little further, saw we other some
Thrust out their armes for want of elbow roome.
A lock of woman's haire, a dead man's face
Uncover'd; and a ghastly sight it was.
Oh! here, here, view'd I what the glories be
Of pamper'd flesh.——
——————And all they that goe
Unbetter'd from such objects, worse doe grow."

The poem is, altogether, though of no rarity, a piece of great curiosity; since it details, at considerable length, many of the opinions and modes of thinking prevalent in the age in which it was written. It also enumerates the various opinions which prevailed respecting the origin of the plague, and the methods made use of to stop its progress. But perhaps no part of it is more curious than the account given by the author of the appearance of the several edifices and

streets, theatres, and other public places of resort, during the period when the city was almost deserted. Many descriptions of churches, and public buildings occur incidentally, and many customs are mentioned in the same way; accounts of which are now, perhaps, no where else to be found. The author gives us a kind of tour through the city; beginning at the inns of court, and proceeding to the Exchange, Old St. Paul's, the Theatres, &c. all of which he contrasts, in their state of silence and desertion, with the appearance they had made a few weeks before. But as this article has already been extended, perhaps beyond its due bounds, it is necessary to bring it here to a conclusion.

Beccles. W. T. SPURDENS.

ART. XII. *The Flower of Fame. Containing the bright Renowne, and moste fortunate raigne of King Henry the VIII. Wherein is mentioned of matters, by the rest of our Chonographers overpassed. Compyled by Ulpian Fulwell, &c. &c.* 1575. *4to.*

This mélange of history, compiled partly by Ulpian Fulwell, a Somersetshire man by birth, and in 1570 rector of Naunton in Gloucestershire; and in part by "Master Edmunde Harman," is dedicated (after many qualms of conscience) to "Sir William Cecill, Baron of Burghleygh, &c. &c." whose arms (impaling those of Beaufoy) are engraved on the back of the title page. Lest we should object to his "crabbed metre," Mr. Ulpianus Fulwell confesses in the outset that he has not the gifte of flowing eloquence, neyther can

can he enterlace his phrase with Italian termes, nor powder his style wythe Frenche, Englyshe, or inkhorne rhetoricke, nor cowche his matter under a cloake of curious inventions, to feede the daintie eares of delicate yonkers." "The flower of fame," whose praise is recorded in this tract, is the capricious and sanguinary tyrant Henry the Eighth;* and the poet, aware of the reigning power, loses no opportunity of lauding Henry's fiend-like daughter Elizabeth. It would not have been prudent for any historian to have intimated aught hostile to the Tudors during the reign of Elizabeth; and in consequence we find all the chroniclers speaking invariably in praise of a race of usurpers, than which a more rapacious and sanguinary catalogue† (ab limine usque ad finem) never polluted a sceptre; but Fulwell is rather an eulogist than an historian, and what he has written in their praise seems written *con amore:* as he was therefore a "laureat volunteer," he probably anticipated a price for his poetry.

To a metrical address to his book, succeeds "in Ulpiani Fulwelli operis laudem Richardi Coppoci carmen," which is followed by "A manifest description of King Henryes noble vertues," in six lined stanzas; but instead of descending to detail, Mr. Ulpianus finds it more convenient to compare the slaughterer of the gentle Lord Surrey to Cæsar and Alexander, to Solon,

* It has been very justly observed of him, that "he spared neither man in his wrath, nor woman in his lust."—"Pour votre Henri VIII." says Voltaire, "il n'etoit qu'un coupeur de bourse."

† Mr. G. will forgive the Editor for entering his strong dissent from this sweeping opinion. Mr. G. has forgot Edw. VI.—and the Editor cannot admit the censure to include Q. Elizabeth. *Editor.*

to Solomon, and to Sampson; and prays that God will preserve Elizabeth

" in regale seat
Til Nestor's yeres be full complete."

The early events of Henry's reign are continued, partly in rhyme and partly in prose, from Hall's Chronicle. After relating the events at " Floddon's blood-stained field," and justifying the indignities offered to the royal corse of James, Fulwell " takes upon him to introduce King James unto us *in forme of the Mirror for Magestrates*, to utter his complaynt, and tell his own tale:" the first four lines will serve to prove, if proof were wanting, the popularity of those legends.

" Among the rest, whom rewfull fate hath reft,
Whose shrowding sheetes hath wrapt their woful lyves,
Why have not I a place among them left,
Whose fall eche tonge with laylye talke revyves."

The Legend of James the Fifth of Scotland follows. At the close of the account of " The acts of Henry and how he warred," is " An epitaph of the deathe of that moste valyant and renowned Prince."

What follows is a sort of appendix or second book, and contains Commemorations of Anne Bulleyne, Jane, and Katherine Parr: the first opens " as hereafter followeth."

" Ye noble imps of Parnas hill,
Ye muses all arowe,
Resound your plesant melodie,
Your warbling notes bestowe.

Take

Take wrest in hand to tune those stringes,
That render silver sound; *
And let the voice of Music's lore
Unto the skies rebounde.

Blo up with joye the chearfull blast
Of Englande's blissefull state,
In prayse of this most noble Queene,
Kinge Henrye's lawful mate."

The "Epitaph on the death of Queene Anne Bullayne," may be given as a specimen of his poetry.

"Yf wayling woes might win thy lyfe
To lodge in corpes agayne;
Thy bodie should, O noble Queene,
Not thus in grave remayne.

For if that death might life redeeme,
And life were bought with death,
Tea thousand to restore your lyfe
Would render vytall breath.

But sith that may in no wise bee,
For death woulde worke his spight,
With yernefull voyce and dolefull domps
We shall expell delight.

And shew our grefes with secret sighes,
And languor of the breste;
The flodds of teares shed for thy sake
Declares our hearts unrest.

* "Why music with her silver sound?
What say you, Simon Catling?
Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound—
Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?
I say *silver sound*, because musicians sound for silver."
See *Romeo and Juliet*.

Steevens thought *silver sound* was first used by Spenser.

And were it not thy royale impe *
Did mittigate our payne,
The sorrow for thy fatall day
Wee uneth could sustayne.

Yet this somewhat recomfortes us,
For that we be moste sure,
Thy blessed soule is lodged with God,
For ever to endure.

Also thy noble splendent fame,
O noble Prince, Queen Anne,
Shall live on earth till wordes ende
Within the mouth of man.

And eke thy lyfe shall be a lore,
For ladies all to learne,
Wherein they may, as in a glasse,
Dame vertues path descarne."

This may serve as an example of Ulpian Fulwell's poetry. The most curious part of the volume is "The History of the Winning of Hadington in Scotlande, An. 2 Reg. Edwardi VI." which is given from the information of several who were witnesses of the siege, and which, if the present article were not extended to the usual limits, I would have willingly transcribed.

O. G.

ART. XIII. *A Declaration of the Demeanor and Cariage of Sir Walter Raleigh, Knighte, as well in his Voyage, as in and sithence, his returne; and of the true motives and inducements which occasioned*

* Elizabeth.

his

his Majestie to proceed in doing justice upon him as hath been done. London: Printed by Bonham Norton and John Bill, Printers to the King's most Excellent Majestie. 1618. 4*to. pp.* 68.

ART. XIV. *Newes of Sir Walter Rauleigh, with the true Description of Guiana: as also a relation of the excellent government, and much hope of the prosperity of the Voyage. Sent from a Gentleman of his Fleet, to a most especiall friend of his in London. From the River of Caliana, on the Coast of Guiana, Novemb.* 17, 1617. *London: Printed for H. G. and are to be sold by J. Wright, at the signe of the Bible, without New-gate.* 1618. *With Portrait. pp.* 45.

The following extracts I have taken from the latter work (both of which are very uncommon, but the latter especially,) intituled

"Orders to bee observed by the Commanders of the Fleete, and Land Companies, under the Charge and Conduct of Sir Walter Rauleigh, Knight, bound for the South Parts of America or elsewhere. Given at Plimouth in Devon, the third of May, 1617.

"First, because no action or enterprise can prosper (be it by sea or land) without the favour and assistance of Almighty God, the Lord and Strength of Hoasts and Armies, you shall not fayle to cause divine service to be read in your shippe, morning and evening, in the morning before dinner, and at night before supper, or at least (if there be interruption by foule weather) once the day, praysing God every night with singing of a psalme at the setting of the watch.

Secondly,

Secondly, you shall take especiall care that God be not blasphemed in your ship; but that after admonition given, if the offenders doe not refraine themselves, you shall cause them of the better sort to be fined out of their adventures, by which course, if no amendment bee found, you shall acquaint me withall: for if it be threatened in the scriptures, that the curse shall not depart from the house of the swearer, much lesse from the ship of the swearer.

"No man shall play at cards or dice, either for his apparill or armes, upon paine of being disarmed and made a swabber; and whosoever shall shew himselfe a coward upon any landing or otherwise, hee shall bee disarmed, and made a labourer and carrier of victualls for the rest.

"No man shall land any men in any forraigne parts, without order from the generall, the serjeant-mayor or other chiefe officer, upon paine of death; and wheresoever wee shall have cause to land, no man shall force any woman, bee shee Christian or Heathen upon paine of death; and you shall take especiall care when God shall suffer us to land in the Indies, not to eat any fruits unknowne; such fruits as you doe not find eaten by birds on the tree, or beasts under the tree, you shall avoyd.

"You shall not sleepe on the ground, nor eat any new flesh till it bee salted two or three houres, which otherwise will breed a most dangerous fluxe; so will the eating of over fat hoggs or turkies: you shall also have a great care, that you swim not in any rivers but where you see the Indians swim, because most of the rivers are full of allegators: you shall not take any thing

thing from any Indian by force, for from thenceforth we shall never be releeved; but you must use them with all courtesie."

Ardwick, Lancashire, May 19, 1807. J. H. M.

ART. XV. *The Image of bothe Churches Hierusalem and Babel—Unitie and Confusion—Obedience and Sedition—by P. D. M. Printed at Tornay by Adrian Quinque.* 1623. *With licence.* 12mo. *pp.* 461, *exclusive of Dedication, Prefaces, &c.*

J. Boucher, Doct. Theol. Canon and Archdeacon of Tornay, has subjoined his sentiments of approbation to the above work, and upon the concluding page appears the following singular postscript:

"Blame not my will but my wants, that the Latin is not translated into English: I had not paper, nor means, being stinted."

I shall feel happy to be favoured with the remarks of any of the Correspondents of the CENSURA LITERARIA upon the above curious work, and also as to its author.

Ardwick, Lancashire, May 19, 1807. J. H. M.

ART. XVI. *On the fanciful additions to the new Edition of Wells's Geography of the Old Testament.*

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

After having given one example in regard to Caucasus, Gog, and Magog, of the little recommendation, which

which Mr. Wilford's meditations, deduced from Sanscrit books, are likely to afford to the *excursions* subjoined to the new edition of *Wells's Geography of the Old Testament*, I just mentioned, that in like manner those antiquarian meditations of the Editor himself seem to be nothing better supported, either from the facts or arguments adduced in their favour. Let us, however, now examine, in some few instances, the evidence contained in them, and what assistance they are able to afford to a student of the Jewish scriptures toward the illustration of any parts of them, that we may judge whether the imaginations there presented to the public be fit *companions to the Bible*, containing many serious truths.

Now the Editor supposes, agreeably to some eastern traditions, that the ark of Noah rested on Mount Ararat, and that this was some part or other of the long range of mountains called Caucasus or Taurus; so that mankind issued from that district both east and west to occupy other more distant settlements; and also that the several devices and symbols, which various cities afterwards impressed on their coins, were intended as memorials of their descent from the neighbourhood of those mountains; particularly, that where a *bull* is found on a coin, it was commemorative of the colony having been brought from the neighbourhood of Mount *Taurus* in Cilicia, as is thus expressed in his own words: "From the annexed plates, the reader will have observed, that our drift is, to prove that the western cities and countries were peopled from the eastern parts of Caucasus; that they preserved memorials of their origin by emblems, and that these emblems, *which have hitherto been contemned as mere caprices*,

caprices, are, when properly understood, of great use in the study of ancient geography, by which only they can be satisfactorily explained. As we conceive, that the scripture expressly affirms the same migrations of mankind from Caucasus, we consider our discoveries as corroborating the geographical accounts of scripture; but these *memoranda* were *afterwards* perverted from their true intention to idolatrous commemorations. We therefore, for the present, content ourselves with establishing our general principle." *Excursions*, *p.* 22. "The plate 4 shews principally that portion of Caucasus, which is distinguished as Mount Taurus," *p.* 20.

Here the writer has not done justice to former antiquaries in saying, that the devices and symbols found on coins *have been hitherto contemned as mere caprices*; for they have always been considered as significative symbols of the cities, where the coins were struck; but why such symbols were adopted in such cities, and to what facts or circumstances in the history of those cities they referred, this, indeed, in many cases it has been not possible to discover, although it has, however, been done in several with success: it will therefore be well, if this writer can let in farther light on those symbols, which I am afraid he will not do, by referring those exhibiting a *Bull* as being commemorative of the descent of the inhabitants from Mount Taurus. The subject is at least harmless, and this is perhaps the most which can be said in its favour; whether his principle be true or not we do not inquire, but only whether the writer has adduced such facts and arguments as will tend to render it probable and plausible. Let us see then what he says.

"The

"The figure 18 represents the sun rising behind the back of a bull, Taurus, which bull is of the breed common in India, having a lump between the shoulders: it is taken from Hyde's *Relig. Pers.* In another plate may be seen the sun rising behind a lion, but in this behind a bull; the import of this emblem clearly implies the *western* situation of those who, when they made this observation, intended it as the prime point of their compass, having no better method to ascertain their *bearing*," *p.* 22. But if we turn to Hyde's own account, we shall find, that *this emblem does not so clearly imply* what is here affirmed, nor, indeed, that it has the least relation whatever to it, for it is a representation of the sun in the celestial constellation of Taurus, and not of any terrestrial mountain called Taurus, or the situation of any city either to the eastward or westward of it. Take Hyde's own words, "Cum Sol est in Tauro omnia florent—ut Virgilius, *Candidus auratis aperit cum cornibus annum Taurus*; tunc scilicet (ut monet Macrobius) *Tauro gestante Solem:* sic nempe pinguntur Signa, adeo ut in hoc iconismo exhibeatur *Sol in signo Tauri* Persarum more designatus. Sic etiam in nummis *Magni Mogul* Indiæ imperat; exhibetur *Corpus Solare* super dorso *Tauri* aut *Leonis*, qui illud eodem modo gestat," *p.* 115. What could induce the writer to omit this explication of Hyde, and to substitute his own erroneous one in its place? And, again, instead of the sun, when represented in connection with a *Lion*, having any reference to "Mount Lion, or Mount Taurus, as parts of Caucasus," as he asserts at p. 19, N°. 3, we see that Hyde more rationally explains such representations as expressing the sun in the constellation *Leo*. To the same

same object, doubtless, the coin of Berytus refers at p. 19, N°. 13, and, again, in plate 3, N°. 14, and possibly in other examples, which we have no foundation for considering as *mere caprices*, although we are not able to comprehend the meaning of all the symbols represented on different ancient coins.

Hitherto we have found no confirmation of the writer's proposed principle, but only a distortion of celestial objects to a pretended representation of terrestrial ones; in the following example we shall find a similar distortion of one terrestrial object to another. In plate 4, N°. 5, at p. 20, the writer sees in the impression of a seal published by Niebuhr *a bull's body and legs*, which to those who employ such spectacles as do not distort objects, will appear to be more like a lion, a bear, or an elephant, than a bull; yet in reality, not intended to represent any one of them, but an imaginary animal with which the Persians were as well acquainted as Europeans with the fanciful representation of an *unicorn*. Certainly Niebuhr did not think it represented a bull, for he calls it a *fabulous animal*, as the view of it in his *Tab.* 20, proves it to be. His account of it is thus—"In the ruins of Persipolis, on two parallel walls, is seen on each in relief the fabulous animal B of my tab. 20, being 17 feet from head to tail—I obtained also an agate stone, the impression on which, represents, as there is no doubt, the very same animal as the above-mentioned larger one, only the work of the engraver of the stone is not so good as that of the sculptor." *Tom.* 2. *p.* 102. Now what can candid readers think of an author, who could transform this anomalous animal into a bull? A view of it may be seen at the page and plate referred to above, as taken

taken from the plate of Niebuhr, in which same plate Niebuhr gives us also the larger and more perfect representation of it from the walls of Persipolis, having the face of a man with a beard of feathers, and a cap like a bushel on its head, with feathers upon its shoulders, rising up high over the back as if they were wings, the body and long tail like a dog, the feet with hoofs as in a horse, but not cloven like a bull; and yet the author could find in this heterogeneous animal *a bull's body and legs*, which, even in his own plate, appear more like the body and legs of an elephant. What will not the love of imaginary system make us believe? This figure, found represented in Persia, the author nevertheless considers as *a varied emblem* of Mount Caucasus in Asia Minor, as his own words thus testify. "N°. 5. As we have seen Caucasus alluded to under three distinctions [*a lion, a bull, and an eagle,*] we shall not be surprised to find such allusion varied into other emblems. This number and figure shews *the bull's body and legs*, the eagle's wings and human head compounded into one emblem; on one side of it is the sun, on the other side the moon. It is the impression of an ancient agate seal brought from Persia by Niebuhr." *Excur. p.* 20. It is true that the impression on the seal, yet not the larger figure on the walls, has a sun on one side and the moon on the other; but by what secret marks the author can discover any connexion between this compound figure and a mountain I cannot comprehend. Jupiter, with his thunder and lightning, was conceived by the ancients to have been particularly attached to mountains, as the *Deus loci*; but that the sun and moon were

were ever supposed to take up their residence there I never apprehended before I read the above explication of the seal; and certainly the whole contains such faithful quotations and such accuracy in finding out resemblances, as cannot fail to be instructive to students of sacred geography, who wish to discover the mountain on which Noah's ark rested.

However the author judged right in accumulating more proofs to the same purport. Thus at the same p. 20, in some medals of *Perinthus*, a city of Greece, he finds a bull with a lump on its back, a common breed in India, "to typify Mount Taurus in Asia Minor, on which the ark rested;" and he adds very gravely and truly, "that the bull cannot be the person in the ark [Noah] neither can it be the ark itself." *Plate* 4. *No.* 1 *and* 2. These are such ingenious discoveries, that I will endeavour to collect some more of them in order to gratify such readers as might otherwise doubt, whether new books in Roman characters excel the old black-letter authors.

S.

ART. XVII. *Letters to the Right Honourable Lord Mansfield from Andrew Stuart, Esq. London: Printed in the month of January*, 1773, 4*to*.

However extraordinary it may appear to those who are aware of the active part I for many years took in a late long-contested cause before the House of Lords, I have to lament that I never but once saw, and never had an opportunity of reading, the very able and interesting Letters, of which I am now about to give some

account, till Sunday the 31st of May, 1807, though I had often made fruitless attempts to obtain them. It seems they were never published,* though every body has heard of them. The copy I use was bought from Sir John Sebright's Duplicates,† but not sent down to me, till the date I have mentioned. I feel the most poignant regret at not having seen them at an earlier period, when they would have been of important use to me. They shew, alas! that there is indeed *nothing new under the sun*; and that at all times the same passions and prejudices will resort to similar means, to bring about the decrees, on which their hearts are set.

My head and my heart are so full of this topic, and the various facts and remarks which, to me, peculiarly situated as I have been, connect themselves with it, that, in the multiplicity which overwhelms me, I know not where to begin, nor which to select. It would occupy at least a bulky volume to detail all the interesting and important matter, which this subject suggests to me, affecting both the laws of inheritance, and, what is not less dear to a man of honour, the rights of reputation.‡

My readers scarcely need be told that these Letters

* See Boswell's Life of Johnson, II. 88.

† Sold at Leigh and Sotheby's in April 1807.

‡ "Good name in man or woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed." OTHELLO.

were

were an attack upon Lord Mansfield for his conduct in the Douglas cause. Andrew Stuart, the author, who was of the family of Castlemilk, in Scotland, died in Lower Grosvenor Street, May 18, 1801, being then M. P. for Weymouth, which he represented from 1790; as he had the County of Lanark in 1774, and 1780. In 1798 he published *The Genealogical History of the Stewarts; with a Supplement*, 1799, the principal object of which was to ascertain what branch of that family was now the chief heir male. He had been one of the guardians of the late Duke of Hamilton; and in the execution of that trust, during the Duke's minority, it fell to his lot to take the most active part in disputing the filiation or descent of Mr. Douglas, who claimed the large estates of the Duke of Douglas,* who died, in 1761, as son of the Duke's sister, Lady Jane, by Sir John Stewart.

This cause having been determined in favour of the Duke of Hamilton, in the courts of Scotland, came by appeal to the House of Lords, and was there finally determined, 1769, in favour of Mr. Douglas, who by that decree was confirmed in possession of the Douglas property, and in 1790 was made a peer of Great Britain, by the title of Baron Douglas.

* Archibald, third Marquis of Douglas, born 1694, succeeded his father, James, second Marquis, 1700, who succeeded his grandfather, William, first Marquis, in 1660. This Archibald, third Marquis, was created Duke of Douglas, April 18, 1703, when he was only nine years old. At his death, 1761, his next heir male was the Duke of Hamilton, whose ancestor was younger son of the first Marquis, and was created Earl of Selkirk, 1646, and Duke of Hamilton, 1661. Lady Jane Douglas married, in 1746, Sir John Stewart of Grantully in Scotland, Bart. and died Aug. 1753. Sir John Stewart died June 1764.

Violent animosities, and great differences of opinion are well known to have existed on this dispute. It engaged in an uncommon degree the curiosity and interest of the whole empire, and the memory and agitation of it has scarcely yet subsided. The largeness of the property, the rank of the parties, the very name of the great house of Douglas, and the most extraordinary circumstances attending the story of Mr. Douglas's birth, all tended to excite the most eager notice, and inflamed judgments. Engaged as I myself have been, at the distance of twenty years, in a cause, which, from the length of time it continued, and the numerous cruel circumstances attending the opposition to it, called forth an attention, if fainter, yet in some degree similar, I had a peculiar opportunity of observing how deeply the impression of it had been engraven on the public mind.

Let me not therefore be accused of reviving heats, which have long since subsided, or repeating stories which have been buried in a just oblivion, if I exert my humble endeavours that some of the very striking features of this case should be distinctly preserved. They have not died: they cannot die, as long as *Andrew Stuart's Letters* remain; though those Letters have been hitherto less circulated, and are less known, than they deserved: nay, they ought not to die. I have no wish to hurt the feelings of Lord Douglas, or his friends, but private feelings must give way to public benefit. There is a paramount duty, which he, who has an opportunity of executing it, ought not to neglect. Indeed it is no more than Lord Douglas has always been taught to expect: and no one, that I have heard, ever called in question the right of Mr. Stuart to

investigate

investigate the conduct of Lord Mansfield in this affair, while living; or opposed the justice of his assertion, when he said, "*the extreme celebrity of this cause, and its still more celebrated issue, will, notwithstanding the weakness of my pen, be sure to engage the attention of the world, after both of us are laid in our graves.*" Or when he added, "*You ought to have foreseen, that the judgment you gave, would be rejudged, even in this world, by the great tribunal of the public.*"

Far be it from me to have entertained any prejudices against Lord Mansfield, or to rejoice at thus recording a stigma on his character. I remember the faint relics of his gentle and insinuating eloquence. I remember him, when

> ——————"his 'way of life'
> Was 'fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;"

when I looked upon his age with veneration, as one who had been "beloved by every Muse." * But I did not then know, that he had done that, which might have justified him in going on with the quotation from Shakspeare,

> "——— that which should accompany old age;
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
> I must not look to have: but in their stead
> Curses not loud, but deep; mouth-honour, breath,
> Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not" †

In truth I was strangely blinded by the splendour, rather than the soundness of his character. And this

* I remembered that Pope had said
"How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost."
† Othello.

was too much confirmed by the contrast with his successor; who, though he probably possessed infinitely more integrity of heart, and more depth as well as acuteness of legal knowledge, yet uneducated, uncouth, passionate, pedantic, and full of scraps of trite Latin, almost as inapplicable and ridiculous as those of a quack doctor on a mountebank stage, disguised by a disgusting manner the sterling ore of his matter. He too is gone, and we have seen a successor in natural talents, acquirements, and disposition, very different from either; though too like the first on one point, on which, perhaps, I may have sufficient cause for addressing him in terms at least as pointed as those which Andrew Stuart used towards Lord Mansfield. I choose, however, to proceed more gradually and cautiously.

Let Mr. Stuart explain in his own words, the motives for his Letters; and in these motives let my readers find my reasons for reviving them; and not in the slightest malice to the memory of Lord Mansfield.

Extract from Stuart's first Letter.

"The peculiarity of my situation in this affair, which in future letters will be more fully explained; the nature and fate of the contest, in which I have been engaged; and the hardships and injuries sustained by myself, and the other guardians of the Duke of Hamilton, have been such as to render an address of this nature unavoidable. Some men of contracted views, or timid dispositions may, perhaps, object to the propriety of this measure; they will tell your Lordship that it is contrary to public utility to doubt of

of the wisdom and integrity of your decisions; the false complaisance of some may go even so far as to maintain, that it is better many individuals should suffer injustice, than that the veneration attached to your Lordship's situation and office should in any degree be diminished by too nice an examination of your conduct. I shall not attempt any answer to that part of mankind, with whom such language is the result of servile or flattering dispositions; but if there are any who, in sincerity of heart, and from public considerations, are disposed to adopt the above principle, they deserve an answer; and to them I beg leave to submit a few considerations.

"While a cause is in dependence, I admit that all publications, and all the little arts of popularity tending to raise the prejudices or to inflame the passions, are highly improper, and ought not to be permitted. But after the decision of a cause, the freedom of inquiry into the conduct and opinions of the judges is one of the noblest and best securities that human invention can contrive for the faithful administration of justice. It is for this very purpose that it has been established in this country, that judges shall give their opinions and decisions publickly. An admirable institution, which does honour to Britain, and gives it the superiority in this respect over most of the other countries in Europe.

"Laws may recommend and enforce the due administration of justice; but these laws are of little avail, when compared with the superior efficacy of the restraint which arises from the judgment of the public, exercised upon the conduct and opinions of the judges. It would be extremely fatal to the liberties of this

nation, and to that inestimable blessing, the faithful distribution of justice, if this restraint upon judges were removed, or improperly checked. The public has a right, and ought to be satisfied, with regard to the conduct, ability, and integrity of their judges. It is from these sources alone, that genuine respect and authority, can be derived; and an endeavour to make these the appendages of office, independent of the personal character and conduct, is an attempt, which, in this free and enlightened country, most probably never will succeed.

"This freedom of inquiry is not only essential to the interests of the community, but every judge conscious of intending and acting honourably, ought to promote and rejoice in the exercise of it. It is a poor spirit, indeed, that can rest satisfied with authority and external regard derived from office alone. The judge who is possessed of proper elevation of mind, will, both for his own sake and that of his country rejoice that his fellow-citizens have an opportunity of satisfying themselves with regard to his conduct, and of distinguishing judges who deserve well of the public from those who are unworthy. He will adopt the sentiment of the old Roman, who, conscious of no thoughts or actions unfit for public view, expressed a wish for windows in his breast, that all mankind might perceive what was passing there." *

Having made these preliminary observations I will endeavour to give a short statement of the Douglas

* Letter I. p. 31, 32, 33.

cause,

cause, and of the conduct which Mr Stuart charges Lord Mansfield with having pursued in its determination, accompanied with such remarks as I have room for, and perhaps illustrated or contrasted by what has since occurred in subsequent cases. This may afford the opportunity of eliciting from the collision of an extraordinary contest some important rules of evidence; or at least of discussing the due application of them.

Lady Jane Douglas in her 49th year, (1746) married Sir John Stewart. She was then presumptive heir to the great estates of her brother, the Duke, and it was highly desirable both for herself and her husband, that she should produce a son. They lived at this time abroad; and accordingly having come, in July 1748, from Rheims to Paris, she actually, in the course of that month, by their joint testimony, as well as that of their confidante Mrs Hewit, was brought to bed not merely of a son, but of male twins, in her 51st year! All Scotland heard this wonderful story with suspicion; and when in the fulness of time the benefits of this unusual birth were to be reaped by a succession to the property of the Duke of Douglas, the guardians of the young Duke of Hamilton, who was next in the remainder, could not suffer quiet possession to be taken by this fortunate heir without a proper scrutiny into the proofs of so singular and suspected a fact. If true, it was necessarily supposed that the parties interested would be prepared with ample and decisive testimony of it; inasmuch as it was an event of such a nature as, if investigated in due time was capable of decisive proof; and there was every motive for collecting the evidence while it was easy to be had, be-

cause

cause it was known to them from the first that suspicions, which would materially affect the future inheritance, had made a wide and deep impression.

Processes were accordingly commenced; and proofs, being called for, were produced. But these proofs, instead of being satisfactory, appeared to the friends of the Duke of Hamilton so lamentably suspicious and deficient, as to strike them with a conviction that the whole story of this extraordinary birth was false. Lady Jane was dead; but Sir John Stewart brought forward letters, purporting to be those of the accoucheur, who attended his wife. As these discovered many grounds of doubt and inquiry, and no collateral evidence from impartial witnesses was exhibited either of this man's having been employed on such an occasion, or even of his existence, the opponents of Mr. Douglas resolved to sift the story to the bottom on the very spot where it was related to have occurred. This disagreeable and anxious task fell to the lot of Andrew Stuart himself, who went to Paris on the affair in 1762. The only clues he had were the names of *Pierre La Marr*, the accoucheur, and *Madame Le Brun*, at whose house the delivery was said to have taken place.

Some months were spent in fruitless search after these people; while the agents of Mr. Douglas were at work upon the same scent. At length a *Pierre Menager*, surgeon, was found, who in his *final* evidence deposed, that he knew a *Louis Pierre Delamarre*, who died in 1753, an accoucheur, who had spoken to him of having delivered some foreign lady of twins about the time, but did not know in what house, though he *at this last examination* deposed to his knowledge

knowledge of a connection between *De La Marre*, and a *Madame Le Brun*, and her daughter.

As no other evidence could be produced of the existence of *Madame Le Brun** than that of Mesnager, and as this man's evidence was well known to the Duke of Hamilton's agents to have been contradictory, and little worthy of credit, they rationally considered that this proof was very insufficient to establish the truth of Mr Douglas's birth. Sir John Stewart might have directed his son's lawyers to testimonies regarding Pierre De La Marre's attendance; the existence of Madame Le Brun, and the house where she resided, if these facts had really occurred, which would leave the matter beyond the possibility of cavil.

Thus far therefore every sober investigator must have withheld his belief. But this is far from being all: not only are these proofs *in favour* of the birth weak; but the proofs *against* it are strong. That this Pierre De La Marre was *not* the person who delivered Lady Jane is proved by other parts of Mr. Douglas's own evidence. For Sir John Stewart himself had deposed, that *Pier La Marr* who was the man-midwife on this occasion, was one, with whom he had become acquainted in 1721 at Liege, and who had then been surgeon to a Walloon regiment; that in 1748, he was in Sir John's apprehension towards sixty, of a thin make and dark complexion, but not so tall as himself; that Sir John did not know any person he was acquainted with at Paris, but imagines he was

* Mr. Stuart says that Mesnager in his first conferences with *him*, had positively said, he had no knowledge of any *Madame* Le Brun in connection with De La Marre; and that the delivery he had heard of, had happened *seventeen or eighteen years before* 1762.

well

well known at Liege,* whence he supposes him to have come, when he accidentally met him in the former city. When this witness was asked, what were the last accounts he had of Pier La Marr; or if he knew or suspected, where he was? He replied that "he thinks, though he is not positive, that the last account he had was by a letter from himself at Naples, delivered by Mons. Du Bois to the witness, then in London, in 1751 or 1752; nor does he know, or suspect where he now is; only he thinks it probable he may be at Liege, where he first saw him." In conformity with this, in the Letters, originally produced as those of *La Marr*, the accoucheur, the writer states that since Sir John Stewart's departure from Paris in 1749, he had made the tour of *Italy*, and a stay of ten months at NAPLES. Now what is the decisive and unimpeached evidence regarding the *Louis* Pier *De* La Marre of *Mesnager?* Why, that he was a native of Montreuil in France, born 1711; therefore only ten years old in 1721, when Sir John Stewart contracted an intimate acquaintance at *Liege* with Pier *La* Marr the accoucheur; that he came to Paris in 1730; was afterwards apprenticed to James Duguenel, barber; whence in 1734 he became apprentice to John Mengon surgeon at Paris; from which time his constant residence was at Paris till his death in 1753; had some practice as a surgeon among the lower classes, but was never an accoucheur by profession. He was only 37 years old, when Sir John Stewart describes the man he employed to be nearly 60, and Mengon, his master,

* Sir John had said, that he met La Mar on an *accidental* visit to Paris, and that renewing his acquaintance, he took the opportunity to desire him during his stay to attend Lady Jane.

deposed

deposed "*That though he saw, and knew the Sieur De La Marre till his death, and that he related to him enough of his affairs, he never heard him say that he had delivered any woman of distinction, nor even that he had made any delivery.*" If these statements be accurate, it is an utter impossibility that Sir John Stewart's Pier La Marr, and Mesnager's Louis Pierre De La Marre can be identified: or that Mesnager's acquaintance could have been the person who delivered Lady Jane; for, though the letters produced as those of Pier La Marr, were afterwards admitted to have been fabricated by Sir John Stewart himself, yet this fabrication must be taken as a conviction either that a person answering to the description in those letters was the real accoucheur, or that none existed; because no man, whose object was to forge proofs in favour of a cause, would forge them, either while real proofs were to be had; or inconsistent with those proofs, in case they could be found, upon points, with which it was impossible for him to be unacquainted. The accoucheur must then have been Sir John Stewart's Pier La Marr, or nobody—and if Sir John Stewart's, it could not have been Mesnager's friend—whence it follows that Mesnager's testimony, on which Lord Mansfield laid the principal stress, is totally inapplicable.

But in addition to this, which appears to me a complete overturn of the case, the following among other strong proofs were urged, against the birth. Lady Jane came from Rheims to Paris, (as was admitted) July 4, 1748, and remained there till the end of that month. It is acknowledged, that she and her husband

husband on their first arrival lodged at the Hotel de Chalons, kept by Mr. Godefroi, where, it is confessed, they staid some days. Now, on the part of Mr. Douglas it is asserted, that Lady Jane left Mr. Godefroi's house two or three days before the 10th of July; that she went to the house of Madame Le Brun, Fauxbourg, St. Germaine; and there on July 10, was delivered of male twins, whence in nine or ten days more she removed to Michelle's in another quarter of the town. *In strong contradiction to this*, it was maintained by the evidence of Godefroi, and his wife, as well as by the contents of Godefroi's books, that not only on the 10th of July, but several days afterwards did Lady Jane reside at his house, not only without a delivery, but without any appearance of a recent or approaching delivery. And further, Michelle and his wife, to whose house Lady Jane came, (from Madame Le Brun's, as is pretended, in nine or ten days after this birth) never heard or saw any thing of this Pier La Mar, or Madame Le Brun. Now, if Lady Jane was at Godefroi's several days after the 10th, it being admitted she arrived at Michelle's before the 20th, it would require a most pliant belief to be satisfied of the possibility of her being delivered of twins in her 51st year at Madame Le Brun's in the interval, more especially as she exhibited no appearance, nor was accompanied by any rumour of what had happened—and what is stronger, when the affair not only required *no* concealment, but would have been one of the highest joy and triumph!!! About this very time the children of Mignon and Sanry were kidnapped by a foreign gentleman and lady, and circumstances very strongly applied this theft to Sir John and Lady Jane.

Besides

Besides these counter-proofs, the Hamilton partizans considered the admitted forgery of letters by Sir John Stewart, under the pretended signature of La Marr, (which has been hitherto mentioned as an excuse urged by the Douglases for the variation of their contents with Mesnager's De La Marre) to taint any little strength, which the rest of the proofs on that side might otherwise have claimed. And on this they relied, from what they conceived to be an admitted rule of evidence.

Such, if I have collected them rightly from Mr. Stuart's Letters, are the principal features of the case, in the determination of which he has so severely arraigned Lord Mansfield's conduct. I am fearful that both from want of space, and want of ability, I may not do that justice to the force of his arguments, which they appear to me to deserve.

Mr. Stuart accuses this great judge not only of a gross departure from impartiality, but of abandoning a colour of consistency with himself, even in this very cause alone; besides a gross deviation from the rules he laid down in another famous dispute, which occurred not long afterwards.

In Letter I. p. 5, he says "In the times of Lord Hardwicke, and of other eminent judges, whose names deserve ever to be respected in Britain, it was not a difficult matter for men of knowledge and experience to foretel what decision would be given on particular cases; because they knew that these judges, revering the laws of their country, endeavoured to make jurisprudence a science founded on solid and fixed principles:

ciples: they studied uniformity in their decisions, preferring it to the vain admiration, attending the appearances of superior genius, or the applause of individuals, who might profit by the deviation from established principles. Of late years the case has been much otherways: the best and ablest men, I am assured, can scarcely ever foretel upon what grounds any important cause will be taken up, and decided by your Lordship; and from what has fallen under my own observation in some remarkable instances, I cannot refuse my assent to this prevailing opinion."

Again, he says, at p 27. "If you can be gratified by a compliment, strictly confined to your abilities, you are entitled to the satisfaction of knowing how generally it is allowed that no judge ever understood half so well as your Lordship, the science of what may be called *the management of causes.* It is a praise, which that perfect model of a judge, the great and good Lord Hardwicke, would have disdained. Ever attentive to the interests of justice and truth, and ignorant of parties in questions of civil right, he made it his study not only to search to the bottom, and satisfy his own mind on which side the truth lay; but in delivering his sentiments to state in all their extent, and with all the force that was due to them, the facts and arguments of both parties.

"This rule he more particularly observed in a certain Great Assembly where causes receive their final decision. Judges, in the situation, which he then enjoyed, or in that which now falls to your Lordship's share, always have been, and probably ever will be allowed, to have in that assembly great weight in forming the decisions relative to property, or private rights;

it

it therefore appeared to him the more indispensibly his duty to avoid any thing that could mislead others. The ingenuity and address permitted to counsel in selecting the facts and arguments of one side, and even the arts of eloquence, appeared to him improper and misplaced, if not contemptible, when employed by a judge, whose business it was to resume the arguments on both sides, and dispassionately to inform the noble Lords of the genuine state of facts without colouring, partiality, or vain display of superior talents.

"It is an event deeply to be regretted, that this great judge lived not to the period of the Douglas cause; his mind was formed to embrace the whole extent of matter in that cause, and to perceive the tendency of all the various branches of evidence. These he would have stated to the House with perspicuity and candour; and an opinion given by him would have afforded satisfaction to the public in general, even to the parties themselves, sensible as they must have been, that nothing had escaped his observation, that nothing was exaggerated or extenuated, and that, in a judicial capacity, he was neither liable to be misled, nor capable of misleading others."

No one will deny that the line of conduct here attributed to Lord Hardwick is what a judge ought to pursue. It will therefore be a simple test, by which to try the behaviour of Lord Mansfield in the present cause. If that behaviour be accurately stated by Mr. S. (and this I presume cannot be doubted) we have then obtained a guide to enable us easily to decide this point, even without his powerful arguments, and illustrations.

And here I will close for the present, leaving an opportunity for these statements to sink into the minds of my readers free from the aggravation of my remarks.

June 6, 1807.

[*To be continued.*]

ART. XVIII. *Lives of Modern Poets.*

N°. V.

MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER.

Few have enjoyed a more deeply rooted, or widely extended reputation than the late Mrs. ELIZABETH CARTER.* Her early fame for profound learning, her talents for poetry, her masterly skill in the science of ethics, her long acquaintance with those most distinguished for the union of genius and rank; her incomparable private virtues, and her protracted life, furnished a combination of claims to celebrity, which had their full effect. Mrs. Carter was born at Deal in Kent, Dec. 16, 1717; and died Feb. 19, 1806, two months after she had completed her 88th year.

The materials, from which I shall draw my results in this sketch, are of the most authentic kind. They are to be found in the MEMOIRS, just published in a quarto volume, *by her nephew* † *and executor*, the Rev. MONTAGU PENNINGTON, A.M. *of Northbourne, near Deal*; a man of the most amiable dispo-

* See a short memoir of her, in Vol. II. p. 354 of this work.

† Son of her sister Margaret, married to the late Rev. Dr. Pennington.

sition,

sition, and enlarged mind, well worthy of such an aunt, and whose great talents, and various acquirements, (hitherto a little obscured by the veil of indolence) have been known to his intimate acquaintance from his boyhood; but who, considering humility as a moral duty, will not lightly forgive me for what I have thus presumed to say.

It is not my intention to copy or extract from these Memoirs,* which they, who wish to satisfy their curiosity, will of course peruse. They will find in them much curious matter, some interesting anecdotes, and, what is still more valuable, a collection of opinions and remarks on many of the most important points in morals and religious faith, which call for our decision, expressed in language elegant, clear, nervous, and sublime. With riches of this sort almost every page abounds; and it is utterly impossible for an abstract to give any idea of the original. Facts may be epitomized; but what depends on the colour of the language, as well as on the force of the thought, can neither be abridged, nor transmuted into other words. These Memoirs are formed principally from Mrs. Carter's own letters, which upon all occasions were well considered, and full of weighty ore.

Mrs. Elizabeth Carter was the eldest daughter of Dr. Nicholas Carter, who, with other preferment, had the cure of the chapel of the town of Deal † in Kent. A maritime town, situated as Deal is, principally employed in supplying the ships lying in the Downs, does not seem particularly propitious to the nutriment

* See a few extracts at p. 92 of this Volume.

† The mother church is at what is called Upper Deal, a mile from the town.

of literature. But her father, notwithstanding his heavy professional labours, continued to cultivate his acquisitions as a profound scholar, and to impart his learning to his children. It is a circumstance not a little singular, that his daughter Elizabeth, discovered such a slowness of faculties at the outset, as to make him despair of her progress in intellectual attainments, even with the aid of the greatest industry, and the most ardent desire, which characterized her efforts. She herself, however, though mortified and sorrowful at her own difficulties, resolved to persevere; and her perseverance was crowned with unexampled success. The clouds, that were long in breaking, gradually dispersed before the rays of her mind; and then, all at once sailing away, left a prospect before her of unmingled splendour.

She early became mistress of Latin, Greek, French, German; and afterwards understood Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Hebrew; and last of all, acquired something of Arabic. Nor was she merely learned; before she had completed her seventeenth year, she exhibited her talent for composition: nay, many of her poetical attempts were at this period published in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1734,* by Cave, who was a friend of her father. They have her signature of ELIZA. This extraordinary display of genius, and acquirements, procured her immediate celebrity; and the learned flocked about her with admiration. In 1738, at her age of twenty, Cave published a *quarto pamphlet* of her *Poems*, now little known. They have not her name; but many of them had been already

* See CENS. LIT. Vol. II. p. 356.

printed

printed in Cave's periodical work. When, twenty-four years afterwards, Mrs. Carter published the small collection of her poetry, with her name, only two of the first publication, the Lines on her Birthday, and the Ode of Anacreon, were admitted.

In 1739 she translated *The Critique of Crousaz on Pope's Essay on Man*, and in the same year gave a translation of *Algarotti's Explanation of Newton's Philosophy for the Use of the Ladies*. It is not surprising that the variety of these attainments should make her generally courted. The Countess of Hertford now solicited her correspondence; Dr. Johnson pursued her with unusual respect and praise; Walter Harte sought her society; and Savage addressed her with awkward adulation. At the same time she received the warmest thanks, from Mrs. Rowe's surviving relation, for her elegant lines on the death of that celebrated female writer. Nor was her fame confined to her own country: it spread over the Continent of Europe; and drew forth the incense of lavish admiration from the pen of that prodigy of premature literature, Baratier.

In 1741 she commenced an acquaintance with Miss Katherine Talbot; a woman of the most exquisite qualities both of the head and heart, who was three years younger than herself.* This was an important

* Miss Talbot was niece to Lord Chancellor Talbot. Her father, the Rev. Edward Talbot, died in 1720, before her birth. She herself died in Jan. 1770, æt. 50. After her death, Mrs. Carter selected from her papers, her "Reflections on the Seven Days of the Week," which she published; and afterwards her "Essays in Prose and Verse," which also found a wide circulation. The last edition of both in one, was in 12mo. 1795. Her mother survived to the age of ninety-two.

event of her life, on many accounts. The intimacy of their friendship, the importance of their correspondence, and the exalted piety of both, made it the main ingredient of their mutual happiness; and in addition to this, it produced a friendship with Dr. Secker, then Bishop of Oxford, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom Miss Talbot resided, which extended her knowledge of the world, cherished her profound learning, and exercised the deep piety of her thoughts. To this event is to be traced her undertaking, and completing, the work, by which her fame has been most known abroad, and will longest be remembered by scholars at home,—her *Translation of Epictetus*.

It was not, however, till the beginning of 1749, that this translation was commenced. It was then sent up in sheets, as finished, to Miss Talbot, who earnestly pressed its continuance, which was further urged by Bishop Secker, to whom her friend shewed it. Her biographer has given a minute account of its progress till its conclusion in Dec. 1752. She then, by the Bishop's desire added notes and an introduction, both admirably executed; and the work was sent to press in June 1757, and finished in April 1758. At the entreaty of her friends she permitted it to be published by subscription; and by their liberality, it produced her a clear 1000l.

Mrs Carter, and Mrs. Montagu had been acquainted from their earliest years. The latter, though not born in Kent, had an early connection with it, by her father's succession to the estate and seat at Horton near Hythe, where she passed many of her juvenile years. From 1754 their correspondence was regular and

and uninterrupted; and Mrs. Carter's visits to Mrs. Montagu at her house in London, where she met an union of talent and rank, were constant, and at her seat at Sandleford in the summer, or autumn, not unfrequent. The epistolary communication between these two celebrated women would probably, in alternate depth and vivacity, in soundness of thinking, brilliancy of fancy, and elegance of language, exceed any thing of the kind which this kingdom can at present boast, if it could be jointly laid before the public. Mr. Pennington has scruples as to his part of the materials; but Mr. Montagu, who is in possession of all *his* aunt's letters to Mrs. Carter, as well as to others, will, we hope, be at last excited to take the trouble (surely no very heavy task!) of giving them to the world; for *he*, I presume, never heard any expressions drop from Mrs. Montagu, which could make him doubt whether it would not be displeasing to her departed spirit. *

In 1756, Sir George Lyttelton (afterwards Lord Lyttelton) visited her at Deal; and from thence a gradual intimacy grew up between them, which only ended with his life.

Not later than this period commenced her acquaintance, and friendship with the celebrated statesman and wit, William Pulteney, Earl of Bath; who delighted

* Mrs. Carter's intimate friend Mrs. Vesey, wrote on a paper enclosed in the box containing Mrs. Carter's letters, which she directed to be returned to her correspondent after her own death: "I leave you the inestimable treasure of your own letters, wishing much you would give them for the improvement of future minds. You will still be doing that good you loved upon earth, when you are removed to those happy regions, where I wish I could deserve to meet you."

in her society, and regarded her intellectual powers and acquisitions with unfeigned admiration. By his persuasion she published her *Poems in a thin* 8*vo. volume in* 1762, and dedicated them to him. They are introduced by an highly panegyrical, but not extravagant, and undeserved, copy of verses by her friend Lord Lyttelton.

In 1763 Mrs. Carter accompanied Lord Bath, and Mr. and Mrs. Montagu, with Dr. Douglas, then Lord Bath's chaplain, to Spa. They landed at Calais the fourth of June; and after visiting Spa, made a short tour in Germany; and then proceeded down the Rhine into Holland; whence through Brussels, Ghent, Bruges, and Dunkirk, they came again to Calais; and returned to Dover on the 19th of September. Mr. Pennington has given a series of Mrs. Carter's letters to her friends during this tour, which are very entertaining. Lord Bath's health seemed improved by this tour; but appearances were fallacious; for he died in the summer of 1764. His death gave Mrs. Carter deep concern. "He left the world," said she, "in possession of every comfort it had to bestow. With faculties unimpaired, and a temper unruffled, and after a long enjoyment of the repose and dignity of age, unaccompanied by the pains and weaknesses, which often render the close of life so burdensome to the owners, so tedious to their attendants, and so pitiable to their friends."

In August, 1768, Mrs. Carter lost her revered patron and friend, Archbishop Secker. After much general praise, Mrs. Carter says of him, "I have seen a catalogue of his MSS. which are to be deposited in the library at Lambeth; and well as I was acquainted with

with his unwearied application, it surprised me to find such monuments of solitary studiousness in one who had been so much engaged in the active duties of his station, which he executed with an exactness and a diligence, beyond any person I ever knew."

But a still more dreadful deprivation awaited her. A secret malady began to prey on the frame of her bosom-friend, Mrs. Talbot: in Oct. 1769, she took to her bed, and on Jan 9, 1770, expired. "With the deepest feeling," says Mrs. C. "of my own unspeakable loss of one of the dearest, and most invaluable blessings of my life, I am to the highest degree thankful to the Divine goodness for removing her from the multiplied and aggravated sufferings, which in a longer struggle with such a distemper must probably have been unavoidable. The calm and peaceful sorrow of tenderness and affection, sweetly alleviated by the joyful assurance of her happiness, is a delightful sentiment compared with what I have endured for the last two or three months. ***** Never surely was there a more perfect pattern of evangelical goodness, decorated by all the ornaments of a highly improved understanding, and recommended by a sweetness of temper, and an elegance and politeness of manners, of a peculiar and more engaging kind than in any other character I ever knew."

It was not more than fourteen months before, that death had taken from Mrs. Carter, her friend Miss Sutton, sister to the late Sir Richard Sutton, the lady to whom she addressed those beautiful lines, beginning "*Heir of immortal being.*" On this occasion she wrote a beautiful elegy to be found among the later editions of her poems.

Mrs.

Mrs. Carter was now arrived at a time of life when every year was stealing from her some intimate friend, or dear relation. In 1774, she lost her father; not before his age was ripe, for he was in his 87th year;* to which late period he had preserved all his faculties unimpaired, except that his hearing was a little difficult. She had passed the greater part of her life with him. The house in which they latterly resided was bought by her; and their affection had been uninterrupted. Half the year she was in the habit of passing in London; the other half was spent together in this house.

It is at this period of the biographer's work, that I confess myself least pleased with the sentiments of Mrs. Carter, which he has had occasion to register. There is something in her critical opinions regarding several cotemporary authors, against which I must enter my protest. I would not willingly accuse Mrs. Carter of narrowness, or prejudice; but I fear that on this occasion she exhibits something too much like it. To be blinded to the genius of Charlotte Smith, or Robert Burns, by an unfavourable conception (and I trust a prejudiced and unfounded one) of their principles was unbecoming her calm, strong, and philosophical mind. To exalt into the rank of genius dull writers, merely because she thought them good, was a more pardonable error. Another trait, which I cannot commend, is attributed to her. "At no period of her

* No fact seems better ascertained than that longevity is hereditary: Mrs. Carter was 88 at her death—her eldest brother is now 84, and as hale and active in all respects, as men of 60. Mrs. Montagu was 80; her brother, Lord Rokeby, was on the verge of 88; their father was 84.

life

life was she particularly anxious to be known to literary persons;"—"she rather declined, than sought their acquaintance" Lord Orford affected this; but Lord Orford, with all his merits, was a coxcomb; and must not be put in the same class with Mrs. Carter. I could enter into a long disquisition on this subject; but this is not the place for it. Indeed her candid and liberal biographer admits, that on these points, "she was not wholly free from prejudice."

In 1782 an event occurred, which once more disturbed the uniformity of Mrs. Carter's life. She had been under great obligations to Sir William Pulteney, who very liberally settled on her an annuity of 150l. a year, which it had been expected by her friends that Lord Bath would have done. She therefore complied with his wishes to accompany his daughter to Paris, though she was now in her sixty fifth year. She was only absent sixteen days, of which one week was spent at Paris. Mrs. Carter was not insensible to the fatigues and inconveniences of this journey; but her sense of them yielded to her friendship.

Though distant travels were now irksome to her, she enjoyed summer tours in her native country. For two or three successive summers she took journies of this kind through different parts of England with Miss Sharpe.* In this way she visited both the west, and the north.

In 1791 Mrs Carter had the honour, by the Queen's express desire, of being introduced to her Majesty, at

* Afterwards married to Osmund Beauvoir, D. D. and then to Andrew Douglas, M. D. who had formerly married Mrs. Carter's half-sister. She died 1807.

Lord

Lord Cremorne's house at Chelsea. Afterwards when the Princess of Wales occupied Lord Keith's house in the Isle of Thanet, she called on Mrs. Carter at her house at Deal; and the Duke of Cumberland, when attending his regiment, the 15th Dragoons, at Deal, also paid her a visit. These attentions do honour to all parties.

About nine years before her death, she experienced an alarming illness, of which she never recovered the effects in bodily strength. The faculties of her mind remained unimpaired; and her heart was as warm as ever. In the summer of 1805 her weakness evidently increased. As the winter approached, and the time of her annual journey to London, which she never omitted, drew near, her strength and spirits appeared to revive. On the 2nd of December she left Deal for the last time, having six days before completed her 88th year, and on the 24th arrived at her old lodgings in Clarges Street. For some days she seemed better, and visited some of her old friends, particularly her very intimate friend, Lady Cremorne. On the fourth of January she exhibited symptoms of alarming weakness; after which all her strength gradually ebbed away, till about three o'clock of the morning of the 19th of February, 1806, when she expired without a struggle or groan.

Perhaps in the whole range of English biography, few, if any, characters of more admirable qualities of mind, or more perfect goodness can be found. Many more brilliant characters may undoubtedly be pointed out; many to whom the highest traits of genius may be more strictly ascribed. At the same time, they, who deny a high degree of genius to Mrs. Carter, appear to me to have a narrow conception of that term.

There

There was a combination of generally inconsistent features in her mind, which seems to deserve particular observation. Her faculties were slow; and slowness is almost always connected with dulness. Let any one of good taste, read the prose or poetry of Mrs. Carter, and say, if it be dull. There is a strength and spirit pervading it, which scarcely fails in a single instance. It seems as if the avenues to her perception were difficult of access; but that there were the embers of a fire within, capable of blazing into a powerful flame.

It would be idle to deny, that there are characters, a thousand degrees less perfect than Mrs. Carter, with whose wild weaknesses we may involuntarily be seduced into more idolatrous love. We look up to her considerate and highly regulated mind with awe; we know that she is to be led astray by no passion; seduced by no eloquence; deceived by no airy castles; and blinded by no splendour of fancy. To all the amiable frailties, which too often connect themselves with genius, her rigid morality applies the wand of truth, and, shewing them in their real colours, strips them of their delusions. Not that her bosom was stern, or her judgment severe; she pitied and forgave, though she never lost her discrimination.

If there be any, who suppose her opinions were those of a recluse, and that she formed her ideas of the world at too great a distance from the scenes of actual observation, they know little of her life and habits. For half of every year she not only mixed with society, but with society most qualified, from station and talents, to form sound practical opinions, and to penetrate into what was passing behind the curtain of this deceitful theatre.

theatre. Was her thoughtful and investigating mind idle at the confidential tables of Archbishop Secker, Lord Bath, Lord Lyttelton, and Mrs. Montagu? She knew the world well; but her candour and the structure of her mind made her slow in judging, and reserved in imparting her thoughts.

The leading principle of her long life was her religion. It was the result not merely of an early impression, but of calm, deep, and constant investigation. She was no enthusiast; her reason was unalterably convinced, as well as her heart inalienably attached. Humility, charity, content, submission, gratitude to the Creator, and admiration of his works were unceasingly predominant in her bosom, and her actions. She was happy because she was good: no worldly passions ruffled her feelings; all was serene and gentle, as the sea when the moon-beam sleeps upon it. One subject alone raised her into a fervid temperament; it was the exalted emotion of piety.

As to her learning, it would be difficult to name any scholar, whose acquirements were equally profound, various, and digested. She seems never to have been content with employing merely her memory; her reason was always exercised; and every thing passed through the ordeal of her best powers. It is probable she read little for mere amusement; she lost no time in an idle play of the fancy; she never lounged over books with unseized, or unarranged, half-formed, ideas. By method therefore, and equal, calm, and duly portioned industry, never exhausting itself, and thus never ceasing, every week during the greater portion of her long life added to her strength; light broke in upon her from a thousand quarters; and her mind

became

became a temple, in which every part was full of order, symmetry, and beauty; and the whole irradiated, as it were, by a sacred sunshine.

I now come to Mrs. Carter's poetry. I have more than once remarked, that this divine art is of a nature so subtle and aërial as to elude the grasp of any definition, that has yet come within my knowledge. I feel confident that any definition, which would exclude the compositions of Mrs. Carter, must be very erroneous. We may appeal to a certain glow of the heart, and elevation of thought, which they produce, as tests superior to all the rules, which can be laid down. I hate pedantic criticism, and trite remarks, on imagery, and invention, and I know not what other commonplace requisites, of which the praise is often bestowed on the most vapid and mechanical productions, as lifeless as the simpering wooden-head on which are exhibited the gaudy ornaments of a milliner's shop. It is the pervading soul, which bespeaks the effusion of real genius. The early poems of Mrs. Carter are chaste, just, and elegant; the latter are sublime. In all, the efforts of the head are regulated, and tinged by the movements of a virtuous heart. The vigour of her mind continued to strengthen in a wonderful degree till her thirty-sixth year. At that period, 1753, she attained a style of poetical composition, which, as long as she continued to write verses, she never lost; but, perhaps, never exceeded. It is characterized by sublimity of sentiment (which surely is as much of the essence of poetry as the most splendid imagery) expressed with astonishing purity and strength of language, and harmony of versification. Let me justify my

his company to be universally sought after by those, who had the happiness of his friendship or acquaintance.

"On the death of his father, he returned to Scotland, and soon afterwards entered into the army at the commencement of the seven-years war; during the greatest part of which he served in Germany under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and was in one of the six British regiments of infantry, that gained such reputation for their gallantry at the memorable battle of Minden.

"The regiment in which he afterwards served, being reduced at the peace of Paris, he returned to Aberdeen, where he married Miss Katherine Douglas, sister to Lord Glenbervie, a beautiful and accomplished woman, with whom he lived many years in much happiness.

"In order to fill up the vacant hours of his then unemployed situation, he devoted his time chiefly to books, and, in particular, recommenced the study of the Greek language, (of which he had acquired the rudiments under the learned Dr. Blackwell at Marischal College) with such assiduity, that Dr. Beattie in another letter, says, he doubted whether there were in Scotland at that time six gentlemen who knew Greek so well as Major Mercer. Then it was, that by attention to the purest models of antiquity, he corrected that partiality for French literature, which he had strongly imbibed by his early habits of study at Paris.

"Not long after he again entered into the army, in which he continued to serve, till about the year 1772, when he had arrived at the rank of Major. But he then quitted the profession, and only resumed a military character, when he held a commission in a regiment of

No more on earth: but see, beyond the gloom,
Where the short reign of time and death expires,
Victorious o'er the ravage of the tomb,
Smiles the fair object of thy fond desires.

The seed of life, below, imperfect lies,
To Virtue's hand its cultivation given:
Form'd by her care, the beauteous plant shall rise,
And flourish with unfading bloom in heaven." *

June 12, 1807.

ART. XIX. *Memoir of Major Mercer, by the late Sir William Forbes, Bart. From the Appendix to his Life of Dr. Beattie.*

"Major Mercer was the son of a private gentleman in Aberdeenshire, who, having joined the Highland army in the year 1745, retired to France, after the battle of Culloden, where he resided till his death. His son received his education at the Marischal College, Aberdeen, and afterwards went to reside with his father at Paris. There he spent his time in elegant society, and devoted his leisure hours to the cultivation of letters. Thus he acquired those polished manners, and that taste for study, by which he was ever after so highly distinguished. He possessed, too, a very high degree of elegant and chastised wit and humour, which made

* In addition to this series of Memoirs of Modern Poets, viz. T. Warton, Vol. IV. 85, 274; Charlotte Smith, *ib.* 69, 284; Sir William Jones, *ib.* 161, 289; Dr. Goldsmith, Vol. V. 14; and Mrs. Carter, the reader is reminded that he will find a sketch of Cowper, in Vol. I. p. 205; of Burns, Vol. II. p. 42; of Beattie, Vol. III. p. 113; of Joe. Warton, Vol. III. p. 184.

stance gave occasion to the following elegant lines, which Mr. Hayley addressed to Lord Glenbervie, soon after Major Mercer's death

"Epitaph for Major Mercer.

"Around this grave, ye types of merit spread!
Here Mercer shares the sabbath of the dead:
Ye laurels, here, with double lustre, bloom,
To deck a soldier's and a poet's tomb!
Gracefully pleasing in each manly part!
His verses, like his virtues, win the heart.
Grateful for wedded bliss, (for years his pride)
He lost it, and by fond affliction, died.
Here, Sculpture! fix thy emblematic dove,
To grace the martyr of connubial love.
Hail, ye just pair! in blest reunion rise!
Rever'd on earth! rewarded in the skies!

"Major Mercer had long been in a very valetudinary, nervous state, till at last his constitution entirely failed; and he expired without a struggle or a pang, in the 71st year of his age.

"Besides possessing no ordinary share of knowledge both of books and men, (for in the course of his military life, especially as he had lived much in society of various sorts,) and being one of the pleasantest companions I ever knew, Major Mercer was a man of much piety, strict in the observance of all the ordinances of religion, and of high honour in every transaction of life.

"Major Mercer was born Feb. 27, 1734, and died Nov. 18, 1804."

To this account by Sir William Forbes, I shall only add, by way of reminding the reader of Major Mercer's

der's style of poetry, three stanzas from his simple and very interesting

"Ode to Novelty.

"For thee in infancy we sigh,
And hourly cast an anxious eye
Beyond the prison-house of home;
Till, from domestic tyrants free,
O'er the wide world, in search of thee,
Fair Novelty! we roam.

Full on thy track by dawn of day,
The stripling starts, and scours away,
While Hope her active wing supplies,
And softly whispers in the gale,
At every turning of the vale,
'Enjoyment onward lies.'

Nor far remote—athwart the trees,
The landscape opens by degrees,
And yields sweet glimpses of delight:
Beyond the trees the views expand,
And all the scenes of fairy-land
Come swelling on the sight." &c.

ART. XX. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral and sentimental Essays.*

N°. XI.

Hints for the Ruminator, and remarks on his style, and gravity and candour of manner and sentiment.

I have had some doubt whether it would be prudent to print the following paper of my new correspondent, Mr. Random, who seems to have some knowledge of

my personal history. But as my impartiality is to depend on the test of its insertion, I have at last determined to publish it; since allusions seem harmless; but if there should be any thing in it at all pointed, no one has so much reason to complain as myself. The post mark is *Bath*; but this circumstance gives no clue to guess at the author from that place of migratory inhabitants. One reason which has accelerated my decision to give it insertion, I must not conceal. It saves me from writing a paper myself at a moment of much hurry, and many other engagements.

June 12, 1807.

TO THE RUMINATOR.

Here, Sir, have I been *ruminating* for these three mornings to produce a paper for you, and not one sentence up to this very moment have I advanced. As thinking, I find, does no good, I will see how I can get on without thinking; and thus, Sir, will I have at you. A random shot, perhaps, may kill the most game. And game enough, no doubt, there is in the field of literature. I am sure the Edinburgh Reviewers find enough; and kill enough too! But they are excellent shot, and nobody will accuse them of not taking aim. Why, Sir, they never miss; and when they do not kill, they are sure to mangle! There is another Review too, which they say, has tried to catch their knack; yet, at present, it is reported, it is but a bungler; but there is little doubt it will soon earn it; for the art is not half so difficult as some folks think it;

Let

Let us see! What must come next? Why, as I do not possess *All The Talents*, (though I hope I am a little better off than the man who celebrates them,) I am in a little bit of a *quandary*; but as stopping to think does harm, I must rush on again, and I dare say I shall drop upon something. Ah! it just comes into my head to ask you, why you suppose a book, that was good for nothing two hundred years ago, becomes good for a great deal now; for what every body will allow a great deal—a great deal of money! You seem, Sir, not a little infected with this mania yourself. I do not know whether you give great prices, but I am certain you give a great many pages to extracts, which were very base ore at the time they were written; and I defy the power of time to transmute them into genuine metal. Somebody, however, whispers me, that they shew the progress of language, and the state of manners; and I do not know how to answer that: indeed, I am not bound to stay to answer any body. If I stop for one moment, I shall be fixed, and never move again.

To come then, Sir, to your lives, and essays—I confess, I wish they had a little more fun in them! Cannot you write *currente calamo*, as I do; and then I think you would now and then catch a jest by the bye. It would even fix itself in spite of you; and you would not have time to strike it off with your pen. For my own part, I always thought the world was a jest, and that jesting therefore was the best mode of treating every thing that belongs to it. But you have told us, that *you* hate jests; and, therefore, I am determined to try your impartiality by sending you this. I know that your enemies (and you have many) will

triumph, and enjoy the laugh. But never mind; it will prove that you can keep your temper, and are not to be put aside from your purpose by a joke.

But your lives, Sir, are too panegyrical. Your heroes and heroines are inspired with nothing but genius and virtue—you are the very milk of human kindness; and your heart seems to glow with continued admiration. Why, Sir, I had heard a very different character of you; that you was bitter and censorious; difficultly pleased; ingenious in finding fault; and fertile in the language of satire. I had heard that you had written a novel full of severity and sarcasm, that had made a Lord Mayor take the Attorney General's opinion whether he might challenge you; a Lady Mayoress fret herself sick; and a country Baronet never speak for a month! What is become of all this gall? I wish you would put a little of it into your modern biography. What! be all benevolence and respect to a poor devil of a poet, and hate a Lord Mayor, and his fashionable wife, regardless of all *the sprigs of fashion* belonging to her; and expose to cruel ridicule a man of fortune and title! For shame, Mr. Ruminator! I must request you to turn the tables upon these people.

And now for your essays! They are to be sure as grave as a sermon.—But I am not quite so much surprised about them; for I once heard that celebrated nomenclator, Mr. Tyson, speak of your Spanish gravity; and it seems he was right with a vengeance. Is it not possible for you to strike out a casual spark of vivacity? You are even more solemn than *The Rambler*, of which old Will. Duncombe, that runner to the wits, used to complain so much, when it was first published; but I hope, if you hereafter make an

attempt

attempt to gambol a little, you will not be as awkward in your gambols as the Doctor was. Perhaps, however, I am very mischievous in urging you to that, in which you will probably fail. I doubt if you can be merry; and I am sure you cannot be witty: bitter I know you can be; a little spice of it would give a zest to your future *ruminations*.

Do you not think a few caustic touches on some of your cotemporaries would be as interesting as the nauseating sweets of perpetual praise? Some variety I know you are capable of.—Grave as is your present morality, I remember, not more than fifteen years ago, you could produce a love-tale, over which young girls and love-sick swains have ever since hung enamoured! Try another chord of your many-stringed harp; and prove, whether you cannot sound the notes of censure and shame!

Has every writer of verses merit? And are literati always wise and good? Savage, and Boyse, and Dermody, and perhaps Chatterton, will exhibit a different story. If Johnson could cover over with the thin disguise of apologies the profligate habits, and boisterous temper of Savage, you must not! But I am growing serious like yourself. Let me proceed upon my rambles.

Cannot you cut up poor Beattie like some of your brother critics, and prove that he was a very vapid and mediocre poet, and a very weak philosopher? That he was stained with the crime of corresponding with learned bishops, and learned ladies, and still more with the audacious guilt of despising the metaphysics of David Hume? Cannot you convict him of flattering a Duchess,

a Duchess, and from the recluse habits of an academic life and a shy temper, of being not a little dazzled with her rank? Cannot you shew Roscoe to be a book-making drudge, and Hayley a man incapable of elegant and instructive composition? Mrs. Carter vastly learned, but vastly dull; and Tom Warton a diligent antiquary, but totally incapable of making a luminous use of his materials?

You may hence, if you will, turn to politics, and shew Pitt to have been a rash, ignorant, and despicable statesman; and Lord Henry Petty the greatest of financiers. But be sure you do not abuse his worthy successor Spencer Perceval, who has learned so perfectly how to calculate for our pockets by his adroitness in crown-prosecutions; and can terrify his adversaries into instant silence by a threat of the secrets he acquired in his late office of Attorney General. And do not reproach Canning for his apostacy from the Muses, or for his disrespect to those qualities, on which his own claims to notice were founded: make some allowances for the frailties of poor human nature, and yield something to the fumes of sudden elevation! Be respectful to birth and rank; touch not the foibles of a worn-out nobility; tear not off the ancient mantle, that covers a Howard; and let the bright ermine of a new Peer continue to hide his history and his origin!

Proceed, good Sir; fly along the surface, as I do, scratching some, wounding others; and you will be infinitely more entertaining to many, as well as to your humble servant, and constant reader,

HARRY RANDOM.

June 4, 1807.

ART.

ART. XXI. *Supplement to former Lists of Literary Deaths, with brief Biographical Notices.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 110.]

1791. Jan. —. Sir James Foulis, a Scotch Baronet, of Collington, near Edinburgh. He had been formerly a Governor in the East Indies, and was a literary man, and an author; but of what, the present Editor cannot learn.

—— Feb. 7. At his apartments, St. James's Palace, Richard Dalton, Esq. Keeper of the Pictures to the King's Library; and brother to Dr. Dalton, formerly Rector of St. Mary-Hill, London. He was author of "*Remarks on Prints, intended to be published, relative to the manners, customs, &c. of the Inhabitants of Egypt, from drawings on the spot*, 1749," 8*vo*. 1781, &c. &c.

—— Feb. 21. Samuel Morton Savage, D. D. at his house in Hoxton Square, aged 70. He was a dissenting minister of eminence, and uthor of six sermons. He considered himself the lineal descendant of John Savage, the first Earl Rivers.

———— Of a decline, aged 37, in the Strand, John Frederick Bryant, a pipe-maker, whose poetical talents were patronized by Chief Baron Macdonald.

—— Mar. 2. John Wesley, the celebrated Methodist.

—— May 22. At Gottingen, John Andrew Murray, M. D. Superintendant of the Botanical Garden

den at Gottingen. He was author of a variety of medical works.

1791. June 14. At Knayton, near Thirsk, in Yorkshire, æt. 75, Charles Bisset, M. D. a physician of considerable eminence in that neighbourhood. He was born at Glenulbert near Dunkeld, in Perthshire, in 1717; the son of a lawyer there. After a course of medical studies at Edinburgh, he was, in 1740, appointed Second Surgeon to the Military Hospital at Jamaica: in 1746 he purchased an Ensigncy in the 42d Regt and thence addicted himself to the study of fortification. The next year he attended the campaign in Dutch Flanders; and being distinguished for his skill in the new object of his pursuits, obtained a Warrant as Engineer Extraordinary in the Brigade of Engineers to serve in the Low Countries during the war, with the rank of Lieutenant. When the war ended, he was put on half-pay; and in 1751 published his book "*On the Theory of Fortifications*," 8vo. He now settled as a physician in Yorkshire, and in 1755 printed, 2. "*Treatise on the Scurvy, with Remarks on the Cure of Scorbutic Ulcers*," 8vo. *pp.* 162.—3. "*Essay on the Medical Constitution of Great Britain*," 8vo. *pp.* 344.—4. "*Medical Essays and Observations*," 8vo. *pp.* 304. He took his degree of M. D. at St. Andrews, 1765.*

—— July 1. At his seat at Balenegare, Co. of Roscommon, Ireland, æt. 82, Charles O'Connor, Esq.

* Gent. Mag. Vol. LXI. p. 588—965.

Esq. a Member of the Royal Irish Academy, a respected antiquary, and author of many different works. He published, "*An Account of the Nature and Conditions of a Charter to be granted for the working and manufacturing Mines and Minerals in Ireland,*" 1754—"*Dissertations on the History of Ireland,*" 1766. In the "Collectanea Hibernica," are his "*Reflections on the History of Ireland.*" Dr. Campbell, in Gough's Camden, III. 482,* calls him "the fond advocate for the Pagan antiquities of Ireland."

1791. July 30. Sir William Fitzherbert, of Tissington, in Derbyshire, Bart. æt. 43, a very amiable man, who was author of "*A Book of Maxims,*" &c. which are said to bear record of his knowledge of the human mind. He had been a Gentleman Usher at St. James's, and was elder brother to the present Lord St. Helens.

—— July —. John Seymour, author of a "*Collection of Poems,*" consisting of Spring, &c. dedicated to the Duchess of Devonshire. He likewise translated "*The Correspondence of Two Lovers, inhabitants of Lyons.*" He was well known among the booksellers of the metropolis; who often relieved his necessities, which are said to have been as severe as those of Otway, Savage, and Chatterton. He dropped down dead, as he was coming from Highgate to Kentish Town.

—— Nov. 13. At Shaftesbury, æt. 26. Samuel Marsh Oram,

Oram, Attorney at Law, a young man of promising talents both in poetry and topography.

1791. Nov. 27. At Liverpool, Robert Norris, Esq. author of "*The Memoirs of the King of Dahomey*," and brother to a late Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries.

—— Dec. 25. At his house at St. Giles's, Norwich, æt. 37, the Rev. Henry Harington, Prebendary of Bath and Wells, Rector of North Cove with Willingham in Suffolk, and of Haynford in Norfolk, and Assistant Minister of St. Peter's, Mancroft, in Norwich. He was admitted of Queen's College, Oxford, where he proceeded M. A. 1777. He was son of Dr. Harington of Bath, and was the original editor of the NUGÆ ANTIQUÆ, from the papers of his ancestor, Sir John Harington of Kelston, the poet. He married Lucy, sister of the present Lord Fortescue.

1792. April 6. At Bath, the Rev. A C. Schomberg, A. M. æt. 36.

———— At Keynsham, near Bristol, C. Jones, called "*The Crediton Poet*," who published a little volume of "*Poems*," by subscription.

[*To be continued.*]

ART. XXII. *Literary Obituary.*

1806. July . In the East Indies, aged 23, Lieut. William Rowland Wake, of the 7th Regt. of Native Infantry. He was son of the late William Wake, Esq. of Worksop Manor, Notts. His classical attainments,

ments, and literary talents, are said to have been very considerable. He published a juvenile volume of poems at London in 1800; and was author of many poetical effusions, and essays in prose, in the *Gleaner*, a periodical paper, published at Bombay, under the signatures of "Juvenis;" "Vigilax;" "Antibargainist;" "Rowland Ramble;" and "W. R. W."

1807. March 18. In London, aged 54, Sir Edward Harington, Kt. only surviving son of Dr. Harington, of Bath, and direct male descendant of Sir John Harrington, of Kelston, the poet. He was one of Peg Nicholson's Knights. He was author of several publications; particularly *Travels through parts of France*; *A Skezzio on the genius of Man*; and a small volume of *ludicrous* compositions. He was twice married, and has left issue by his first wife.

March 28. In the Charterhouse, London, aged 75, Nathaniel Hulme, M. D. F. R. and A S. S. author of an inaugural dissertation, *De Scorbuto*, Edinb. 1765, 8vo. of *A Treatise on the Puerperal Fever*. London, 1772, 8vo &c. He was a native of Yorkshire.

April 21. The Rev. George Walker, F. R. S. aged 73, a native of Newcastle upon Tyne; and formerly Mathematical Tutor to the Academy at Warrington. He was very eminent for his mathematical genius, and printed at Warrington a Treatise on *The Doctrine of the Sphere*, 1775, 4to. and afterwards the first part of *A Treatise on Conic Sections*. He also printed two volumes of *Sermons*, 1790; and *An Appeal to the people of England*, on the subject of the Test Laws. From Warrington he removed

moved to Nottingham, where he resided twenty-four years; and thence became Theological Tutor and Superintendant of the Dissenting Academy at Manchester. During his residence here, he was an active member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of the place, of which he was, upon the decease of Dr. Perceval, chosen President. At length he resigned his office at the Academy, and retired to the village of Wavertree, near Liverpool. Here he employed himself in revising his various compositions, printed and manuscript, for publication. For this purpose he visited London in the Spring of the present year; and there died after a short illness.

Lately, in Switzerland, John Lewis De Lolme, LL. D. born at Geneva, and brought up an Advocate. He resided many years in England; and published here in 1772 *A Parallel between the English Constitution and the former Government of Sweden*; and in 1775, *A Treatise on the Constitution of England*, a work which established his literary reputation. It was originally published in French. In 1787, he was author of *An Essay* containing *a few strictures on the Union of Scotland and England*, designed as an Introduction to De Foe's History of the Union. He also wrote *The History of the Flagellants*; and several temporary pamphlets; of which one, if I recollect, was on the subject of Thelusson's Will. He was a man of many eccentricities; and his pride, which would not suffer him to bend to the world, often exposed him to the hardships and oppressions of poverty.

T. Bensley, Printer, Bolt Court,
Fleet Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XIX.

[Being Number VII. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *A new Survey of the West-Indias: or the English American his Travail by sea and land: containing a Journal of three thousand and three hundred miles within the main land of America. Wherein is set forth his Voyage from Spain to St. John de Ulhua; and from thence to Xalappa, to Tlaxcalla, the city of Angels, and forward to Mexico; with the description of that great city, as it was in former times, and also at this present. Likewise, his Journey from Mexico, through the Provinces of Guaxala, Chiapa, Guatemala, Vera Pax, Truxillo, Comayagua; with his abode twelve years about Guatemala, and especially in the Indian Towns of Mixco, Pinola, Petapa, Amatitlan. As also his strange and wonderful conversion and calling from those remote parts, to his native countrey. With his return through the Province of Necaragua, and Costa Rica, to Nicoya, Panama, Portobelo, Cartagena, and Havana, with divers occurrents and dangers, that did befal in the said Journey. Also a new and exact Discovery of the Spanish Navigation to those parts. And of*

their dominions, government, religion, forts, castles, ports, havens, commodities, fashions, behaviour of Spaniards, Priests, and Friers, Blackmores, Mulattos, Mestisos, Indians; and of their feasts and solemnities. With a Grammar, or some few rudiments of the Indian tongue, called Poconelic, or Pocoman. The Second Edition, enlarged by the Author, and beautified with Maps. By the true and painful endevours of Thomas Gage, Preacher of the Word of God at Deal, in the County of Kent. London: Printed by E. Cotes, and sold by John Sweeting at the Angel in Pope's Head Alley, 1655. Fol. pp. 220, besides Epistle Dedicatory, Commendatory Verses, and Contents.

This book has been already imperfectly noticed, in Vol. IV. p. 263, but the Editor having since met with the work itself, now gives a more full account of it. In the copy, here used, is the following notice.

"Westwell, May 9, 1756.

"["I have been at the expense of rebinding this book in the best manner, because I look upon the author to have been a truly honest man, and that he put it together with a very pious design: and for these reasons, I am desirous that, with the name of the faithful and well-meaning Thomas Gage, may live united that of

SAYER RUDD."*

This author was descended from Robert Gage of Haling in Surry, third son of Sir John Gage of Firle

* He was vicar of Westwell, Kent, and died 1757—a man of character, and literature.

in Sussex, who died 1557. John Gage of Haling in Surry, younger son of Edward, was his father. Lord Clarendon has recorded the memory of his elder brother Sir Henry, Governor of Oxford, who was slain at Culham Bridge, Jan. 11, 1644, æt. 47.

The work is dedicated to Thos. Lord Fairfax, and followed by commendatory verses, by Thomas Chaloner, which have some merit.

The next article will explain more.

ART. II. *Nouvelle Relation contenant les Voyages de Thomas Gage dans la nouvelle Espagne, ses diverses avantures; & son rétour par la Province de Nicaragua, jusques a la Havane. Avec la description de la Ville de Mexique, telle qu'elle etoit autrefois, & comme elle est á present. Ensemble une description exacte des Terres & Provinces que possedent les Espagnols en toute l'Amerique, de la forme de leur Gouvernement Ecclesiastique & Politique, de leur Commerce, de leurs Mœurs, & de celles des Criolles, des Metifs, des Mulatres, des Indiens, & des Negres. A Amsterdam, chez Paul Marret,* 1695. 2 *vols.* 12*mo.*

In this edition there are a great number of very curious engravings, both of events relating to the narrative and of places, and several maps. It is dedicated to Monseigneur de Witsen, formerly embassador from the States General to their Britannic Majesties. The translation was made, by the command of the French Minister Colbert, by Monsieur de Beaulieu Hues O' Neil. He altered the title and the division of the

chapters, and omitted some of Gage's digressions. There is, probably, a mistake in the date of one of the volumes, for the second volume is dated 1694, and the first 1695.

Gage was younger brother of the Governor of Oxford in 1645. He studied in Spain, and became a Dominican monk. From thence he departed with a design to go to the Philippine Islands as a missionary in 1625; but, on his arrival at Mexico, he heard so bad an account of those islands, and was so much delighted with New Spain, that he abandoned his original design, and contented himself with a less dangerous mission.

At length being tired of this mode of life, he earnestly sought leave to return to England to preach the gospel among his countrymen; but this he could not obtain; and therefore resolved to take his first opportunity and come away unknown. With this design, he says, "I lived above a twelvemonth in Petapa, with great ease, pleasure, and content, for all things outward; but within I had still a worm of conscience, gnawing this gourd, that shadowed, and delighted me with worldly contentment. Here I grew more and more troubled concerning some points of religion, daily wishing with David, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly from that place of daily idolatry into England, and be at rest." This he at length effected.

He only remained ten days at St. Lucar, where he landed, and then, having purchased a secular English dress, returned on board an English ship to Dover, and thence to London, after an absence of nearly twenty-

twenty-four years, in which he had quite lost the use of his native language. This was in 1637.

On his return to his native country, he found himself unnoticed in his father's will, forgotten by some of his relations, and with difficulty acknowledged by others. After a little time, not being able to satisfy his religious doubts, and disgusted with the great power of the Papists, he resolved to take another journey to Italy, to "try what better satisfaction he could find for his conscience at Rome in that religion." At Loretto his conversion from popery was fixed by proving the fallacy of the miracles attributed to the picture of our Lady there: on which he immediately returned home once more; and preached his recantation sermon at St. Paul's, by order of the Bishop of London. He continued above a year in London, spending his own means, till "at last," says he, "I was fully satisfied, and much troubled to see that the Papists, and most of my kindred, were entertained at Oxford; and in other places in the King's dominions; whereupon I resolved upon a choice for the Parliament's cause, which now in their lowest estate and condition I am not ashamed to acknowledge. From their hands, and by their order, I received a benefice, in which I have continued almost four years, preaching constantly for a thorough reformation intended by them, which I am ready to witness with the best drops of blood in my veins, to whom I desire this my history may be a better witness of my sincerity, and that by it I may perform what our Saviour Christ spake to Peter, saying, "*And thou, being converted, strengthen thy brethren.*"

He was probably rector of Deal, in Kent, where he

lived: for in the register of that parish, there is the following entry:

"*Mary, the daughter of Mr. Thos. Gage, parson of Deale, and Mary his wife, buried March* 21, 1652."

When he says of himself, that he was determined to lead a different life from that which he had hitherto done, and to bid adieu to Spain, and to all Spanish manners; this must probably relate particularly to religion,* for he appears to have been a very good and pious man, and to have led a very regular life in the midst of great temptation. At Chiapa, a city between Mexico and Guatimala, a lady made love to him, and upon his receiving her overtures with coldness endeavoured to send him after the bishop of that place, who had been poisoned just before. His observation on leaving that city is not without point; an enormity of which it must be confessed the good missionary was not often guilty. He says that it merits no other praise but that of being peopled with idiots, and with women who are only skilful in making poisoned chocolate.

Gage seems to be a very accurate and faithful relater; but was also extremely credulous and superstitious. He gives some curious accounts of the power of the devil in sorceries and witchcrafts, in some of the Indian villages, which are not unlike what is recorded of the New England mania in the seventeenth century;

* While he was in New Spain he laments his being able to convert so few Indians, and attributes it to his not being able to preach the truth of the gospel for fear of the inquisition; upon which the translator remarks in a note, very justly, that "this reflection makes it doubtful whether the author was a true Catholic."

and,

and, I am sorry to add, of old England also in every century but the present, though not often attended with equally fatal consequences.

M. P.

ART. III. *Ovid's Metamorphoses Englished, mythologized, and represented in figures. An Essay to the Translation of Virgil's Æneis. By G. S. (George Sandys.) London: Printed by J. L. for Andrew Hebb, and are to be sold at the signe of the Bell in St. Paul's Church Yard, MDCXL. Cum privilegio ad imprimendum hanc Ovidii Translationem.*

This work is dedicated to Charles I. and concludes with saying, "Long may you live to be, as you are, the delight and glory of your people: and slowly, yet surely, exchange your mortall diadem for an immortall." A panegryic to the King, in verse, follows, consisting of upwards of sixty lines; and after that an address, also in verse, from "Urania to the Queene," of about the same length. There is also a short life of Ovid and a defence of him. The translation is in folio, and accompanied with copious notes, collected from various authors, ancient and modern, sacred and profane, and displaying a great deal of knowledge and good sense. The engravings are the originals, from which those were reduced, which are prefixed to each book of the later translation of the Metamorphoses by Creech, &c. printed in 12mo. in 1717; but in the edition of 1751, the prints are different and much better. As a short specimen of his translation of a

celebrated passage, I insert a few lines from the story of Pyramus and Thisbe in the fourth book.

" Now she who could not yet her feare remove,
Returnes, for feare to disappoint her love.
Her eager spirit seekes him through her eyes;
Who longs to tell of her escap't surprize.
The place and figure of the tree she knew;
Yet doubts, the berryes having chang'd their hew.
Uncertaine; she his panting lims descry'd,
That struck the stained earth, and starts aside.
Box was not paler than her changed looke:
And like the lightly breath'd-on sea she shooke.
But when she knew 'twas he, (now dispossest
Of her amaze) she shrecks, beats her swolne brest,
Puls off her haire; imbraces; softly reares
His hanging head, and fills his wound with teares;
Then, kissing his cold lips: woe's me (she said)
What cursed fate hath this division made!
O speake, my Pyramus! O looke on me!
Thy deare, thy desperate Thisbe calls to thee!
At Thisbe's name he opens his dim eyes;
And having seen her, shuts them up, and dyes."

In his translation of the First Book of the Æneis, the parting of Venus from her son is thus described.

" ——————————— This said
In turning she her rosie neck display'd;
Her tresses with ambrosia dewd expire
A heavenly odor; her inlarg'd attire
Trailes on the ground: her gate a goddesse shows.
The pleased Queen to Paphos then retires,
Where stood her temple: there a hundred fires,
(Whose flagrant* flames Sabean gums devoures)
Blaze on as many altars crown'd with flowers."

* Q. *fragrant*? " Sabæo—Ture calent aræ," &c.

From

From these specimens it will be seen, that Sandys's translation is more close and literal than poetical; and if compared with Dryden's, published only fifty-seven years after, there will be found a greater difference than could be expected in so short a time.

George Sandys was seventh and youngest son of Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York, in whose palace of Bishopthorp he was born in 1577, and died at his nephew, Sir Francis Wyat's house, of Boxley Abbey, in Kent, in 1643.* He was younger brother of Sir Edwin Sandys, of Northbourn, in Kent, who wrote the "Europæ Speculum." George Sandys is better known as a traveller than as a poet. For an account of his Travels see CENSURA LITERARIA, Vol. IV. p. 147.

M. P.

ART. IV. *A Choice of Emblemes, and other Deuises, for the moste parte gathered out of sundrie writers, Englished and moralized. And diuers newly deuised by Geffrey Whitney, &c. &c. Imprinted at Leyden in the house of Christopher Plantyn, by Francis Raphelengius,*† 1586. 4to. *pp.* 230, *exclusive of Dedication, &c.*

* Biog. Dict. In the account of him in this work, he is said to have died at *Bexley* instead of *Boxley*. His translation of Ovid is also said there to have been published at Oxford in 1632.‡ My edition was published in London in 1640, and no notice is taken in it of any former edition; and the dedication to the King alludes to troubles which did not exist in 1632.

† In a dedication of one of the plates Whitney addresses himself, "Ad doctiss. V. D. Franciscum Raphelengium in obsidione Antwerpiana peritantem."

‡ The first edition seems to have been of the *First Five Books*, in 1627, and again 1632. *Wood's Ath.* II. 47. *Editor.*

I have

I have every reason to suppose, that this most curious work is of the *greatest rarity*, which may be accounted for, in some degree, by its having been printed abroad, and it is very rarely (from what cause I am unable to conjecture) that a perfect copy is to be met with in this country. I refer the reader to Herbert's Ames' "General History of Printing," page 1695, for some account of it; in addition to which I beg to observe, that many of the wood cuts, with which each page is adorned, display considerable ingenuity in design, and great excellence in point of execution. It appears that Whitney was a native of Cheshire (which I do not find noticed elsewhere) from one of the plates representing a phenix at page 177, being dedicated "to my countrimen of the Namptwiche in Cheshire." * In the lines underneath he observes,

"Althoughe I knowe that aucthors witnes true,
What here I write, bothe of the oulde, and newe;
Which when I wayed, the newe, and eke the oulde,
I thought uppon your towne destroyed with fire:
And did in minde, the newe Namptwiche behoulde, †
A spectacle for anie man's desire:

Whose buildings brave, where cinders weare but late,
Did represente (me thought) the Phœnix fate.
And as the oulde, was manie hundreth yeares,
A towne of fame, before it felt that crosse:

* The principal part of the plates are dedicated to Cheshire and Lancashire gentlemen.

† There are two instances upon record of this town suffering by fire, the first in the year 1438, and the second (to which no doubt the poet alludes) in 1583, when it was nearly consumed; but, from a collection made by Sir Hugh Cholmondeley, and increased by Queen Elizabeth, it was rebuilt, considerably improved, and beautified.

Even

Even so, (I hope) this Wiche, that nowe appeares,
A Phœnix age shall laste, and knowe no losse."

As specimens of the author's style and versification, I subjoin the two following "Emblemes."

"Mihi pondera, luxus.

"When Autumne ripes the frutefull fieldes of graine,
And Ceres doth in all her pompe appeare,
The heavie eare doth breake the stalke in twaine,
Wherebie we see this by experience cleare:
Hir owne excesse, did cause her proper spoile,
And made her corne, to rotte uppon the soile.

Soe worldlie wealthe, and great aboundance, marres
The sharpenes of our sences, and our wittes,
And, oftentimes, our understanding barres,
And dulles the same, with manie carefull fittes:
Then since excesse procures our spoile and paine,
The meane preferre, before immoderate gaine." p. 23.

"Latet anguis in herbâ.

"Of flattringe speeche, with sugred wordes beware,
Suspect the harte, whose face doth fawne and smile;
With trusting theise, the worlde is clog'd with care,
And fewe there bee can scape theise vipers vile:
With pleasinge speeche they promise, and protest,
When hatefull hartes lie hidd within their brest.

The faithfull wight, dothe neede no collours brave;
But those that truste, in time his truthe shall trie,
Where fawning mates can not their credit save,
Without a cloake, to flatter, faine, and lye:
No foe so fell, nor yet soe harde to scape,
As is the foe, that fawnes with freindlie shape." p. 24.

J. H. M.

ART.

ART. V. *The Court of the most illustrious and most magnificent James the First, King of Great Britaine, France, and Ireland, &c. With divers rules, most pure precepts, and selected definitions lively delineated.*

" Principibus placuisse viris, non ultima laus est.
To please the best, best praise I doe it judge;
Let Grill be Grill; I passe not Envie's grudge."

London: Printed by Edw. Griffin, in Eliot's Court in the Little Old Baily, neere the King's Head. 1620. *Small* 4*to. pp.* 168, *exclusive of Dedication, Preface, &c.**

This excellent little treatise, although addressed to the courtiers of James the First, is well worthy the perusal of those belonging to George III. It is inscribed to " George Marquisse Buckingham, Vicount Villiers, &c. &c." the well known favourite of James I. And the dedication is signed with the initials A. D. B.

The principal object of the author appears to have been to warn the courtier " to bee most wary and heedfull that out of himselfe hee draw a rule to rectifie and governe his owne life, that hee be content to taste the sower with the sweete, and in court to expect as well burthen-some blame and injurie as beautiful fame and dignity," and " to let him knowe, and knowe assuredly, that he which enters into the court enters into

* In addition to the works heretofore brought forward, relative to the Life and Reign of James the First, the present very rare article, which has a connection with the same era, will I trust be deemed an interesting communication.

such

such a kind of life as comprehends much more labour and care than ease and quietnesse."

The chief part of the work, consists of a code of useful admonitions, with some good advice, to those engaged both in the domestic and foreign services of their princes, whom the author compares to "soldiers," and their line of action to a "warre-fare." After advising the courtier "to get wisdome as his best guide," he observes, "let him not by any meanes omit or neglect the studie of law, languages, and eloquence; and let him especially, bend his best endevours, to attaine unto the prompt, perfect, and most commendable knowledge of histories, and antiquities, to which, indeed I cannot sufficiently move and admonish him: for, this knowledge is the testis of the times, the light of truth, the life of memorie, the mistresse of life, and the messenger of antiquitie. Yea, this same historicall knowledge (if wee may beleeve Polybius) is a most sound and sure direction, instruction, and preparative, to all well managing of politique affayres, and is, indeed, a singular tutrixe, and faithfull informer, how to abide and suffer patiently the inconstancies, and mutabilities, of brittle and fickle fortune. If therefore (friendly courtier) thou wouldst not continually shew thyselfe a childe, an non-proficient, in the court of thy prince, be not (I say) rude, but well read, and a skilfull antiquary in histories and chronicles." Page 22.

Furthermore the author adds, "I must truly tell thee (kind courtier) this one thing, namely, that the court makes not a man better, but men rather may make the court itselfe better, whereby I would intimate thus much, that tis not enough to live in court, to goe to bed at midnight, to rise the next morning at ten

ten a clocke, and then what with apparelling himselfe, with frizling and curling his haire with his curling pin, with poudring and turning up the same this way and that way, about his eares, continuing thus in his bed-chamber, even till noone at least, and then to spend the rest of the day in feasting, jesting, and many such like toyes and triviall exercises and practises; assuredly I say (and let every courtier beleeve me) that he which is onely occupied and busied in cropping these roses, shall undoubtedly finde then but pricking thornes; on these trees, shall finde nothing but fruitlesse leaves; shall find these vines both wilde and barren; in these garners shall find nothing but chaffe; and finally, in these treasuries, shall be possest of nothing but meere counterfeit mettle. The courtier (I say) which adheres, cleaves, and is inclined to these things above mentioned, cannot rightly undertake, excogitate, doe, or begin to doe any thing, much lesse perfectly finish or effect the same; he also which cleares not himselfe of these things, shall finde many defects in himselfe, and such, as that, if hee mend not his manners, will give him just cause to weepe and lament." Page 161.

The author concludes his work with some pious and wholesome exhortations which he desires the courtier "to keepe alwayes in perpetuall remembrance, and alwayes beare about him."

I. H. M.

ART. VI. *Ancient Scottish Poems. Published from the MS. of George Bannatyne.* 1568. *Edinburgh,* 1770. 8*vo.*

The antecedent volumes of the CENSURA LITERARIA

MARIA* have described some of the modest and useful labours of Sir David Dalrymple, and the contents of the present are not, at least to those interested in the history of Scotch poetry, of inferior importance. As in his other publications, the unassuming modesty of the editor concealed his name in this.

The eulogium which he has bestowed on Ruddiman may with equal justice be transferred to this learned and intelligent editor. His modesty was still more remarkable than his learning; for he suffered his works to go forth to the world without the name of their author.

"———————— Sine pondere terram
Spirantesque crocos, et in urnâ perpetuum ver,"

is the *classical* wish of one who has profited by the labours of this studious, intelligent, and modest man.

The singular scarcity of this volume is one reason for its introduction here; but it has higher claims. Many are the causes contributing to the rarity of a book:—if antiquity is one, it must in the present case be referred to the contents of the volume rather than the date of its title-page. The poems are selected from a voluminous miscellany compiled by one Ballantyne in 1568, and which at the time of this publication belonged to Lord Hyndford. Many of them had been before printed by Allan Ramsay, who had long before consulted the MS. but Ramsay had made so free with the Scotch orthography and the ancient language, with which he was very imperfectly acquainted, as to reduce the text nearly to the standard of modern English. Ramsay had the taste, feeling,

* See Vol. II. p. 193. See Life of Lord Kames, I. 182.

and

and genius of a poet,* but he wanted learning and judgment as an editor.

At the head of this volume, as of the great bead-roll of ancient Scotch poets, stands the name of William Dunbar, and ninety-seven pages are assigned to his productions, in front of which stands "the Thistle and the Rose," † and "the Golden Terge."

When much has been performed, it savours of ingratitude to complain that no more, or that something different has not been done. "So far so good"—but we could have wished that Mr. Chalmers had bestowed the same mark of his regard on William Dunbar as he has shewn to Sir David Lyndsay; we should not then have to lament that the greatest genius, that Scotland has produced, (with one exception) is to be traced only in fragments, in manuscripts, and in miscellaneous collections. In brilliancy of colouring, in minuteness of description, in knowledge of life and of human nature, he is little inferior to Chaucer: in moral feeling perhaps superior. So universal was his genius, so numerous and diversified are the effusions of his muse, that no general character, much less such an one as the pen of the present correspondent could delineate, could do justice to his various merits. In his allegorical and serious poems, vigorous, dignified, and even sublime, he occasionally descends to the familiar and even the

* *Mister* Pinkerton will not, of course, allow this, after comparing the Gentle Shepherd with the Pastor Fido, of Guarini, as a dunghill to a flower-garden: but *de gustibus*—"the proverb is somewhat musty."

With submission I speak to your reverence's tail
But mine has no tast for a tenpeny nail!

† Every reader will remember Langhorne's encomium:

Time still spares the *Thistle and the Rose.*

ludicrous

ludicrous without any impeachment of his rank—assuming by turns the dictatorial bench of a moralist, and again sitting at ease in the chair of an ingratiating and garrulous companion. His religious poems are, it must be owned, the poems of Dunbar, but they were composed when his "way of life had fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf;" and in them the brightness of his genius is alloyed with the querulous complainings of old age. No service could be performed more acceptable to Scotch literature than a perfect edition of the works of the great poet Dunbar.

Making due allowance for the advantages of distant and more refined ages, I fancy I perceive some points of contact between Burns and Dunbar: but in the paths that lead to the heart, in delicacy of feeling, in tenderness and ardour of expression, the former is superior to Dunbar, and indeed to all others.

"Il faut que le cœur seul parle dans l'elégie."

How cold and inexpressive are the complaints of the classic poet of Hawthornden to the impassioned appeals of the Ayrshire bard! Indeed it is to be feared that what was at first passion in Drummond became habit by indulgence; a poet, and a very respectable poet he doubtless was, but we need not the aid of Boileau to teach us that

"——— bien exprimer ces caprices heureux
C'est peu d'être poëte, il faut être amoureux."

That portion of Dunbar's poems, which this volume contains, is sufficient to exemplify the leading features of his poetry, and as this work is intended rather to excite than to gratify curiosity, to trace the general

outline than to perfect the resemblance, I shall content myself with exhibiting some characteristic specimens of his various talents. His powers for allegory are among his most shining qualifications, and a more favourable example could not, perhaps, be produced, than the following stanzas of

"*The Daunce.*

1.

"Of Februar the fyftene nycht,
Richt lang befoir the dayis lycht,
I lay intill a trance;
And than I saw baith hevin and hell;
Methocht amangis the feyndis fell,
Mahoun gart cry ane daunce,
Of shrewis that wer never schrevin,
Against the feast of Fasternis evin,
To mak thair observance;
He bad gallands ga graith agyis,
And cast up gamountis in the skyis,
The last came out of France.

2.

Lat se, quoth he, now quha beginis:
With that the fowll seven deidly sinis
Begowth to leip at anis.
And first of all in dance wes *Pryd*,
Wyth hair wyld bak, bonet on syd,
Lyk to mak vaistie wanis;
And round about him as a quheill,
Hang all in rumpillis to the heile,
His kethat for the nanis.
Mony proud troumpour with him trippit,
Throw skaldan fyre, ay as they skippit,
They girnd with hyddous granis.

3. Heillie

3.

Heillie Harlottis in hawtane wyis
Come in with mony sindrie gyis,
  Bot yet luche nevir Mahoun,
Quhill preistis cum with bare schevin nekks,
Then all the feynds lewche, and maid gekks,
  Black-belly and *Bawsy-brown*.

4.

Than *Yre* came in with sturt and stryfe;
His hand wes aye upon his knyfe,
  He brandeist lyke a beir:
Bostaris, braggaris, and barganeris,
Eftir him passit into pairis,
  All bodin in feir of weir.
In jakkis, stryppis, and bonnettis of steill,
Their leggis wer cheyniet to the heill,
  Frawout wes thair affeir;
Sum upoun uder with brands beft,
Sum jagit utheris to the heft,
  With knyvis that scherp coud scheir."

The other personages of "the Daunce" (whether

"Hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, or reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.")

are *Envy*, *Coveteousness*, *Sweiring*, *Lichery*, *Idleness* and *Gluttony*. The tenth stanza reminds one of the sooty minstrel that astonished Tam O'Shanter at Alloway Kirk.

"Na menstralls playit to thame but dowt,
For gle'-men thair wer haldin out
  Be day, and eke by nycht;
Except a menstrall that slew a man,
Sa till his heretage he wan,
  And entirt be breif of rycht."

It is not only on account of having cited the Testament of Mr. Andro Kennedy in a former volume, but as exhibiting a specimen of his talent for the ludicrous, that I transcribe three stanzas of this singular performance.

1.

" I, Master Andro Kannedy,
A matre quando sum vocatus,
Begotten with some incuby,
Or with sum freir *infatuatus*;
In faith I cannot tell redely,
Unde aut ubi fui natus,
Bot in truth I trow trewly,
Quod sum diabolus incarnatus.

2.

Cum nihil sit certius morte,
We man all de' quhen we haif done,
Nescimus quando, vel qua sorte,
Nor blynd allane wait of the mone.
Ego patior in pectore,
Throw nicht I mycht not sleip a wink,
Licet æger in corpore,
Yet wald my mouth be watt with drynk.

3.

Nunc condo testamentum meum,
I leif my saule for evirmair,
Per omnipotentem Deum,
Into my lordis wyne cellar;
Semper ibi ad remanendum
Till domesday cum without dissiver,
Bonum vinum ad bibendum
With sweit Cuthbert that luvit me nevir."

The religious poems of Dunbar, I have before observed, are of inferior merit; I therefore pass to the

further contents of this volume. To the poems of Dunbar succeed several by Robert Henrysone, of which the pastoral ballad of Robene and Makyne is the most interesting. Several poems follow by Stewart, Patrick Johnstone, Kennedy, and others, which I pass over to come at the ballads of Alexander Scott, who has been termed by Pinkerton, without extravagant praise, the Anacreon of ancient Scotch poetry. His pieces, which are chiefly amatory, are singularly elegant and correct: of this those who are unacquainted with his productions will be convinced by the following examples.

"*To his Heart.*

1.

" Returne thee hamewrt, hairt, agane,
And byde quhair thou was wont to be,
Thou art ane fule to suffer pane,
For luve of hir that luves not the'.
My hairt, lat be sic fantasie,
Luve nane bot as they mak the cause,
And let her seik ane hairt for the';
For feind a crum of the scho fawis.

2.

To quhat effect sould thou be thrall?
But thank sen thou hes thy free will,
My hairt be nocht sa bestiall
Bot knaw wha dois the' gude or ill.
Remane with me, and tarry still,
And se' quha playis best thair pawis,
And lat fillock ga fling her fill,
For feind a crum of the' she fawis.

3.

Thocht sche be fair, I will not feynie,
Scho is the kind of utheris ma;
For quhy? Thair is a fellone menyie
That semis good, and ar not sa.
My hairt tak nowdir pane nor wa,
For Meg, for Marjory, or yit Mawis,
Bot be thou glad, and lat hir ga;
For feind a crum of the' scho fawis.

4.

Becaus I fynd sche tuk in ill,
At her depairting thow mak na care;
Bot all begyld, go quhair scho will,
A schrew the hairt that mane maks mair.
My hairt be merry lait and air,
This is the final end and clause,
And let her fallow ane silly fair,
For feind a crum of the' sche fawis."

" Lament quhen his Wyffe left him.

1.

" To luve unluvit it is ane pane;
For scho that is my soverane,
Sum wanton man so he' hes set hir,
That I can get no luve agane,
Bot breke my hairt, and nocht the better.

2.

Quhen that I went with that sweit May
To dance, to sing, to sport, and play,
And oft tymes in my cirmis plet hir;
I now do murne both nycht and day,
And breke my hairt, and nocht the better.

3. Quhair

3.

Quhair I wes wont to see hir go,
Rycht trymly passand to and fro,
With cumly smylis when that I met hir;
And now I live in pane and wo,
And breke my hairt, and nocht the better.

4.

Quhattane ane glaikit fule am I,
To slay myself with melancoly,
Sen weill I ken I may nocht get hir?
Or quhat suld be the caus, and quhy,
To breke my hairt, and nocht the bettir.

5.

My hairt, sen thow may nocht her pleis,
Adew; as gude luve cumis as gais,
Go chuse anither, and forget hir:
God gif him dolour and disease,
That brekes his hairt, and nocht the bettir."

I now reluctantly quit a volume which has many substantial claims to notice in the CENSURA LITERARIA, besides its rare occurrence, a circumstance which the booksellers, in their present liberal practice of republishing whatever is curious, would do well to obviate.

I cannot conclude this article, which has already extended to an unwarrantable length, without expressing my regret that so much of the early Scotch poetry is difficult of attainment, and that the works have hitherto been uncollected of some of the elder and higher bards of the north. The poets more particularly referred to

The following passage is cited, for the opportunity it gives of comparison with Mr. Ellis's extract, in his Metrical Romances, Vol. I. pp. 197-8. It displays the same mock-denial with which Richard the Third refused the crown, according to Shakspeare and Rapin.

"Tho * answered Syr Vortyger,
As a lorde of grete power,
'Why bidde ye me such a thinge?
I was never your kynge!
Ne never yet here beforne
Was I to you sworne
To helpe you at your nede:
And, therfore, so God me spede!
Go home to your kynge,
And pray hym, upon all thynge,
That he you help of your fone, †
For helpe of me gete ye none!'
Tho a bolde baron answerde—
'Syr our kynge is but a cowarde!
For whan he seeth swerdes drawe,
He weneth ‡ anone for to be slawe: ||
He dooth us no more good,
But fleeth away as he were wood. §
Haddest thou be amonge us all,
Than had us not that shame befall:
All that we lost in that saute, **
In hym was all the defaute,
And all the losse of our baner.'
'I trowe well, sayd Vortyger;
Certes, he sayd, it was grete dole
To make a kynge so grete a fole!
Had ye made a man your kynge,
He wolde you helpe in all thynge;

* Then. † foes. ‡ thinketh. || slain. § frantic. ** assault.

As

As certaynly syker * ye be,
Helpe gete ye none of me.
But and your kynge were dede, I plgyht
I wolde you helpe with all my myght."

Another passage differs thus remarkably from Mr. Ellis's text. See his Specimens, p. 201.

" Kynge Angys, † veramente,
Hadde a doughter fayre and gente,
That was a hethen Sarasyn, ‡
And Vortyger, for love of hym,
Toke her anone to his wyfe,
And was *accorded* all his lyfe:
Soone he wedded her there,
And menged || theyr blode bothe in fere. §
So that the cure of Englonde
Was loste in the fendes honde."

The printed copy contains but a small portion of the *second part* of this romance, as conveyed in the elegant narrative of Mr. Ellis from a transcript of the Auchinleck MS. communicated by Mr. Scott; and what it does contain, deviates greatly from the written text, as will be seen by comparing the following extract with its counterpart in Vol. I. p. 234 of the Romance Specimens: where it is much compressed.

" So on a day the messengeres,
As they satte at theyr dyneres
In a towne of the west countre,
With mete and drynke grete plente,
An olde chorle ** there came ynne
With long heres on his chynne:

* Sure. † i. e. Hengist. ‡ *alias* Saxon. || mingled.
§ in fellowship. ** This was Merlin in masquerade.

A staffe

A staffe in his honde he had,
And shone * on his fete full bad.
He began to coughe and grone thore, †
And sayd—'he was an hongred sore,
And bad them on the bench above,
Gyve hym some mete, for Goddes love.'
They hym answered, without lesynge, ‡
He sholde neyther have mete ne other thynge.
They swore, by hym that Judas solde!
He was a stoute chorle, and a bolde, ||
And myght travayle for his mete,
Yf he with trouthe wolde it gete.
They called hym Fayter! § everychone,
And bad hym trusse ** faste, & [be] gone:
And swore 'by the trouthe that God hym gaffe,
He sholde have of his owne staffe
Thre stroses †† well i-set,
But ‡‡ he hyed hym oute the bet.'
Than answered the olde man,—
'Felowes, he sayd, no chorle I am:
I am an olde man of this worlde,
And many wonders I have herde;
And ye but wretches of yonge blood,
And knowe all but lytell good:
And yf ye coude, as ye ne can,
Ye wolde scorne none old man,
As ye go in your prynces nede;
For olde men myght you rede. ||||
For to finde Marlyn the chylde
Your prynce was bothe good and wylde
To sende men that done outerage,
For to wende §§ on his message.

* Shoes. † qu. there? ‡ i. e. very frankly. || A sturdy and bold fellow.
§ Deceiver. ** pack up quickly. †† a misprint probably for strokes.
‡‡ Unless. || advise. §§ to go.

For

For Marlyn is of suche manere,
Though he stode before you here,
And spake to you as I do,
Ye sholde hym knowe never the mo.
Thryes * to-daye ye have hym met,
And yet ye knowe hym never the bet:
Therfore go home, by my rede,
To fynde hym shall ye not spede.
Bydde your prynce take barons fyve,
And go seche Marlyn blyve; †
And that Marlyn shall them abyde,
On hye by the forest syde."

Aurelius Ambrosius, or Aurilis Brosias, in the MS. romance, seems to be called Pendragon in the printed copy, and is made the elder brother of Uther. This Uther was a strong man, says the metrical record, and in the absence of his brother, being befriended by Merlin, had an affray with King Hengist, in which he

" Gave hym such a stroke,
That he flewe tayle over toppe,
And toke hym by the hede ‡ anone,
And smote it fro the necke bone."

After this achievement the army of Hengist fled, but in their flight 500 of the stoutest were slain: and three days afterwards the rest were suffered to depart for Denmark, upon taking an oath that they would never return to England more. The tidings of the death of Hengist, soon roused two of his nephews to revenge, Sir Gamoure and Metradoure, both 'grete lordes of londe'; the latter holding two, and the former three duchies. These lords collected together a mighty

* Thrice. † blithe. ‡ head.

host,

host, with whom they set sail for England, and landed at Bristol. Merlin by his skill in prescience, having announced the approach of these formidable foes to Uther and Pendragon, and predicted that one of these brothers would fall in the conflict, directed Pendragon to make the attack on land, and Uther to follow up the assault by sea. Desperate was the encounter and furious the resistance; but while Uther, the favourite of Merlin, escaped with life, the doughty Pendragon fell; after having had his horse killed under him, and after contending on foot with a hundred Saracens, or Saxons, who in murderous combination

> "Atte ones * began on hym to hewe,
> And brake bothe backe and arme,
> And slewe."

After this account of the catastrophe of Pendragon, the printed copy of the romance or "treatyse of Marlyn," thus concludes—

> "Whan Uther that understode
> That his broder was slayne, he was wode,
> And badde his folke faste fyght;
> And he bestyred hym as a knyght.
> Of xxx M. that were on lyve,
> There escaped away not fyve.
> Of Englysshe men there were slayne
> But thre hondred y^t ony man coude sayne. †
> Bytweene Bath and Brystowe tho
> Thre myle myght no man go,
> Neyther in dale, neyther in den, ‡
> But he trade on dede men.

* At once. † Say.

‡ Den is usually put for cave or dell, but here seems opposed to the latter, and may mean a woody acclivity.

Whan

Whan it was agaynst the nyght
Uther dyde discomfyte the fyght,
With many an erle and baroune,
And with knyghtes of grete renoune,
They wente home to theyr in *
On y^e^ morowe, by the counceyll of Marlyn.
Pendragon was out sought,
And in the erthe faire i-brought:
Beryed he was full mery
In the towne of Glastenbery.
Thus ended the doughty kynge:
God gyve his soule good endynge!
And after that Pendragon was dede,
Uther was crowned by comyn rede, †
And helde Englonde to ryght.
I praye to God, full of myght,
Graunte them heven blysse above!
Amen! for his moders love.
And gyve them all good endynge
That have herde this talkynge."

It will be seen from Mr. Ellis's prose continuation, that the second part of Merlin embraces a new series of events, from the union of Uther with the beautiful Igerna, which gave birth to heroic Arthur.

T. P.

ART. VIII. *Syr Degore.* (On a label, above a wooden cut of an equestrian Knight and his Esquire) Colophon: *Thus endeth the treatyse of Syr Degore. Enprinted at London in Flete strete, at the sygne of the Sonne, by Wynkyn de Worde.* (18 leaves in 8vo. of 4to. size.)

* Habitation. † public choice.

An

An abstract of the fable of this romance has been given by Mr. Warton,* and a more complete analysis by Mr. Ellis,† from a copy printed by Copland. The present edition by W. de Worde, which seems to vary in some particulars, is not mentioned by either of those accomplished scholars, nor is it noticed by the industrious Herbert. I have therefore cited both title and colophon, for the benefit of Herbert's reputed editor, and will add the titles to the chapters which constitute the divisions or fitts of this romantic legend.

The first division, which recounts the birth, parentage, and education of Sir Degore, has no prefix. The second sets forth "How Syr Degore fought with a dragon in a forest, and slewe hym." The third "How Syr Degore justed with the Kynge of Englonde, and smote hym downe." The fourth "How Syr Degore wedded his Moder, the Kynges doughter of Englonde, and howe shee knewe that he whas her Sone by the gloves." The fifth "How Syr Degore foughte for a Lady with a Gyaunt, and slewe hym." The sixth and last "How Syr Degore fought with his Fader, and how his Fader knewe hym by the broken swerde." A wood cut, illustrative of the ensuing subject, follows each of these titles of contents.

I extract a few lines from the commencement and the close of this romance.

"Lordynges, and ye wyll holde you styll,
A gentyll tale tell you I wyll
Of knyghtes of this countree,
That hath travayled beyonde the see

* History of English Poetry, I. 182.
† Specimens of Metrical Romances, III. 347.

To

To seke aventures, bothe nyght and daye,
And how they myght theyr strength assay.
* * * * *
Thus came the knyght out of his care:
God gyve us grace well to fare,
And that we all, upon domesday,
Come to the blysse that lasteth ay.
Amen."

T. P.

ART. IX. Εσοπτρον Βασιλικον: *or a Kenning-Glasse for a Christian King. Taken out of the* 19 *Chapter of the Gospell of Saint John, the* 5 *verse, in these words, "Behold the man!" and treated on by Will. Thorne, Deane of Chichester, and his Majesties Hebrew-reader in the Universitie of Oxford. Vehasenneh Bogner Baesh Vehasenneh Veelleshemoth* 3. 2. *At London, Imprinted by R R. for John Harrison, dwelling in Paternoster-rowe, at the signe of the Anchor.* 1603. 12*mo.*

The learned author of this discourse was born at Semeley in Wilts, and (according to Wood)* had his grammatical education at Winchester, and his academical one in New Coll. Oxon. of which he became perpetual fellow in 1587. In 1598 he was constituted Hebrew-professor in that university, and was afterwards promoted to the deanery of Chichester; at which time (adds his biographer) he was reputed eminent, not only for his incomparable skill in the oriental sacred tongues, by Drusius and others, but unmatchable also for other learning. He died Feb. 13, 1629.

* Athen. Oxon. I. 545.

Wood thinks, from report, that he had written "other things;" but his "Rhetor,"* with the present publication were all he had seen, and to the latter he assigns an erroneous date. It would seem to have been penned soon after the accession of James to the English throne, and is inscribed to that *puissant* Prince, in a dedication, which being intermixed with salutary admonition, may furnish an extract more acceptable perhaps than the lecture itself.

"As thou art a Christian, so this is a common glasse to thee, O King, with all other Christians. As thou art a King, so doth it more properlie concerne thee: aswell, for that a King is to compute unto God for each Christian soule in his whole common-weale, as that the whole common-weale is naturally conformed unto the customes of her King: and therefore of choise I consecrate it unto thy Christian and kinglie calling. Accept then, in good part, most gracious King, this thy poore scholler's præsent. *Christus tibi liber exemplaris est.* I have given thee, saith Christ, an *example.* He is an everlasting example for thee: imitate him, and thy subjects will imitate thee. He is a most exemplar states-booke for thee: reade him, and thy subjects will reade thee. He is a *Mirrour of Magistrates* for thee, a *Kenning-Glasse for Kings:* assimilate thy selfe unto him, and thy subjects will assimilate themselves unto thee: and this is the office and use of this Glasse.

"James the minor, saith one,† was very like Christ in face: and for that cause especially, the said writer

* See Herbert's Ames M. 1405.

† Ludolph. de vita Jesu Christi. Pars ii. c. 59.

surmizeth,

surmizeth, he was called the *Lord's brother.* I dispute not of the one or the other, off or on. It seems he was well seen in this spirituall glasse: else, whence in his face are those rayes of virtues?—his Humilitie? for he was called *James the lesse:* his Justice? for he was called *James the just:* his all manner of virtues? for so I suppose when Christ said unto him—'Learne of me, for I am humble and meeke;' he learned him, with humilitie, all manner of virtues.

"Good King, will it please thee to consider, not sleightly, as did that man in Saint James his *naturall face,* but seriouslie, thy *spirituall face* in this *Glasse,* as Saint James did? Wilt thou compare and compose the cariage of thy whole life accordinglie? Thy greatnesse must vouchsafe to do then, as this James the minor, as this James the just did. Thou must, out of thy justice distributive, go on in God's name, as thou hast begun. Thou must as a *just* STEWARD,* divide æquallie, to thy selfe thine owne, to the common-weale her owne, to the church her owne, impartiallie, without acceptation of persons. Thou must scourge all monopoly-mongers, and such like monsters, out of thy common-weale, as Christ did those money-changers out of his church. Thou must suppresse all church-robbing, Christ-robbing Satans, suggesting thee—So sweete is the bread of Christ, and a daintie foode for Kings. To be a father unto the fatherlesse, an husband to the widowes, a foster-father unto the church of Christ, *hæ tibi erunt artes*—here is thy glorie, O King, *si justus imperas,* if thou fulfill the royall lawe." T. P.

* A biblical pun upon the monarch's surname.

Art. X. *A Treatise concerning the Nauie of England, &c.*

[concluded from p. 141.]

The MS. proceeds—"And having made mention, in the fore saide table, of proportion of two galliasses, there sett downe, among others, to sayle and rowe; of which sorte I coulde vouchsafe to have sett downe more, but for the rarenes of their building, which is very long and lowe wasted, and therefore might seeme doubtfull to some of their service, and brooking the seas in fowle wether. To which I answere first, they are made in foorme of a shipp to sayle as well as to rowe, having three masts as a shipp hathe; to weete, a maine maste, foremaste, and misen, with bowe sprete, topps and ells; allso, that they are not so lowe wasted as it is thoughte, but are of such reasonable haigthe as to such apertaines, which maye be of sufficient abilitie to brooke the seas in fowle wether as well as others; as experyence hathe taughte us to knowe the same, by the late coming hether of the Spanishe navie, wher among others came fowre great galliases, which by reporte were of seven and eight hundred tonne the peece, having twenty-eight oares on eache syde to rowe, being very well manned and apointed with brasse ordinaunce; as cannon, demy cannon, cannon pedro, culverin, demy culverin, porte peeces, sacar and minion, to the nomber of fortie and odd peeces, in eache one of them; whereof in the fore shipp, forecastle, and prowe, are xij peeces; to weete, two demy cannons cased and placed lowe and nere together, as on each syde the foremaste

foremaste and spieron of the galliasse one, and a berth off from them somewhat afterwarde on eache bowe a culverin, and next above over them a two culverins, all which six peeces shooteth dyrectly right forward on, as a gallie dothe. Then above them are six other peeces of smaller sorte, to shoote soundry wayes at their pleasure; allso along on each syde in one tiere twelve peeces or there aboute of dyvers sortes, to saye betweene every two oares a peece; allso in the starne four peeces; to weete, in the lower portes two culverins, and above them two demy culverins, and on each quarter a peece of lesser sorte shooting in a manner right aftward on, and of muskett and caliver sufficient: which galliasses with others, taking the seas, were by forceable stormes of reboystrous winds dispersed and driven backe againe, every one seeking where he might best finde porte for his safety; in which distresse, the sayde galliasses passed as well and as safely as any others, with out the losse of any of them, althoughe some other of their company, by reporte, passed harde ynoughe. After which storme seaced, they put their fleete in order and again tooke the seas, dyrecting their course towards England as before, with the saide galiasses amonge. Which fleete being come to the narrowe seas of England, and entring the same, were by her Majesties navie wellcomed with the vallure of woorthy men and geven fight, where then appeared; as I was credibly enformed by the reporte of dywers Englishe men, serving in oure own navie, that the saide fowre galliasses made the moste answere, and offer of fight against us that was made, wherby they shewde them selves to be shipps of warrlyke force; for they having the vauntage by their oares, might

leave and take at their pleasure, and by reason therof did often tymes issue foorthe of their squadrons, as I maye terme it; as well to reskewe their fellowes sometymes distressed, as allso to geve charge uppon some of ours, and then at their pleasure retyred in againe. But, thankes be to God, both they and all the rest of them were mett withall in an other manner then they supposed, and had such rewarde geven them for their paines taking, in cominge hether, as they will remember it as long as they live. Thus contynewing fight divers dayes along the seas till they came to Black Neshe, besyde Callis, uppon the French syde, where they ankered, supposing to have joyned with the Prince of Parma his fleete, and the rest of their confederates; but wee, with a politique devyce of fyre woorke * sent among them in the nighte, put them from their grounde tackell, and so dispersed them asounder from their close order of keeping together; at which tyme they loste as it was supposed, 200 ankers, and 200 cables at the leaste; in which dismaye, the next daye her Majesties navie with the vallure and noble minde of the Lorde Admirall, the courage of hardy captaines, and redy good will of the maryners, soldiers, and gonners, gave them such a charge as put them all to flighte, and chased them from our coaste, to their greate losse, detryment, ruine, and spoyle; as some sounke, some dryven a shoare, some torne, some beaten, some battered, and some taken. Thus, to their shame and greate dishonor, they fled and passed northewarde from us towardes Scotland, to the oute isles of the same; and from thence to Ireland, uppon the northe parte therof; where meeting with tempestuous stormes of contrary

* Or *fire-ships*, first used to annoy the Spanish Armada.

windes,

windes, were driven uppon the rocks and drowned; saving some fewe which escaped in to the greate occean, among which also was two of the galliasses, taking their parte with the rest, where after long tossing and tombling, one of them broke and loste her roother, by which meanes shee was forced to put into the narrowe seas, where once before shee had binne, and keeping close along the coaste of Fraunce, recovered the porte of Newchavon for their safetie; and the other, after long travaile, safely recovered the coaste of Spaine. So heere it appeareth by all these reasons, that they are not only sufficient and able to brooke the seas, as well as others, but are of warrlike service; which considered, causeth me to wishe that her Majestie had a coople newe builte, althoughe nott so long, nor so greate, as the Spanishe galliasses were, as I doubte not, but the conning skill of her Majesties shipp wrightes, woulde frame them in a much more better order then they; and as I have wished, so I woulde wee had them; and the rather, for that they have dooble that another shipp hathe, for they having sayles and oares bothe, have a greate advauntadge over other, for with ther oares in tyme of calmes or calme wether, they can goe from their enemyes that chasse them, and following a chasse them selves, shalle the sooner obtayne their purpose. Allso, they maye rowe to windwarde of the enemye, wherby they shall not onely save themselves from harme in tyme of daunger, but gett the advauntadge of their enemye to anoye him; therfore to sayle and rowe bothe, with shipps of such boorden as is able to carry the cannon culverin and such lyke, in my judgement is an excellent good thinge. As for exsample, when Sir Frauncis Drake was at the baye

of Cales in Spaine, wher finding dyvers shipps of the Kings of Spayne's, provyded for his warrs, he sett them on fyer; but the gallies which had oares rowed awaye from him, that he coulde neither take, nor burn any of them, and so escaped they that daunger. Thus have you heard thadvauntage by the oare, and conserning such as shoulde be apointed to rowe in the said galiasses: yf my minde might be allowed therin, then woulde I thinke that among the nomber of waternen, occupying the ryver of Thames, might be founde an apte and meete companye for the purpose, whoe, as I have often heard, be not so fewe as XX. C men, one with an other; to saye barge-men, tylte boate-men, wherrymen, ferry-men, skullers, fishermen and such lyke, as well eastewarde as westwarde of the saide ryver, who dayly frequenteth and occupyeth them selves in rowing with the oare, and so live by the same. Therfore, as before I have saide, from among them might well be taken 200, 400, or more, for the service of her Majestie, as often as occasion shoulde requyre. And as for gallie, galliotta, foyste, frygatt, or brigantyne, I heere speake not of, for that our long rowing pinnasses, in my judgement, for our service and seas are more convenyent."

"Arming of warrlyke shipps," is next very minutely described, and also "the perticuler arming of a galliase;" which rendering the account of that vessel complete is transcribed to the end.

"Heere by the waye it is to be remembred and considered, that betweene the arminge of a shipp and a galliasse, althoughe bothe shoulde be of one bourden, yet would ther be some difference; as for exsample, a shipp of 600 tonns, after the order prescrybed, having

to

to him assygned 00 men, of maryners, gonners, and soldiers: so yf I shoulde lyke wyse alowe to a galliasse of the same bourden, as many besyde them that shoulde rowe, the nomber wil be too greate for the galliasse; having twenty oares on a syde and five men at every oare, woulde demaunde 200 men more then a shipp of the saide bourden, and so wolde the nomber be 600 men, which woulde growe chargeable. I have therefore thought it good, as well for the avoyding of charges, as preserving the men in better helthe, to alowe to a galliasse of 600 tonns, but as a shipp of 450 tonns; that is to say 300 men; three parts of which, being 225, to be maryners, and gonners; and one fowrthe, being 75, to be soldiers; and the halfe of the whole companye, being 150, to bee shott, which being devyded after two musketts to every caliver, amounteth to 100 musketts and 50 calivers; apointing to every of the 75 soldiers his muskett, and to 75, to be taken out of the whole companye of the maryners, other 75 shott; that is to saye, for the saide maryners to occupye 25 musketts and 50 culivers, and thus an ordring of the 150 shott for a galliasse of 600 tonns as declared. Then, adding to them 200 men to rowe, the whole nomber will be 500 men; which 200 rowers, althoughe not assigned to any perticuler weapon, but onely to rowe, yet I knowe that they being right English men and good fellowes, cannot be ydle yf oportunitie serve them, when other men shal be occupyed in resisting or damnefying the enemye. Therfore, I would wishe the galliasses to be well provyded of browne bills, boxe speares, partysanes, pykes, halfe pykes, and good shorte arming swoordes, that every of them maye have

of

of those weapons redy at nede: and thus a conclusion for the arming of a galliasse of 600 tonns as declared.

"Allso having made mention, as before declared, of the nomber of maryners, gonners, and soldiers, for the service of each shipp, yet not perticularly of anye, save of the soldiers onely; for the maryners and gonners I joyned together, in consideracon that the one shoulde be an aide or an helpe to the other in tyme of nede, as the maryners to helpe the gonners, remeeving, terveering, heaving out, and halling in, of the greate ordinance, which the gonners alone in tyme of fight shoulde not be so well able to doo; and notwithstandinge the nomynating of them together, for the causes aforesaide, yet doe I not thinke it amisse, under correction, to make some perticuler computacon of gonners for the proper service of eache shipp by it selfe, which may be as followeth; that is to saye to a shipp of 1000 tonns (who having greate quantitie of brasse ordinaunce as cannons, cannon-pedroes, culverins, porte-peeces, demy-canon, demy-culverins, fowlers, and such lyke) woulde be appointed 60 gonners at the leaste, and to a shipp of 900 tonns woulde be allotted 56 gonners, and to a shipp of 800 tonns 52 gonners; and to a shipp of 700 tonns 48; and to a shipp of 600 44; and to a shipp of 500 tonns 40; and to a shipp of 400 tonns 36; and to a shipp of 350 tonns 34; and to a shipp of 300 tonns 32; and to a shipp of 250 tonns 30; and to a shipp of 200 tonns 28; and to a shipp of 150 tonns 26; and to a shipp of 100 tonns 24; and to all other enferior shipps according discretion; and thus a particularitie of gonners for the proper service of eache shipp as declared.

"Thus

"Thus ending this Addition, I conclude with the same minde that I beganne, which was that I ment not, nor heere doe take uppon me, to wryte or dedicate this to any, but to satisfye my owne minde or desyre heerein, in which I hope no one wilbe offended. For as I woulde be lothe to geve occasion of offence to any; no more would I that others, shoulde conceave of this my doinge, any curious controlling; or that I shoulde seeme a corrector, teacher, or dyrettour of others, what they should doe. For as I acknowledge my selfe farr unmeete, and unable to prescrybe more meeter meanes, and wyser waies, more prudent ploicies and desyres, then is all redy in this realme used, for the defence of our owne, and anoying of our enemyes: So muste I and doe acknowledge, as by daylye experyence appeareth, that wee have (God be thanked) such sorte of wyse and politique persons at this daye of oure owne nacion (as well amonge those of her Majesties navie as among others) that bothe canne wryte vollumes heereof to others, and are well able to supplye in place them selves when occasion requyreth. Onely have I written thus muche in zeale to my countrye, which claimeth of each man therof no lesse good will in duetye. Finis." *

In transcribing from the MS. it appeared necessary to omit, or rather fill up, the words occasionally abbreviated; in other respects the orthography is minutely

* Another copy of this nautical Treatise seems to be preserved among the Pepysian MSS. at Magdalen College, Cambridge, being thus described in the General Catalogue: "A Discourse of the Navy of England, written by John Montgomery, A. D. 1570; with his additional Observations thereon, after the Spanish action 1588; and his project for erecting a land militia, addressed to King Philip, 1557." Vide Cat. Libr. Manuscr. Univ. Cantabr. p. 209. *Editor.*

followed.

followed. Opposite the title to the first part there is a coloured drawing of a ship at sea, discharging pieces of ordnance, with rocks at a distance; and in the title of the second part is a similar drawing of a sea view, a large dolphin in the fore part, land and a vessel in the distance; in other pages are two trifling drawings of flowers, that bespeak more of fancy than incidental meaning.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XI. *A Defensative against the poyson of supposed Prophesies; not hitherto confuted by the penne of any man; which being grounded, eyther vppon the warrant and authority of olde paynted bookes, expositions of Dreames, Oracles, Reuelations, Inuocations of damned spirites, Judicialles of Astrologie, or any other kinde of pretended knowledge whatsoever, de futuris contingentibus; haue been causes of great disorder in the common wealth, and cheefely among the simple and vnlearned people: very needeful to be published at this time, considering the late offence which grew by most palpable and grosse errours in Astrology. Job* vi. 25. *Quare detraxistis sermonibus veritatis? Cum e vobis nullus sit, qui possit arguere me verum tamen quod cæpistis explete, et videte an mentiar. Wherefore you detracted from the wordes of truth, since there is none among you that is able to reproue mee? But what ye haue begunne fulfill, and see whether I doo lye. At London: Printed by John Charlewood, Printer to the Right Honourable Earle of Arundell.* 1583. 4to.

ART. XII. *A Defensative &c. [ut sup. to Astrologie.] Written by Henry Howard, late Earle of Northampton, Lord Priuy Seale, &c. Now newly reuised, and diuided into diuers seuerall heads and chapters. Printed by John Charlewood, seruant to the Right Honorable Philip Earle of Arundell, 1583. And reprinted by W. Jaggard, and to be sold by Matthewe Lownes in Pauls Church-Yard, at the signe of the Byshops Head, 1620. Fol.*

Walpole says "there is a long account of this work in the British Librarian, p. 331." As such, any account here might seem "pouring out of one vial into another;" for in following Oldys there is little left for the leaser. As a reason for this article two points may be assigned; the one correcting an inaccuracy that has run through every edition of the Royal and Noble Authors, * and the other the bringing forward a passage in this work for consideration, which appears not to have been hitherto noticed, and which I consider as fixing the situation of the playhouse known as "the Theatre" in the reign of Elizabeth.

Mr. Malone in his History of the Stage, a work of superior information and excellence, says "The most ancient English playhouses of which I have found any account, are the playhouses in Blackfriars, that in Whitefriars, *the Theatre, of which I am unable to*

* In the Noble Authors [article Earl of Northampton] the Defensative is described as "dedicated to Sir Francis Walsingham, and printed in 4to. at London in 1583, *and reprinted there in folio in* 1620, by J. Charlwood, printer to the Earl's great nephew, the Earl of Arundel." Upon comparing with the above titles it appears the Italics should follow the word Arundel, and conclude the sentence. This very trifling alteration, probably a mistake of the press originally, was not communicated to Mr. PARK in sufficient time for notice in his late splendid republication of that work.

ascertain

ascertain the situation, and the Curtain in Shoreditch. The Theatre from its name was probably the first building erected *in or near the metropolis* purposely for scenic exhibition." To this, by a note, is added "It was probably situated in some remote and privileged place, being, I suppose hinted at in the following passage of a sermon by John Stockwood, and preached in 1578." Have we not houses of purpose built with great charges for the maintenance of them, [the players,] and that *without the liberties*, as who shall say, there, let them say what they will, we will play. I know not how I might, with the godly-learned especially, more discommend the gorgeous playing-place *erected in the fields*, than to term it, as they please to have it called, a *Theatre*." *

Having stated all which the very extensive research of Mr. Malone has collected on the occasion, I shall give the passage in point. The noble author, speaking of the Cabalist's art, says, " therfore tyll he could as readily product a certayne ground to make his gesses good, as score up a register of blind eventes; I must rather prayse his lucke, then his learning. For as well might he prognosticate that the *Cocke-pytte in Shoe-Lane* should sincke the third of Iune, because a *Theater* fell downe about that tyme at Roome in the raygne of Claudius; as that eyther Antwerpe or Paris should be plagued by the patterne of Edom or Samaria." †

"The Theatre" is the only play house whose situation remains undetermined, and the above passage does not appear overstrained as a reason for now fixing it in

* Reed's Shakspeare, Vol. III. 53.

† 4to. edit. Sig. Cc ij Cc iij. Fol. edit. fo. 94, and in Brit. Lib. p. 340.

Shoe-

Shoe-Lane. It is conclusive that a building for public exhibitions was situated there; and to support the author's argumentative parallel, should have been used for similar representations with those of the theatre at Rome. Time and place are both in favour of the supposition; the only material point objectionable, is the author using the term *Cockpit* instead of *Theatre*; but that the Theatre inveighed against by Stockwood had another name may be inferred from his words "as they please to have it called," i. e. a new designation given it by the players, and if that designation was only partially adopted by the public, it appears sufficient reason for the term Cockpit being used in "the Defensative," although that work was not published till near five years after the time of Stockwood preaching his sermon, and although Stubbes, in his Anatomy of Abuses, 1583, inveighs against "*Theatres* and Curtaines." Stockwood and Stubbes were both virulent railers against the times; of course would use the name most likely to attract public notice, and presuming, as it appears, the Theatre "as they please to have it called" was a new title that served as the best term to affix censure and opprobrium on the players; but this was not the point with the writer of "the Defensative," who used the word Cockpit for the purpose of a simile; and the more generally accepted the term, the plainer and better understood the force of argument.

A regular play-house does not appear to be traced earlier than about 1570, and of that period the accounts are very imperfect and incomplete; about 1583 the play-house known as the theatre was certainly frequented, and in that year the above work was first published; some few years afterwards the house in Blackfriars became the customary place of resort, and from

from its proximity to Shoe-Lane, the Cock-pit or Theatre might have been entirely neglected, and fallen into decay; the time therefore does not appear objectionable, and for place, Stockwood proves it was "without the liberties," and "erected in the fields:" thus far Shoe-Lane answers to the description; it was without the walls of the city, and at that period, from Shoe-Lane to Fetter-Lane, from the back of the houses forming Fleet Street to Ely Place, was a plot of ground with a few trees and two or three hedge-rows.

In the titles of old plays it was not usual to say where they were acted. Peele and Lyly are the earliest writers I have met with, that notice their plays being presented before the Queen, by the children of the chapel, and the children of Pauls, or publicly acted. At a much later period the Cockpit is mentioned in the title of Marlow's Jew of Malta, but that was the *Cockpit in Drury-Lane*; a circumstance to be mentioned as a proof of a play-house known by two different names, being also called the *Phœnix*, and both used indiscriminately in the titles of plays by the same authors, and to the latest period.

Every trifle incidental to, or explanatory of, the early history of the stage is certainly valuable. The circumstance of the work having passed two editions, with the passage being also given at length in the British Librarian, and yet ungleaned by the Editors of Shakspeare, made it necessary to assign some reason for supposing it to establish the fact assigned; whether it will be received now as such fact, or the discussion of the conceit endanger "a flood of Christian ink," is immaterial: I end.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART.

ART. XIII. *John Warburton's List of old Plays; transcribed from his own memorandum in the Lansdowne MSS. No.* 849.

"MANUSCRIPTS.

"The Hon^d Loves, by Will. Rowley.
Henry y^e 1^st by Will. Shakespear and Rob. Davenport.
The Fair Favourit.
Minervas Sacrifise. Phill. Masenger.
Duke Humphrey. Will. Shakespear.
Citty Shuffler.
S^r Io^n Sucklings Workes.
Nothing Impossible to love. T. C. S^r Rob. le Green.
The Forc'd Lady. A T. Phill. Massinger.
The Governer. T. S^r Corn^n Fermido.
The Lovers of Loodgate.
The Flying Voice, by Ra. Wood.
The Mayden Holaday, by Chris^r Marlowe.
The Fatal Love.
The Puritan Maid, y^e Modest Wife, and y^e Wanton Widow, by Tha. Middleton.
The London Marchat. A Com. by Jo. Ford.
The King of Swedland.
Love hath found out his eyes, by Tho. Jorden.
Antonio and Vallia, by Phill. Massinger.
The Dutches of Fernandina. T. Hen. Glapthorn.
Jocondo & Astolfo. C. Tho. Decker.
S^t Geo^e for England, by Will. Smithe.
The Parliam^t of Love, by W^m Rowley.
The Widows Prise. C. W^m Sampson.

The Inconstant Lady. W^m Wilson.
The Womans Plott. Phill. Massinger.
The *Marchants Sacrifice*, † Crafty Marchal. C.
Shacky Marmion.
An Interlude by Ra. Wood.—worth nothing.
The Tyrant. A Tragedy, by Phill. Massenger.
The Yorkshire Gentlewoman and her Son. T. †
The None Such. A C. W^m Rowley.
The Royal Combate. A C. by Jo^n Forde.
Philenzo & Hipolito. A C. by Phill. Massenger.
Beauty in a Trance. M^r Jo^n Forde.
The Judge. A C. by Phill. Massinger.
A good beginning may have a good end, by Jo^n Ford.
Fast and Welcome. C. by Phill. Massinger.
Belive as yo^u list. C. by Phill. Massinger.
His^t of Jobe, by Rob. Green.
The Vestall. A Tragedy, by H. Glapthorn.
The Noble Tryall. T. H. Glapthorn.

MANUSCRIPTS.

Yorkshire Gentlewoman and her Son. T.
The Hon^r of Women. A C. by P. Massinger.
Alexias or y^e chast Glallant. T. P. Massinger.
The Vestal. A Tragedy. H. Glapthorn.
The Noble choise. T. C. P. Massinger.
A Mask. R. Govell.
*2^d Maidens Tragy. Geo. Chapman.
The Great Man. T.
The Spanish Purchas. C.
*The Queen of Corsica. T. by F. Jaques.
The Tragy of Jobe.—Good.
The Nobleman. T. C. Cyrill Turnu^er.

† Erased from the list.

A Play

A Play by Will. Shakespear.
* Bugbear. C. Jo^n Geffrey.
Orpheus. C.
Tis good Sleeping in a Whole Skin. W. Wager.
Farry Queen.

" After I had been many years collecting these MSS. Playes, through my own carlesness and the ignorace of my Sir. in whose hand I had lodgd them, they was unluckely burnd or put under pye bottoms, excepting y^e three † w^ch followes. J. W."

This list of plays, enumerated as lost by the late Mr. Warburton, has been inserted in Reed's Shakspeare, Vol. II. p. 371, and in the second part of the Catalogue of the Lansdowne MSS. In both publications it has been very inaccurately given; the first omitting the titles of three plays, and the last two, and both calling the first play the *Honourable* Loves, &c. The list is written on both sides of a long slip of paper, turning at the second title of "Manuscripts;" and the account given by Warburton is subscribed at the bottom of the first side. The writing is in a very different hand from his, and did not the "many years collecting" imply their being obtained at various times, I should have supposed had been an index to them, made sixty years or more before his memorandum was written. The orthography is certainly of an earlier period than the strange diction of Warburton, which is not that of old spelling but that of false spelling. The list is wafered on the fly-leaf of a thin folio volume of MS.

† These three are denoted by an asterisk in the preceding list.

containing three plays; the first entituled "The Queene of Corsica, a Tragedy, written by Fran. Jaques. Anno Dom. 1642, Horr. Od. X. &c." The next, with only a title in the margin, written in another hand, is "The second Mayden's tragedy:" at the end, "This second Mayden's tragedy (for a * no nam inscribed) may w^th^ ye reformarcons bee acted publikely, 31 Octob^r^ 1611, G. Buc." On the last page is wfitten "By Thomas Goff," erased: then "George Chapman," also erased, and by "Will. Shakspear." Inserted last is "The Buggbears," which concludes with the music of a song for "Iphiginia."

To this account I shall add an extract from the "Catalogue of the late John Warburton, Esq. Somerset Herald, F.R.A.S. sold by Samuel Paterson at Essex-House, Essex-Street, Strand, on Monday, 19 Nov. 1759, and five following evenings." The following lots are inserted among the MSS.

"208. A Romance without a title. Fol.

209. A Tragedy without a title. Fol.

210. Demetrius and Marina, or the Imperial Impostor and Unhappy Heroine, a Tragedy. Fol.

211. The Tyrant, a Tragedy. 4to.

212. The Queene of Corsica, a Tragedy, written by Fran. Jaques, 1642. The second Maydens Tragedy. Licens'd by the Duke of Buckingham. †

31 Oct. 1611. The Buggbears, a Play, very ancient. Fol."

* Being dubious as to the word, I have thought a blank preferable to hazarding a conjecture.

† This is a mistake for Sir George Buc.

What

What 209 was it would be ridiculous to attempt a conjecture, and of 210 the title is the most hitherto known. 211 was written by Massinger, and being enumerated in the above list, has been hitherto supposed lost; but as it was evidently among the manuscripts sold at Warburton's decease, there is little doubt of its still being in existence. Could a marked catalogue of the sale be found, by obtaining the names of the purchasers of the plays, it might prove the means of discovering them; unfortunately the copy I have seen had only prices put to the articles purchased by the possessor.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XIV. *John Bon and Mast* Person.* [Woodcut of four priests bearing the host, with five attendants carrying torches.]

"Alasse, poore fooles, so sore ye be lade,
No maruel it is, thoughe your shoulders ake;
For ye beare a great god, which ye yourselfes made:
Make of it what ye wyl, it is a wafar cake;
And between two irons printed it is and bake;
And loke where Idolatrye is, Christe wyl not be there,
Wherfore ley down your burden; an idole ye do beare.
Alasse, poore fools."

Colophon.—*Imprinted at London by John Daye, and Willyā Seres, dwellinge in Sepulchres Parishe,*

* Qu. if Forster's copy is not MAT? Three accounts taken of it, at the time it was exhibited for sale, coincide in this particular. It should be as above, but where is the fac-simile? [*Mast.* seems a contraction for *Master.*]

at the signe of the Resurrection, a littel above Holbourne Conduite. Cum gratia & priuilegio ad imprimendum solum. 4*to.* (4 leaves.)

This tract was printed according to Herbert, p. 619, in 1548: "said to be written by one Luke a physician; and for the printing of it, Day had like to have been sent to prison." A copy having been purchased by Mr. Stace the bookseller, at the sale of the late Mr. R. Forster's library, he was induced from its extreme scarcity to have it reprinted as a fac simile, to the number of fifty copies, to accommodate the collectors of old poetry; and it forms a fair typographical specimen of modern black-letter. It is written after the manner of a dialogue, consisting of 164 lines, of which the first thirty will be sufficient specimen.

"The Parson.

"What John Bon, good morowe to the.

John Bon.

Nowe good morrowe, Mast Parson, so mut I thee.

Parson.

What meanest y^u^ John, to be at worke so sone?

John.

The zoner I begyne the zoner shall I have done,
For I tend to warke no longer then none.

Parson.

Mary, John, for that Gods blessinge on thy herte;
For surely therbe wyl go to ploughe an carte,
And set not by thys holy corpus christi even;

John.

They aer the more to blame, I swere by saynt Ste
Bu[t] tell me, Mast Parson, one thinge and you c
What saynt is copsi cursty, a man or a woman?

PARSON.

Why, John, knoweste not that? I tell the it was a man;
It is Christe his own selfe; and to morowe is hys daye:
We beare hym in procession, and thereby knowe it ye
maye.

JOHN.

I knowe, Mast Parson? and na, by my faye,
But me thinke it is a mad thinge that ye saye?
That it should be a man howe can it come to passe,
Because ye maye hym beare with in so smal a glasse?

PARSON.

Why neybor John, and art thou now there?
Nowe I maye perceyve ye love thys newe geare.

JOHN.

Gods forbod, Master, I should bee of that facion,
I question wy your mashippe in waye of cumlication.
A playne man ye may se will speake as cometh to mind,
Ye muste hold us ascused, for plowe-men be but blynd:
I am an elde felowe of fifty wynter and more,
And yet in all my lyfe I knewe not this before.

PARSON.

No dyd, why sayest thou so? upon thy selfe thou lyest,
Thou haste ever knowen the sacramente to be the body
of Christ.

JOHN.

Ye syr, ye say true, all that I know in dede;
And yet, as I remember, it is not in my crede."

To the reprint is affixed a short note written by Mr. Forster, which he introduces by saying—"This s the only copy of the *Enterlude* of John Bon and Mast Person that I have ever met with." The late Mr. Reed, in the last edition of Dodsley's old plays,

inserted a poem of Lydgate's entitled "Chichevache and Bycorne;" and, as Ritson justly observes, "thereby absurdly supposed to be of a dramatic cast," and which seems the only authority for naming the present poem an "Enterlude."

If the unsatiated appetite of a hunter of black-letter books appears preposterous and inconsistent, how much more ridiculous and farcical is the pursuit of an old play collector; who, not contented with having 700 plays to obtain, printed before 1661,* at an enormous price swells his collection with polemic controversies, political sarcasms, Virgilian eclogues, Tyburn ballads, and Grub-street dialogues. Authors whose ambition never aspired to dramatic fame, if their title-pages inadvertently express "the strange but true ——shire tragedy, a comedy lately performed, or farce newly printed," are now registered among the writers for the stage; though the first shall be the account of a murder, the second a recent change in the ministry, and the last a conversation between parish officers and paupers, on a subject as illegitimate as either of the pieces alluded to, which ground this absurdity.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XV. *Horæ Succisivæ: or Spare Hours of Meditations upon our duty to God, to others, to ourselves. In Two Parts. By Jos Henshaw, D. D. The Seventh Edition, corrected and much enlarged. London: Printed by G. Dawson, and sold by John Sweeting, at the Angel in Pope's-head Alley, 1661.* 12mo.

* See Kirkman's Preface to "A Cure for a Cuckold," 1661, 4to.

The

The first part of this little volume is inscribed to Lady Anne Cottington; the second to William, Bishop of London, with the date of 1658, which is probably the real date of what is called the *seventh* edition. Wood speaks* of the first edition as published in 1631, and the fifth in 1640. The book, however, is not of frequent occurrence. Its author was educated in Merchant Taylors' school, and became a commoner of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, in 1621, where he took a degree, and went into orders. He afterwards was celebrated as a preacher, and rose to be dean of Chichester and bishop of Peterborough. He died on the ninth of March, 1678. Wood notices another of his productions entitled "Dayly Thoughts; or a Miscellany of Meditations, holy and human." 1651, third edition. This was probably of the same nature with the present, which is more calculated for the closet of a divine than the shelf of an antiquary. The writer truly terms it, in his dedication, "a rhapsody of resolves and observations:" his manner may be shewn by two short extracts.

"If an asse do but speak once in a world, as Balaam's did; if a beast have any part of a man in him, we wonder, and justly: but let a man have every part of a beast; go upon all fours, and wallow with the drunkard, or lose his speech together with his legs; 'tis nere talked of. It is the property of a man to speak, as of a beast not to speak: why do we wonder to hear a beast speak, and not wonder to hear a man not able to speak?

"This life is a race, and we do not live, but travell:

* Athen. Oxon II. 635.

but

but we have another race besides this, of our soul as well as of our body. Since both must be run, and the one will not tarry for the other, I will try which can run fastest: if I have finished my life and not my course, I have made more haste than good speed."

A neat engraved title, by Glover, is prefixed, with verses by H. M. possibly Henry More the platonist.

T. P.

ART. XVI. *Horæ Subsecivæ. Observations and Discourses. London: Printed for Edward Blount, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Churchyard, at the signe of the Black Beare.* 1620. *Sm.* 8*vo. pp.* 542.

I mention this here merely for the sake of juxta-position. The author of it is supposed to have been GREY BRYDGES LORD CHANDOS, who died Aug. 20, 1621, and from his magnificent style of life was called *King of Cotswould*, the name of hills in Gloucestershire, in the neighbourhood of his seat of Sudeley Castle. A full account, and long extracts from this book have been lately given in *Memoirs of King James's Peers*, *p.* 384, et seq.—and in *Park's* edition of *Lord Orford's Royal and Noble Authors*, II. 184.

ART. XVII. *Halelujah: or Britans Second Remembrancer, bringing to remembrance (in praisefull and pœnitentiall Hymns, Spirituall Songs, and Morall Odes) Meditations advancing the glory of God,*

God, in the practise of pietie and vertue: and applyed to easie Tunes, to be sung in Families, &c. Composed in a three fold volume by George Wither. The first contains Hymns occasionall: the second, Hymns temporary: the third, Hymns personall. That all persons, according to their degrees and qualities, may at all times, and upon all eminent occasions, be remembred to praise God; and to be mindfull of their duties.

"One woe is past; the second, passing on;
Beware the third, if this, in vain, be gone."

London: Printed by J. L. for Andrew Hebb, at the Bell in Pauls Church-yard, 1641. 12mo. pp. 487, beside prefixes and table of contents.

Few books, of a cotemporary date, can more readily be procured than Wither's *first* Remembrancer, in 1628; few, it is believed, can be more difficult of attainment than this his *second* Remembrancer, licensed in 1640. Herbert had a copy among his bibliographical rarities, which went to Mr. Alexander Dalrymple, who has said "there are some things interspersed in it, no where, perhaps, to be surpassed."* The copy now used, was derived from the duplicates of the Ashridge library, which were sold at King's auction-room in August 1800. It appears to have belonged to John, second Earl of Bridgewater, so amiably recorded in CENSURA, (Vol. II. p. 260,) for undeviating affection to the memory of his angelic wife;† and it is

* See Extracts from Wither's Juvenilia, 1785, p. 15.

† Birkenhead, the wit and loyalist, wrote an anniversary poem on the Nuptials of John, Earl of Bridgewater, 22 July, 1652. Vide Athenæ, II. 640.

very

very remarkable, that at p. 404, the leaf is folded down, and several alterations are made in a hand-writing of his time, with an obvious view of rendering the following pious meditation more conformable to personal feelings, sentiments, and resolutions. Presuming that these manuscript corrections were made by Lord Bridgewater, (for I do not trace them on any other page of the book,) it cannot be otherwise than interesting to see them subjoined. I therefore insert these additions between brackets:—where *him* is printed in italics, *her* seems to have been intended for its substitute.

PART 3. HYMN XXVII.

" For a Widower, or a Widow, deprived of a loving yoke-fellow.

"That such as be deprived of their most deare companions, may not be swallowed up in excessive griefe, and so forget their Christian hopes and duties; this Hymn teacheth a moderate expressing of their naturall passions, and remembers them of things not to be forgotten in their sorrow.

Sing this as " I loved thee once."

" How neer me came the hand of Death,
When, at my side, he struck my dear! [life!]
And took away the precious breath
Which quick'ned my beloved peer! [wife!]
How helplesse am I thereby made!
By day, how griev'd! by night, how sad!
And now my life's delight is gone,
Alas! how am I left alone!

The

The voice which I did more esteem
  Than music in her sweetest key:
Those eies which unto me did seem
  More comfortable than the day:
  Those, now by me, as they have been,
  Shall never more be heard or seen:
But what I once enjoy'd in them,
Shall seem, hereafter, as a dream.

All earthlie comforts vanish thus:
  So little hold of them have we,
That we from them, or they from us,
  May in a moment ravish'd be.
  Yet we are neither just nor wise,
  If present mercies we despise;
Or mind not how there may be made
A thankfull use of what we had.

I, therefore, do not so bemoan
  (Though these beseeming tears I drop)
The losse of my beloved one,
  As they that are depriv'd of hope:
  But, in expressing of my grief,
  My heart receiveth some relief;
And joyeth in the good I had,
Although my sweets are bitter made.

Lord! keep me faithfull to the trust
  Which my dear spouse repos'd in me:
To *him* now dead, preserve me just
  In all that should performed be.
  For, though our being man and wife
  Extendeth only to this life,
Yet neither life nor death should end
The being of a faithfull friend.

Those

Those helps which I through *him* enjoy'd,
Let thine [thy] continuall ayd supplie;
That though some hopes in *him* are void,
I always may on thee relie.
And whether I shall wed again,
Or in a single-state remain,
Unto thine honour let it be;
And for a blessing unto me.
[And let not me e're wed againe,
But in a single state remaine;
Lord, to thine honour let it be,
And satisfaction unto me."]

Such was not only the sanctified prayer but the exemplary practice of the noble Earl; who left this memorial on his tomb, as a test of inviolate fidelity, that he had sorrowfully worn out a widowhood of three and twenty years.

Wither inscribes his estimable volume "to the thrice-honourable high courts of parliament, assembled in the triple empire of the British Isles;" and he remarks, what was not indeed peculiar to his own time, "so innumerable are the foolish and prophane songs now delighted in (to the dishonour of our language and religion) that Halelujahs and pious meditations are almost out of use and fashion: yea, not in private only, but at our publike feasts and civil meetings also, scurrilous and obscene songs are impudently sung, without respecting the reverend presence of matrons, virgins, magistrates, or divines." In an address to the reader he further says—"I have observed three sorts of Poesie, now in fashion. One, consisteth merely of rhymes, clinches, anagrammatical fancies, or such like verbal or literal conceits as delight schoolboys and pedantical

dantical wits; having nothing in them either to better the understanding, or stirre up good affections. These rattles of the brain are much admired by those, who being men in years, continue children in understanding. Another sort of Poesie, is the delivery of necessary truths and wholesome documents, couched in significant parables; and illustrated by such flowers of rhetoric as are helpfull to work upon the affections. These inventions are most acceptable to those who have ascended the middle region of knowledge. A third Poesie there is, which delivers commodious truths, and things really necessary, in as plain and in as universal termes as it can possibly devise. This is not so plausible among the wittie, as acceptable to the wise; because it regardeth not so much to seem elegant, as to be useful for all persons in all times. To this plaine and profitable Poesie I have humbly aspired, and especially in this book; imitating therein, though coming infinitely behind them, no worse patterns than the holy prophets."

What Wither professed to undertake, it is no mean praise to say, that he meritoriously accomplished.

T. P.

ART. XVIII. *The Booke of Honor and Armes, wherein is discoursed the causes of Quarrel, and the nature of Injuries, with their repulses. Also, the means of satisfaction and Pacification, with divers other things, necessarie to be knowne of all Gentlemen and others, professing Armes and Honor. Imprinted by Richard Ihones.* 1590. 4*to.*

This

This very entertaining and curious work deserves a fuller analysis than it can possibly receive through the medium of the present publication. It appears that Ihones the *printer* was likewise the *author* of the book, as it is dedicated by him in a well written address to Sir Christr. Hatton, then Lord Chancellor. The contents of the work are divided into five distinct books, the leading chapters of which relate to,

"1st. What a Combat is, and the originall thereof.
2. Of Injurie and Burthen.
3. What sortes of men ought not bee admitted in triall of Armes.
4. Of Nobilitie accompanied with great dignitie.
5. Of what qualitie a Gentleman professing Armes ought to be."

The fourth book claims the principal share of our attention, as the subject of each chapter is particularly interesting. At p. 73 we find "The manner of Combats in England, as I found them recorded in the French tongue, and written in an auncient booke, shewed me by Master Garter, her Majesties chiefe Herehault;" containing the various forms usual upon those solemnities, and the necessary preparations that took place previous thereto. At page 86 we have an account of "Certaine Combats graunted by the Kings of England." Then follow "Certaine Combats for Triumph, Honor, and Love of Ladies, brought before the Kings of England." Amongst the "Triumphes before King Henrie the Eight," we find the following mention of that celebrated tournament which took place at a Congress of the English and French Courts between Guisnes and Ardres near Calais."

"But

"But farre exceeding al these was that magnificent justs and turniments, at the meeting of the two excellent Princes, King Henrie the Eight of England, and K. Frances the French King: who choosing unto them xiiij others, did challenge to runne at the tylt, and fight at the turney and barrier with all commers. The chalengers were, the King of England, the King of France, the Duke of Suffolke, the Marquis Dorcet, Sir William Kingston, Sir Richard Jernegan, Master Nicholas Carew, and Master Anthonie Knevet, with their assistants, Sir Rowland and Sir Giles Capell: with these were so manie other French Gentlemen, as made up the number aforesaid.

"For defenders, thether came Monsieur de Vandosme, the Earl of Devonshire, and the Lord Edmond Howard; everie of the bringing in a faire band of knights well armed.

"This most noble challenge of these two mightie Kings, accompanied with xiiij other knights, of either nation seven, they caused to bee proclaimed by Norrey King of Armes, in England, and France, Germanie, Anno 12, Hen. 8."

The fifth book relates principally to the orders and degrees of knighthood both English and foreign, with the origins of their creation, and engravings of the collars and other insignia respectively appertaining to each. J. H. M.

ART. XIX. *Ideas Mirrour Amours in quatorzains. Che suve é tace assai domanda.* * *At London:*

* The extreme rarity of this publication renders a farther account desirable, and also more copious extracts. It appears wholly unknown to Herbert, and to all the biographers of Drayton. *Editr.*

Printed by James Roberts for Nicholas Linge, Anno 1594, with an allegorical engraving. 4*to. pp.* 51.

These stanzas unnoticed by Ritson in his Bibl. Poet. and omitted in the folio edition of his works, are one of the numerous productions of Michael Drayton, and dedicated by him, in a poetical address of fourteen lines, "to the deere chyld of the Muses, and his ever kind Mecænas, Ma. Anthony Cooke, Esq." which he concludes in the following manner.

"Yet there mine owne, I wrong not other men,
Nor trafique further then thys happy clyme;
Nor fylch from *Portes* * nor from *Petrarch's* pen,
A fault too common in thys latter tyme.
Divine Syr Phillip I avouch thy writ,
I am no pickpurse of another's wit.
Yours devoted M. Drayton."

J. H. M.

Art. XX. *Andrew Stuart's Letters to Lord Mansfield,* 1773. See p. 194.

Art. XXI. *The Case of Archibald Douglas, Esq. and his Guardians, Appellants against His Grace the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Douglas Hamilton, Sir Hew Dalrymple, and others, Respondents. To be heard at the Bar of the House of Lords on Monday the 16th of January,* 1769.

"——— Cineres atque ossa peremptæ
Insequitur; causas tanti sciat illa furoris."

4*to. pp.* 232.

A friend having communicated to me a copy of Mr. Douglas's Case, as delivered to the House of

* Portes, an early French poet, had borrowed freely from the Italian. *Editor.*

Lords,

Lords, I think it a duty to give it due consideration, before I proceed in my remarks on Mr. Stuart's Letters. But having only received this copy on the 11th day of the present month, and finding it impossible to peruse properly its multifarious matter in sufficient time to give the result in the present Number, I am induced to transcribe, as a curiosity, its complicated contents.

"CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION. Containing the plan and arrangement of the Case.

PART I. BOOK I.

Of the Competition.

Chap. 1. Of the competition for the estate of *Douglas*, and history of the ancient settlements.

—— 2. Of the settlements in favour of *Lady Jane Douglas*, by her father and brother.

—— 3. Of the undue means used to set *Lady Jane* at variance with her brother, and the settlements in consequence thereof.

—— 4. Of the means whereby the falsehoods raised to Lady Jane's prejudice were detected, and the Duke undeceived.

—— 5. Of the Duke of Douglas's conduct, after being satisfied of the falsehood of these reports to his sister's prejudice.

—— 6. The Duke revokes the settlement in favour of the family of *Hamilton*, and executes an entail of the estate in favour of the Defenders.

—— 7. Mr. *Douglas* served heir to his uncle, and the claims of the Duke of *Hamilton* and the Earl of *Selkirk* to the estate dismissed, and Mr. Douglas preferred.

PART I. BOOK II.

Chap. 1. Of the Pursuer's motives and interest in prosecuting this action.
—— 2. Of Mr. Andrew Stuart's enquiries, whereupon the present action was founded.
—— 3. Of Mr. Andrew Stuart's conduct in making enquiries.
—— 4. Of the Tournelle process.
—— 5. Of the procedure in the Court of Session upon the Reduction; and in the Tournelle process; and of the Monitoire.
—— 6. The Pursuer's conduct in France, after the Interlocutors of the Court of Session.

PART II. BOOK I.

The Narrative.

The Narrative: or General History of Lady Jane Douglas's habite, capacity of bearing children, marriage, pregnancy, delivery, and treatment of her children.

PART II. BOOK II.

Of the onus probandi.

Chap. 1. Of the form of the argument as stated by the Pursuers.
—— 2. Of the Division of the Question.
—— 3. Of the evidence requisite to prove possession of State.
—— 4 Of the effect of proving possession of State.
—— 5. Of the further presumptions which the case affords in favour of the Defender.

PART III. BOOK I.

Of Lady Jane's capacity to conceive.

Chap. 1. General observations on this part of the proof.
—— 2. Of Lady Jane's miscarriage at Rheims.

PART III. BOOK II.

Of Lady Jane's pregnancy.

Chap. 1. Of the motives assigned for Lady Jane's assuming pregnancy.
—— 2. Of Lady Jane's not appearing pregnant.
—— 3. Proof of Lady Jane's pregnancy.

PART III. BOOK III.

Objections to the proof of pregnancy.

PART III. BOOK IV.

Conduct during the pregnancy.

Chap. 1. Pregnancy said to be assumed after March the first.
—— 2. Of the purpose to settle at or near Geneva.
—— 3. Lady Jane's reason for not staying at Aix.
—— 4. Conduct at Liege.
—— 5. Lady Jane's appearance of pregnancy at Liege said to be affected.
—— 6. Conduct at Rheims.
—— 7. Of the leaving the maids at Rheims.
—— 8. Of Sir *John's* supply of money from Mr. Andrieux.
—— 9. Of the journey from Aix to Paris, and Mr. Maillefer's Letter to Godefroi.

Chap. 10. Of Lady Jane's being deceived by false symptoms of pregnancy on having miscarried.

PART IV. BOOK I.

The alibi at Godefroi's.

Chap. 1. Of the falsehood that *Sir John Stewart's* name was written with his own hand in *Michel's* Police-Book, and the use made of it.

—— 2. Of the first attempt to impute to Sir John and his family a double abode at *Michel's* and *Godefroi's*.

—— 3. Of the attempt to prove the entry at Michel's on the 8th of July, 1748, by suppressing *Michel's* book, which failed on some perjury being discovered.

—— 4. Of the pursuer's attempt to prove, after this, that Sir John and his family remained at *Godefroi's* from the 4th to the 14th of July.

—— 5. Observations upon the memory, which the Godefrois are supposed to have of the persons of their guests.

—— 6. Observations from the evidence which is supposed to arise from Godefroi's book.

—— 7. Observations upon the assistance, which Godefroi's memory is said to have from books.

—— 8. Answers to the pursuer's observations, that the contents of the two accounts make them applicable to Sir John and his family.

—— 9. Observations upon the memory of the Godefrois combined with their books.

—— 10. Observations on the claim on the remarkable truth, uniformity, and impartiality of the Godefrois.

PART IV. BOOK II.

Of the taking away Mignon's child.

Chap. 1. Observations on the witnesses, and the manner of obtaining them.

—— 2. The *Mignons* were induced by promises and other ways, to believe themselves parties in the suit; and perjured themselves in support of what they believed their own cause.

—— 3. The *Mignons* sold their child, and were therefore under the necessity of inventing falsehoods at the time of the *Enlevement* to cover their original crime.

—— 4. The original account by the *Mignons* of the manner of losing their child, totally different from that invented since the *Monitoire*.

—— 5. Of the age of *Mignon's* child when he was carried off.

—— 6. Of the persons who carried off *Mignon's* child.

—— 7. *Mignon's* child was totally unlike Mr. Douglas in size, strength, complexion, &c.

—— 8. Of the dress of Mr. Douglas, founded on by the pursuers.

PART IV. BOOK III.

Of the taking away Sanry's child.

Chap. 1. General remarks on this case.

—— 2. Of the time of *Sir John's* journey to Paris, in Nov. 1749; his stay at Paris and return.

—— 3. The pursuer's first system was, that Sir *John* and Lady *Jane*, arrived at Paris about the 18th of Nov. and took a double abode, as in

July 1748; that they staid nine days at Paris, and returned about the beginning of December.

Chap. 4. Colonel *Stewart* of Ardshiel claimed one of the lodgings; and the rest of this system overturned by the discovery of a Letter from Sir *John* to Mad. Andrieux.

—— 5. Time of the *Enlevement*.

—— 6. Of the Record of Police, taken from widow *Selle's Livre de l'Inspecteur*.

—— 7. Last hypothesis of the pursuers, as to the time of the *Enlevement*.

—— 8. Circumstances with regard to the person of *Duvernè*, and the ladies who were with him, and the child which *Sanry* lost.

Part IV. Book IV.

Lady Jane's situation and conduct at Michel's.

Chap. 1. General observations.

—— 2. Lady Jane arrived at *Michel's* on the 20th of July.

—— 3. Lady Jane's state of health at *Michel's*.

—— 4. It was known at *Michel's* that Lady Jane had been delivered of twins, recently before her arrival there, and that she was visited by the surgeon or accoucheur.

—— 5. Lady Jane's pretended journey to St. Germain the 21st of July, and the manner of bringing the defender to *Michel's*.

N. B. The next chapter is by mistake, the ninth, and the others follow it through this book.

—— 9. Of the pretended jaunt to *Versailles*.

Chap.

Chap. 10. Appearance of the child at *Michel's.*

—— 11. Pretended contradictions between Sir *John* and Mrs. *Hewit* in the account of nurses.

—— 12. Lady Jane's appearance at *Dammartin* and *Rheims.*

PART V. BOOK I.

Evidence of the delivery.

Chap. 1. General observations on the evidence of the delivery.

—— 2. Of Sir John, Lady Jane, and Mrs. Hewit's accounts of the delivery, and of *Sholto* the youngest child.

—— 3. Of the discovery of Messrs. *Menager* and *Gilles* at Paris, and the accounts they gave of a delivery performed by Monsr. *La Marre.*

—— 4. Of the pursuer's conversations with *Francis La Marre* and the widow of *Pierre La Marre.*

—— 5. Of the first discovery of nurse *Garnier*, and the testimony of her and her husband, and of Mad. *Boucault.*

N. B. The next chapter is by mistake the seventh instead of the sixth, and so on.

—— 7. Observations on the pursuer's attempt to disprove the circumstances attending the delivery.

—— 8. Difference in the name betwixt the *Pierre La Marre* mentioned by Sir *John*, and the person mentioned by the witnesses.

—— 9. *La Marre* was skilful in his practice as *accoucheur*; and the *accouchement* mentioned by *Menager*, &c was not anterior to 1748.

—— 10. The objections to *Menager.*

—— 11. Of the entry in Lady Jane's pocket book.

PART

PART V. BOOK II.

Objections to La Marre considered.

Chap. 1. *La Marre's* Letters.
—— 2. Of Sir *John's* declaration with respect to *La Marre.*

PART V. BOOK III.

Objections to Le Brun considered.

Chap. 1. Of the means used to discover Madame *Le Brun.*
—— 2. Of the records of police.
—— 3. Records of capitation.
—— 4. Persons of the name of *Le Brun* in the records of capitation.

PART V. BOOK IV.

Objections to Garnier and Sholto considered.

Chap. 1. Of *Garnier's* place of residence.
—— 2. Of Lady Jane's not visiting *Sholto.*
—— 3. The condition of the child nursed by *Garnier,* and the time at which he was nursed.
—— 4. Objections to the testimony of Mad. *Garnier.*

PART V. BOOK V.

Letters of the 10th of July, from which the pursuers infer, that no delivery happened that day.

PART VI. BOOK I.

Objections to the conduct of the parents after the birth.

Chap. 1. Of the letters dated from *Rheims.*
—— 2. Of Sir *John's* avoiding the company of the British people at *Paris* in July 1748.

Chap.

Chap. 3. Of letters wrote on the 23d of July.
—— 4. Of the first accounts from Scotland, and their conduct in consequence thereof.
—— 5. Of the conduct of Sir John and Lady Jane after they came to England.
—— 6. Of Lady Jane and Sir John's affection to their children, and the pursuer's argument upon it.
—— 7. Of the death of Lady Jane Douglas, Sir John Stewart, and Mrs. Hewit."

Such are the voluminous materials of one side only of this case. If any kind correspondent or reader will lend me the printed case on the other side, (by sending it for me to *Mr. Bensley's*) I shall feel much obliged; as I am unwilling now to proceed without having seen that also. It appears by this case that the accusations were mutual, and that in that respect they resemble too much the principal employment of the present speakers on both sides in the House of Commons! On which side the accusations were most founded, the progress of this inquiry will endeavour to determine.

July 13, 1807.

ART. XXII. *Lives of Modern Poets.*

No. VI.

WILLIAM MASON, A. M.

FEW men cultivated the Muse, or prosecuted literary pursuits, under more auspicious and favourable circumstances than the subject of this memoir: exempt from

from pecuniary embarrassments, not perplexed with domestic inquietude, nor afflicted with corporeal ailments, the blessings, that this world affords, were offered to his acceptance with a liberal hand, and at the same time he possessed the inestimable gifts of taste, and a true relish for their enjoyment.

It appears somewhat surprising, and has doubtless been lamented by many, that amongst the numerous biographical treasures which within the last ten years have issued from the press, a *distinct memoir* of this exalted character (whose talents were equalled only by his virtues) should not have been hitherto published. To some few of his numerous admirers the following brief particulars relative to his life and writings, may not prove unacceptable.

WILLIAM MASON was born in the year 1725; his father, a clergyman of great respectability, held the vicarage of the Holy Trinity in Kingston upon Hull. Of the early part of his education, little is known; having been admitted of St. John's College, Cambridge, he took his first degree in 1745; from thence he removed to Pembroke Hall, of which society he was elected a Fellow in 1747; the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him two years afterwards, when he first distinguished himself as a poet, by an Ode on the Installation of the Duke of Newcastle, as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. One of his next poetical productions was Isis, an elegy, which occasioned an answer from Thomas Warton, in that noble poem entitled "The Triumph of Isis,"* in which that cele-

* It is rather singular that these two poems were the first means of drawing their respective authors into *public* notice.

brated

brated writer endeavoured to rescue his favourite place of residence from the imputations cast upon it by his formidable rival. Mason's fame was however speedily secured by the publication of his drama of Elfrida in the year 1752; this was followed, after a short interval, by Caractacus, (wherein some of his finest odes were inserted,) but of these we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. In the year 1754 he took holy orders, and was fortunate enough to obtain the patronage of the Earl of Holdernesse, who procured for him an appointment of chaplain to his Majesty, and presented him with the valuable and beautiful rectory of Aston in Yorkshire, which he rendered, in the course of a few years, a most desirable residence, his taste successfully adopting that theory, which he recommended by the beauties of poesy in "The English Garden." Previous to his leaving college, Mason was fortunate enough to attract the attention of Gray by his imitations of L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, and from the congeniality of their pursuits and dispositions, a friendship was speedily contracted which terminated only in the decease of the latter in 1771. This circumstance exhibits, in an eminent degree, that warmth and fervour of affection which characterized Mason through life; he regarded the genius of Gray with an enthusiasm "bordering upon idolatry." And upon the melancholy event of his decease, he took upon himself the office of his biographer and the editor of such part of his works as were in a state fit for publication.* The Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray were compiled in a manner at that time

* Gray bequeathed to him the whole of his library and MSS.

unprecedented

unprecedented, but which has been successfully imitated by later biographers in the respective Lives of Cowper, Sir William Jones, Beattie, and others. For adopting this plan, (which originated in a wish of incorporating in regular succession, such part of Mr. Gray's own correspondence as illustrated his literary and private life) Mason assigns the following judicious reasons.

"The method in which I have arranged the foregoing papers has, I trust, one degree of merit, that it makes the reader so well acquainted with the man himself as to render it totally unnecessary to conclude the whole with his character: if I am mistaken in this point I have been a compiler to little purpose; and I chose to be this rather than a biographer, that I might do the more justice to the virtues and genius of my friend. I might have written his life in the common form, perhaps, with more reputation to myself, but surely not with equal information to the reader, for whose sake, I have never related a single circumstance of Mr. Gray's Life in *my own* words, when I could employ *his* for the purpose."

The connecting narrative, which thus alone fell to Mason's share, was executed by him in a manner highly creditable to his talents, and howsoever objectionable the plan may be in some respects, the work not only conferred honour upon the taste and feelings of the author, but placed the character and genius of his friend in a most favourable point of view.

Besides the church preferment which we have mentioned Mason to have obtained in the early part of his life, he was appointed Canon Residentiary and Precentor of the Cathedral of York. For the latter office, which

which he discharged with unwearied attention and ability, he was peculiarly qualified from his accurate knowledge of the science of music, and the warm affection he felt towards it, of which he evinced a very sufficient proof in the interesting "Essays, historical and critical, on English Church Music," which he published in a 12mo vol. shortly previous to his decease. He was likewise a composer of cathedral music; and one of his anthems is held in the highest esteem from the psalmodic simplicity, which it possesses throughout. The invention of the piano-forte has also been ascribed to him. Of the sister art of painting he was a professed admirer, which no doubt actuated him towards the translation of Fresnoy's exquisite Latin poem; a work in which purity and elegance of style, and beauty of versification, are eminently conspicuous. Its intrinsic value was indeed considerably enhanced by the valuable notes with which Sir Jos. Reynolds illustrated the text. It first appeared in a 4to. vol. about the year 1783, and has since been incorporated with the works of that eminent painter.

In 1772 he published the first book of his "English Garden," a didactic and descriptive poem in blank verse, of which the fourth and concluding book was printed in 1781. The purpose of this book was to recommend, by the charms of poetry, the modern system of natural, or landscape, gardening, which the writer adheres to with all the rigour of exclusive taste. The versification of the poem is formed upon the best models, and the description is, in many parts, rich and vivid; but a general air of stiffness, and the dry minuteness of the preceptive part, prevented it from attaining any considerable degree of popularity." *

* General Biog. Vol. VI. p. 623.

Some

Some years previous to this period Mason married a lovely and most amiable woman, the daughter of William Sherman, Esq. of Kingston upon Hull, with whom he enjoyed the most perfect human happiness; too short, alas! for their union was speedily dissolved by her premature decease, at the early age of twenty-eight. This alliance will be remembered as long as a true relish for poetical simplicity continues, from the pathetic and beautiful lines which his affection prompted him to inscribe upon her tomb in the cathedral of Bristol. He has also expressed his feelings at this afflicting circumstance, upon another occasion, with his accustomed elegance, in the Introduction to the English Garden, wherein he observes, that his principal stimulus to composition was

> "——————— to sooth
> That agony of heart, which they alone,
> Who best have lov'd, who best have been belov'd,
> Can feel or pity."

He survived her near thirty years; his own death was occasioned by a hurt received in stepping from a carriage, which producing a mortification, carried him off in the month of April, 1797, in the seventy-second year of his age—bequeathing a name to posterity not more distinguished for exemplary worth and philanthropy, than for brilliancy of genius and talents, correctness of taste, and the most consummate skill and excellence as a writer. A monument was some few years since erected to his memory in the Poet's Corner, adjoining to that of Gray. The design is well executed by the late Mr. Bacon, and represents a figure of Poetry holding a medallion of the deceased, whose

loss

loss she is deploring. The inscription commemorates little more than his name and the day of his death.

Such are the lineaments of the life of Mason, which, like those of other distinguished literary characters, was principally devoted to a learned retirement, and is consequently destitute of any very striking incidents; if we except one period of it, * when he took an active and zealous part in the political occurrences of the day, and upon the expulsion of Mr. Wilkes from the House of Commons, became a supporter of the Bill of Rights. Although it does not appear that he approved of the conduct of that gentleman, yet he joined the Yorkshire freeholders in a petition to the throne that Parliament should be dissolved. Some years afterwards, when a popular clamour was raised for a more equal distribution of the elective power, he likewise distinguished himself, and assisted in the drawing up those highly spirited resolutions, for which the Yorkshire committee became celebrated. His behaviour upon these public occasions having subjected him to the censure of some of his clerical brethren, he published a defence of his political proceedings, and afterwards received the thanks of the committee "for having stood forth a firm friend to the true interests of his country." His subsequent conduct however sufficiently evinced the warmth of his attachment to the British Constitution, by deserting his former associates at the commencement of the French Revolution, whereby he laid himself open to the attacks of the jacobin journalists, who traduced his character in a very indecorous and shameful manner.

* About the year 1769.

As a dramatic writer his tragedies of Elfrida and Caractacus place him in a high situation. These plays, in which he aimed at the revival of the Greek chorus, were decidedly intended by the author for *perusal* only, and by no means for PUBLIC REPRESENTATION, against which, many obvious reasons present themselves. It has been well observed, "that the chorus is so evidently an appendage of the infant and imperfect state of the drama, and so manifestly injurious to the developement of plot, and the display of passion, that a pedantic attachment to the ancients, could alone suggest its revival." This well-founded objection, however, should not warp our minds against duly appreciating the incomparable beauties with which each abounds; of their respective merits it may be observed, that if Elfrida is more highly finished, Caractacus conveys the most interest; with the former we are captivated by the uncommon sweetness and elegance of the language, with the latter our feelings are roused by the eventful history it pourtrays, and by beholding the union of virtue and fortitude in suffering heroism. In short, the mind is pleased with the one; it is elevated and enlarged with the other. Mr. Gray, in a letter to one of his correspondents, gives the following just opinion upon this subject. "I am equally pleased with the great applause he (Count Algarotti) bestows on Mr. Mason; and particularly on Caractacus, which is the work of a man, whereas Elfrida is only that of a boy, a promising boy indeed, and of no common genius, yet this is the popular performance, and the other little known in comparison."

As a poet the name of Mason has generally accompanied

panied that of Gray "as a modern competitor for the lyrical laurel;" and when we consider the high degree of culture which his talents had received, and the warm admiration with which he regarded the compositions of his friend, it is scarcely to be wondered that he should look up to a model of such distinguished excellence, and pursue a similar path to fame. Of his shorter compositions his elegies claim the principal share of our attention; they are, on many accounts, more gratifying to the general reader, from the redundancy of ornament, and "glittering imagery" being restricted, with which his more laboured odes are clothed in such lavish profusion. Of these, the one upon the Death of the Countess of Coventry, is probably entitled to the highest degree of commendation; not only from the elegance of style, which prevails throughout, but from the author's impressive reasoning on the doctrine of a future state, exhibiting in an eminent degree the piety and virtue of his mind. Indeed, the whole of Mason's writings are characterized by the most admirable strains of morality, not a line occurring, but "that a virgin without blush may read."

We are also enabled in this, and other of his elegies, to judge of the pathos and elegance, and the general smoothness and beautiful effect to which his versification had arrived. "The Description of Female Beauty," observes Dr. Aikin, "with which the above named poem commences, is wrought to a polished brilliancy, that Pope himself could not have surpassed."

"Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprise,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes!

Each look each motion wak'd a new-born grace,
That o'er her form its transient glory cast;
Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last."

I cannot better conclude these desultory observations, than with the following animated and appropriate lines (extracted from the Pursuits of Literature, p. 358, 6th edit.)

"But whence that groan? no more Britannia sleeps,
But o'er her lost Musæus bends and weeps.
Lo! every Grecian, every British Muse,
Scatters the recent flowers and gracious dews,
Where Mason lies; he sure their influence felt,
And in his breast each soft affection dwelt,
That Love and Friendship know; each sister art,
With all that colours and that sounds impart;
All that the sylvan theatre can grace,
All in the soul of Mason *found their place.*"

A cotemporary poet, of high reputation, (the Rev. Mr. Gisborne) also expressed his feelings upon the death of Mason in an elegy of great pathos and beauty.

M.

ART. XXIII. MRS. CHAPONE. *

Mrs. CHAPONE was descended from the ancient family of Mulso of Twywell in Northamptonshire. Hester, daughter of Thomas Mulso, of Twywell, Esq.

* This article is principally compiled from her *Posthumous Works* containing her Letters to Mrs. Carter, &c. in two vols. small 8vo. just published by her own family.

by

by a sister of John Thomas, D. D. Bishop of Winchester, was born October 27, 1727. She had four brothers, of whom Thomas, the eldest, was a barrister, and author of *Callistus, or the Man of Fashion, and Sophronius; or The Country Gentleman, in three Dialogues*, 1768, 8vo. and died Feb. 7, 1799, aged 78; and John, the second, having been educated at Winchester, from which seminary he came off third upon the roll, when Collins, the poet, was first, and Joseph Warton, the second, was afterwards Prebendary of Winton and Salisbury, and died 1791.

Miss Mulso's education was somewhat neglected, for which she made amends by her own exertions. She was not handsome; but she was full of sensibility, and energy; of quick apprehension, and attractive manners. At an early age she lost her mother, who had been too much of a beauty, and too much of an invalid, to attend to her instruction. From this period she dedicated her time to self-improvement, and made herself mistress of the French and Italian languages, and even attained some knowledge of the Latin. But she displayed not merely the talent of memory; she discovered a very strong power of discrimination and judgment. Her fancy and warm feelings made her delight in poetry; her sound sense gave her a love of philosophy.

Her admiration of genius made her an early worshipper of Sam. Richardson, to whom she yet could not surrender up her opinions; and with whom she entered into an able correspondence on the subject of filial obedience. When this correspondence, which is now published, took place, she had not completed

her twenty-third year. Her Letters display much ability, and strength and clearness of mind. At this period she passed part of her time in Mr. Richardson's society; and here she met, and conceived a mutual affection for, Mr. Chapone, a young gentleman of the law, her future husband: though some years elapsed before the marriage took place. In the interval she lived with her father; while her society was widely sought, and her accomplishments were generally acknowledged. Her maternal uncle was then Bishop of Peterborough; and her aunt the wife of Dr. Donne, a Prebendary of Canterbury, residing much at that Cathedral, she paid frequent visits to those places, and at the latter, became acquainted with the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, who was a frequent guest in the house of Dr. Lynch, the Dean.

Her correspondence with Mrs. Carter appears to have commenced in Sept. 1749. An Ode, which she wrote at this time, appears to have procured Mrs. Carter's high praise. It seems that thus early these friends had a good-natured controversy regarding the merits of Richardson, whom Mrs. Carter blamed for his prolixity and minuteness. A specimen of one of these letters deserves insertion.

Miss Mulso to Miss Carter.

"And so, my dear Miss Carter, you would have me give you an account of the new work in which Mr. Richardson is engaged; this poor, puzzling, story-telling Mr. Richardson! But notwithstanding your naughty raillery, I will not punish you so severely as to forestal, and thereby lessen the pleasure you will receive

receive when this new work is finished, though, perhaps, you may think it tedious. For my own part, I cannot give it a higher commendation than to say I think it will be, if possible, superior to Clarissa; yet I must own to you I don't believe it will be short. Indeed I am a little surprised that you, who are impatient with Mr. Richardson's prolixity, should ever descend to the most tedious as well as unedifying kind of reading in the world; I mean a romance. I make no scruple to call romances the worst of all species of writing; unnatural representations of the passions, false sentiments, false precepts, false wit, false honour, and false modesty, with a strange heap of improbable, unnatural incidents mixed up with true history, and fastened upon some of the great names of antiquity, make up the composition of a romance; at least of such as I have read, which have been mostly French ones. Then the prolixity and poverty of the style is insupportable. I have, (and yet I am still alive) drudged through *Le Grand Cyrus*, in 12 huge volumes; *Cleopatra*, in 8 or 10; *Polexander*; *Ibrahim*; *Clelie*; and some others, whose names, as well as all the rest of them, I have forgotten; but this was in the days, when I did not chuse my own books, for there was no part of my life in which I loved romances. Perhaps those of Cervantes may be out of the common way; I should hardly think it possible for him to write a book which had not in it something admirable; and yet I think there are one or two very paltry novels in his Don Quixote."

Extract from another Letter, Sept. 9, 1750.

"I am reading Dr. Young's *Night Thoughts*; I must own, with great labour both of mind and tongue.

Every word you say against *my* Mr. Richardson, I will revenge myself for upon *your* Dr. Young. Yet I admire his thoughts, and revere him as a philosopher and a man; only I cannot help lamenting that he should have blundered so egregiously as to fancy himself a poet. Sure never was sense so entangled in briers as his! Instead of the flowers of language, his thoughts are wrapt up in thorns and thistles. I am sure it has cost me much toil and pain to untwist them; and to say the truth, I like them as I do gooseberries, well enough when they are picked for me, but not well enough to gather them. Yet, upon the strength of your recommendation, I think I am resolved to go through with them though my tongue is already sore; for you must know I always read aloud here. If ever you read one of his *Nights* aloud, pity my tongue! But in good earnest don't you think he should have left off with the Fourth Night? which I own is very fine. Don't you think the fifth and sixth sink terribly after it? I am afraid you will despise me for speaking thus of your favourite *author*, and, to appease you, I will own that I think he has many extreme fine thoughts, and some few fine lines; but his numbers are in general so much the reverse of tuneful, and his language so affectedly obscure, nay, in some places so absolutely unintelligible to me, that I think upon the whole of what I have read (that is of the first Six Nights) I cannot admire the work; but have been oftener disgusted and tired with it than pleased."

In the next letter, she adds: "In justice to myself, that you may not think me absolutely tasteless, I think I should tell you that I have lately read Dr. Young's *Universal Passion*, and am ready to retract all I said against

against him as a poet, and confine my saucy censures entirely to that single performance of his, which I cannot reconcile myself to, the Night Thoughts. I think the four first satires equal to any of Pope's. Those upon Women, are, in my opinion, much inferior to the others, which I hope may be accounted for to the credit of the sex. I am grieved to take notice of that servile flattery, which you so justly condemn in Doctor Young, and which is so unworthy of his character. It could never have appeared in a more shocking light than as it is introduced in a work, in which the author seems to be got above the world, and almost above humanity."

In the letter which follows, she condemns Fielding's *Amelia* with considerable force; and supports her observations ably against Mrs. Carter's defence of that work. Her criticism appears to me so just, and so powerfully stated, that I think it a duty to transcribe it.

Letter X.

"I am extremely obliged to you for gratifying my curiosity with your reasons for speaking so favourably of *Amelia*, though, at the same time, I am not a little mortified to find that I cannot assent to all you say. I am afraid I have less mercy in my disposition than you, for I cannot think with so much lenity of the character of Booth; which, though plainly designed as an amiable one by the author, is, in my opinion, contemptible and wicked. "'Rather frail than wicked!' Dear Miss Carter! that is what I complain of, that Fielding contrives to gloss over gross and monstrous faults in such a manner, that even his virtuous readers shall call them frailties. How bad may be the consequence

quence of such representations, to those who are interested in the deception, and glad to find that their favourite vices are kept in countenance by a character, which is designed to engage the esteem and good wishes of the reader. Had I not reason to accuse the author of 'softening or hiding the deformity of vice,' when infidelity, adultery, gaming, and extravagance, (the three last accompanied with all the aggravation that the excellence of a wife and the distress of a young family could give them) are so gently reproved even by Miss Carter? 'His amour with Miss Mathews,' you say, 'however blameable, was attended with some alleviating circumstances:' what these were, I am unable to discover. I think none but an abandoned heart, incapable of the least delicacy, and lost to the love of virtue and abhorrence of vice, could have entertained any thoughts but of horror and detestation for that fiend of a woman, after hearing her story. Consider too the circumstances they both were in; Miss Mathews uncertain whether her life was not to atone for her crime; Booth in the deepest distress; his Amelia and her children left helpless and miserable; a gaol the scene of their amour! What a mind must that be, which in such circumstances could find itself under any temptation from the person of a woman whose crimes were so shocking, whose disposition was so hateful, and whose shameless advances were so disgusting! How mean was his submitting to owe obligations to her! Indeed I do think him a very wretched fellow, and I should not have cared sixpence, had the book ended with his being hanged. In poetical justice I almost think he should have been so. Poor Amelia would have been rid of a good-for-nothing husband,

husband, whose folly and wickedness gave her continual distress. Dr. Harrison would have taken her and her children home with him, where I will suppose she spent her life in great tranquillity, after having recovered her fortune. Have I not made a fine catastrophe? Now are you quite angry with me? I think I hear you call me, 'cruel, bloody-minded wretch!' Well then, in complaisance to your tenderness, I will suffer him to live, but indeed I cannot suffer him to be a favoured character; I can't help despising him, and wondering that Amelia did not do so too. I agree with you entirely in what you say of the mixture of virtues and faults, which make up the generality of characters, and I am also apt to believe, that the virtues have most commonly the predominant share; but if this is the case in real life, Mr. Fielding's representation of it is not just; for in most of his characters the vices predominate. Dr. Harrison, Amelia, and the honest Serjeant are, indeed, exceptions; Booth himself I cannot allow to be one, for I do not find that he had any virtues equivalent to his faults. Good nature, when it is merely constitutional, and has no principle to support it, can hardly be reckoned a virtue, and you see that in him it was not strong enough to keep him from injuring and distressing those he loved best, when temptation came in his way. His regard to his wife's honour may be attributed to his love; at best it is but a negative goodness, and only proves him not a monster. I cannot help believing that Fielding has a very low opinion of human nature, and that his writings tend to enforce it on his readers; and I own I am always offended with writers of that cast. What end can it serve to persuade men they are Yahoos, but to make them

them act agreeably to that character, and despair of attaining a better! Is it not the common plea of wicked men that they follow nature? Whereas they have taken pains to debauch and corrupt their nature, and have by degrees reconciled it to crimes, that simple, uncorrupted nature would start at."

In 1753 Miss Mulso, encouraged by the importunity of her friends, sent the story of Fidelia to the *Adventurer*, which forms N°. 77, 78, and 79, of that work. On the publication of Mrs. Carter's Epictetus, 1758, an Ode by Miss Mulso was prefixed to it.

In 1760 she married Mr. Chapone: but this union was of short duration, by the death of her husband, who, in about ten months, was seized with a violent fever, which soon terminated fatally, Sept. 1761. This was at once the grave of her affection, and the ruin of her fortune, for her sorrow was aggravated by being left in narrow circumstances, which filled the remainder of her long life with difficulties. This deep stroke upon her happiness was followed by an alarming illness, which for a short time seemed to threaten her own life.

In 1762 she became acquainted with Mrs. Montagu, by means of Mrs. Carter; and cultivated an intimacy which continued till the death of the former, whom she did not long survive. Of this lady's *Essay on Shakespeare* Mrs. Chapone thus speaks. "I am struck with beauties in every line, but do not recollect being struck with any faults, except those of the printer. I do most sincerely think it as elegant and brilliant a composition as I ever read; and what particularly charms me is the fund of good sense and sound judgment it shews, in the midst of that profusion of wit, which

which in other works so often serves to cover a deficiency of good sense. I am told the world has been much distrest to find out the author, and has given it to some of the first wits of the other sex, little inclined to attribute the honour of it to ours. But I flatter myself it begins to be whispered all round the town; for I can't bear the thought of its being kept a secret."

Letter LI. Sept. 21, 1770, (or 1771.) "I have read Mrs. Scott's* *Life of D'Aubigné* with much pleasure, and think the style much superior to any thing else I have seen of hers. I fancy she had some assistance in that article. How surprising it is that Sully should mention so great a man as D'Aubigné so seldom, and with such contempt! Never taking notice of any of his exploits, and speaking of him as a man remarkable only for sedition and slander! How constantly is great vanity accompanied by envy! I always thought Sully abounded in the former, but did not know before that he was so strongly tinctured by the latter. I do not condemn Henry for not loving D'Aubigné; for certainly with all his geat qualities, he was inexcusably insolent to the King, and shewed no personal regard for him, nor good will to monarchy. His zeal was confined to the Huguenot party; for I cannot place it all to the account of religion. Had the free exercise of that been all they aimed at, the edict of Nantz would have quieted them, and we should not have seen D'Aubigné concurring in an attempt to rekindle the war which had so nearly destroyed his

* Sister to Mrs. Montagu. See CENS. LIT. Vol. I. p. 293.

country,

country, as soon as the weakness of administration afforded an opportunity for it. I think him therefore no true patriot, though a zealous religionist. His history is however entertaining, and characters interesting. I hope the work meets with applause in the world."

In 1770 Mrs. Chapone accompanied Mrs. Montagu on a tour into Scotland. In 1772 she wrote her *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind*; and published them the following year. She thus speaks of them in a letter, dated July 20, 1773. "I am much obliged by the kind interest you take in the success of my publication, which has indeed been far beyond my expectation. The bookseller is preparing a second edition with all haste, the whole of the first being gone out of his hands, which considering that he printed off 1500 at first, is an extraordinary quick sale," &c.

Dec. 14, 1773. "Poor Dr. Hawksworth! His death happened at an ill time for his fame, and one cannot but wish it had pleased God to take him out of the world before he had cast a shade upon a reputation so very respectable as a moral and religious writer. Many suppose that the censures of the world occasioned his death, but I am not very ready to believe in such kind of causes, which are always assigned upon the remotest probability."

In 1775 Mrs. Chapone published her *Miscellanies in prose and verse*, in one vol. sm. 8vo. and in 1777, her *Letter to a new married Lady*. The following extract from a letter, June 16, 1777, alludes to these: "Many thanks to you, my dear Mrs. Carter, for your most kind letter. I have been very little at home since I received

I received it, or should have been quicker in my acknowledgments; for indeed the great pleasure it conveyed to me, demanded them immediately. I hope there is no harm in being exquisitely gratified by the approbation you are so good as to express on a second reading of my little publications; the hope which you confirm of their being capable of doing some good, has indeed afforded me an inexpressible satisfaction, which, as far as I know my own heart, is not founded in vanity. It appeases, in some measure, that uneasy sense of helplessness and insignificancy in society, which has often depressed and afflicted me; and gives me some comfort with respect to the poor account I can give of 'That one talent, which is death to hide."

At the end of the year 1778, Mrs. Chapone lost her aunt, Mrs. Thomas; and in May 1781, she lost her uncle, the venerable bishop, at the age of 86; but she continued a frequent visitor at the houses of his three daughters, Mrs. Ogle, Mrs. Buller, and Lady Ogle. Death however began now to make great havoc among her relations and friends, particularly the families of Smith and Burrows of Hadley. In 1791 she was deprived of her brother John, at whose residences in Hampshire she was in the habit of spending part of every summer. Severe as were these deprivations in various ways, she sustained them with admirable fortitude.

The autumns of 1797 and 1798 she spent at the deanery of Winchester, where she had the delight of seeing some of her nearest and dearest relations around her. But the clouds of night were now gathering to break no more before her in this world. In 1799 she lost

lost her eldest and only surviving brother; and she had to wear out her few sorrowful days, in narrow circumstances, oppress by age, and separated by the grave from all her fondest connections. Her faculties began to decay, and she sunk into a state of alarming debility. She retired to a small residence at Hadley, where she died on Christmas day, 1801, æt. 74.

Mrs. Chapone was of a lively and sanguine temperament, possessed of humour and sagacity, and knowledge of the world, which made her an entertaining companion, and a sound adviser. Her disposition was kind and amiable, and her principles were excellent.

Mrs. Barbauld* observes, that "her poems, which have the merit of many beautiful thoughts and some original images, seem not to have been sufficiently appreciated by the public; for they were not greatly noticed, owing perhaps to the mode of their publication." It is probable that had Mrs. Chapone exercised her mind more in poetical production, she would not have proved herself deficient in talents for it. But it must be admitted, that what has hitherto appeared, is neither sufficiently striking, nor of sufficient size. The best perhaps is "*An Irregular Ode to Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, who had recommended to me the Stoic philosophy as productive of fortitude; and who was about to publish a Translation of Epictetus.*" This was first published with the Epictetus. The last stanza is forcibly exprest:

"Nor thou, Eliza, who from early youth,
By Genius led, by Virtue train'd,
Hast sought the fountain of eternal truth,
And each fair spring of knowledge drain'd,

* Memoirs of Mrs. Chapone, in Otridge's Annual Register, 1801, p. 390.

Nor

Not thou, with fond chimeras vain,
With Stoic pride, and fancied scorn
Of human feelings, human pain,
My feeble soul sustain!
Far nobler precepts should thy page adorn,
O, rather guide me to the sacred source
Of real wisdom, real force,
Thy life's unerring rule!
To thee fair Truth her radiant form unshrouds,
Tho' wrapp'd in thick impenetrable clouds,
She mark'd the labours of the Grecian school."

ART. XXIV. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral and sentimental Essays.*

N°. XII.

On the scenic representation of the Tragedy of Macbeth.

TO THE RUMINATOR.

SIR,

Much as has been written concerning the mighty powers of Shakspeare, the subject is even now hardly to be considered as exhausted. Lives of that extraordinary author, new editions of his works, with copious and even voluminous commentaries upon them, continue to be published almost in every year; and new matter and new illustrations are received by the public with such avidity, to use his own words,

"As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on."

Far be it from me to dissent from the general opinion; on the contrary, my admiration of the bard, the pride of my country, and perhaps, all circumstances considered, her most original genius—increases with my years. It has grown with my growth; and those humorous, moral, and pathetic scenes which were the delight of my youth, form one of the greatest charms and most attractive pleasures of a time of life not far distant from old age.

It has always appeared to me peculiar to Shakspeare, and a marked distinction between him and all other dramatic writers, that those scenes which appear the finest, and give the highest gratification in the closet, fall short of, and disappoint the expectation on the stage, sometimes even to disgust. Whether the remark has been made before I know not, but probably the sensation must have been often experienced. Other plays, both ancient and modern, are sometimes well represented throughout, and with appropriate scenes and decorations; but I never yet saw a play of Shakspeare, of either muse, which appeared to me to answer the design of the author, or give a just representation of his characters, situations, and scenery. The characters are often ill drest, the situations and scenery misunderstood, the comic parts made serious, and the serious comic.

This was, I presume, the reason why in the noble undertaking of Messrs. Boydell, the painters were directed to divest their minds carefully of every impression left on them, by the representation on the stage of the scenes allotted them to delineate, and to attend to the text of their author only; and, in most instances, they did this very successfully. In general they did not

not disgrace their pieces by the puerile absurdities which on the stage please the upper gallery only. *

Certainly it must be allowed that the good sense and classic imagination of Mr. Kemble has reformed many of the most striking abuses in the manner in which the plays of Shakspeare used to be represented; yet still it seems to me that much remains to be done, and many alterations to be made, before some of the finest dramas of our favourite author can be seen without disgust.

In the tragedy of Macbeth, for instance, (the finest of all Shakspeare's plays, in the opinion of Dr. Farmer, Mr. Steevens, and, perhaps, of all good judges) some of the most striking scenes are so represented as to produce an effect directly the reverse of the author's meaning. In the closet what can be more awfully impressive than the appearance and predictions of the witches? But what is the effect of it on the stage? A parcel of disgusting old women are seen, with long beards, and making grimaces like the clown in a pantomime; and instead of producing horror, or the weighty impression which made Macbeth *start, and seem to fear,* they excite no sensation but bursts of laughter from the galleries, and indignant contempt from all the spectators who have common sense. Surely this might be managed better. Rites supposed to be supernatural should not be brought forward in too strong a light. Let the witches and their cauldron be at the bottom of the stage, and be just visible through a mist

* Yet that great painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his celebrated picture of the death of Cardinal Beaufort, has embodied *the busy meadling fiend* on the Cardinal's pillow. A useful hint to managers, as it would have a pretty as well as novel effect on the stage.

or cloud. Let their voices be heard, but their forms only dimly and imperfectly seen; there will then be some scope for the imagination and the scenic allusion will not be so violently destroyed.

The same observations are applicable to the different apparitions which they shew to Macbeth, all which, to produce any effect on the mind, should be seen only in an imperfect and undefined manner; such, for instance, as the view of the haunted chamber in the popular opera of Bluebeard.

But still worse is the appearance of the ghost of Banquo managed. No stretch or power of fancy can make it seem supernatural. Brought forward in all the glare of light on the very front of the stage, with his whitened face, staring eyes, and bloody throat, it is impossible to suppose that the other guests do not see it as well as Macbeth. The good sense of Garrick, I think, banished the airy dagger; and is not the ghost of Banquo the same? Had the poet any other meaning than to shew the power and influence of conscience on the mind? Why then should one be represented to the spectators more than the other? Surely the effect would be much more striking, if the chair which Macbeth fancies full were in reality left empty; for it would then plainly appear to be the effect only of his wounded conscience, which would give, as the poet designed, an awful and affecting lesson; whereas now the ghost excites more laughter than terror. If he must appear, let him at least be exiled to the bottom of the stage, and be hid in some degree by the table and the guests. Unless I mistake, his appearance was once omitted, and the gallery critics insisted on seeing their favourite again. Something must certainly be allowed

to

to the populace. but Mr Kemble's character is so high that he might resist such a disgrace to our national taste; and I think it also so firm that I may apply to him the lines of Horace,

"Nec sumit aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ."

I am, &c. &c. ††.

ART. XXV. *On the fanciful additions to the new Edition of Wells's Geography of the Old Testament.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 177.]

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

When new principles and opinions are started relative to the illustration of the Jewish scriptures and are proposed as certain truths, although in reality they are not only very uncertain, but even apparently chimerical and erroneous, it is then highly expedient, that their unsolid foundations should be pointed out to the public; otherwise their specious appearance may induce many persons to adopt them as true, and the censures due to them may attach, in some degree, even to those scriptures themselves, which are the subject of such chimerical disquisitions. Although then I respect all writers, who propose to instruct mankind, yet the interests of religious truths ought ever to supersede the deference due to those who may mean well, but whose zeal is not according to knowledge. I shall therefore proceed to collect some further proofs of the erroneous nature of those principles on which the editor of Wells's

Geography depends, or at least of the insufficient evidence by which they are attempted to be supported.

Now the type of a coin in his plate 4, fig. 21, exhibits a whole *Bull* accumbent, having an embroidered vestment thrown over his body, and a pot of incense smoking under his nose, with a sun over his head: the editor does not inform us whence this type is taken, or of what city it may have been the symbol, if of any; but he thus explains it at N°. 21 of p. 22. This is "the *Zor Aster*, or sacred bull of Egypt at large, expressly shewing the sun on the head of Taurus; who reclines on the top of a mountain; before him is a pot of perfumes smoking: and he is clad in an embroidered robe, enriched with an *octagon* ornament (in its middle)." Now I am so unfortunate as not to know what he means in calling this representation of a bull, the *Zor-Aster*. Did he mean to refer to the sense, which Scaliger somewhere gives to the name of the Persian philosopher *Zoroaster*, as implying *vivens sydus?* If so, one should suppose, that he considered this bull to be a symbol of the celestial constellation *Taurus*. But, in such case, what connection has it with *the sacred bull of Egypt*, which was no symbol of any celestial constellation, but was only reverenced as a memorial of the utility of oxen in the terrestrial labours of the field, under the names of *Apis* or *Mnevis*, as Diodorus thus informs us—"Tauri sacri, tum qui Apis, tum qui Mnevis vocatur, ut Osiridi dicati sunt, pro diis coluntur—hoc enim animantium genus maxime omnium frumenti inventoribus ad sementem faciendum et utilitates agriculturæ operam commodarat." *lib.* 1. Could one and the same symbol be intended thus to serve the double purpose of representing

ing both a constellation in the heavens and also the laborious terrestrial bull in Egypt? And what have either of them to do with the *top of a mountain*, Mount Taurus, I suppose? Is it meant to be insinuated, that the Egyptians, by their adoration of a sacred bull, manifested their descent from Mount Taurus? If not, what was meant to be proved in this article? This new science of *bullism* seems to be here in confusion. As to myself, however, I have no doubt of the type here represented being only a variation of that mentioned before from *Hyde*, and intended to express the constellation Taurus, as the sun over the head of the bull testifies; without having the least reference either to the sacred bull of Egypt or to Mount Taurus. The Egyptian Apis was, in fact, always represented in a different form, with large curved horns, and not such short horns as in the present type: the editor himself has given a true figure of the Apis at fig. 20, in pl. 4, from the *Isiac table*. In the present type the pot of incense smoking is a mark of the deification of this animal, that being an essential article of divine worship, and the embroidered rope over him is another mark; it having been common with the ancients to throw rich ropes over the images of their deities on the days of the festivals held sacred to them. As to the octagon ornament, in the middle of the rope, it may possibly refer to the period of eight years, after which the lunar and solar months of the Greeks commenced together again on the same day, and possibly also began when the sun was in Taurus, as Virgil intimates in the line quoted from him in my last. The name of *Mount Taurus*, which the editor writes under

this type, in his plate, is only founded on the same poetical and theoretic licence, by which he before found a *bull's body and legs* in an imaginary Persian animal, which is like nothing that ever existed. The multifarious objects to which the editor makes the present representation to refer, viz. Mount Taurus, the Egyptian Apis, and the constellation Taurus, reminds us of a similar practice in some etymologists, who, after offering two or three different etymologies of a word, desire the reader to pick and choose which he likes the best: but wherever a figure of a bull is found, the editor will as surely be found to make it denote Mount Taurus, as Mr. Bryant did in proving every name beginning with an *m* to be a relic of μην the *moon*.

Thus at p. 22, N°. 16, he gives the following account of another type represented in his pl. 4, fig. 16. "The demi-bull here with a human head and a long beard is a medal of *Gelas*. The Geleans were seated near the Caspian sea, and were *clearly* of Caucasian origin, or rather from Mount Taurus, which we see they commemorated on their medals together with *its human head:* several towns in Sicily, being colonies of Geleans, adopted nearly the same type." Now the name of those Geleans in Asia is always by Strabo and Pliny spelt *Gelæ*; whereas the name on this medal is *Gelas*, this was the name of a noted river in Sicily; and it is a distinction always preserved between the two places, so that there is not the least pretence for ascribing this medal to the *Geleans*, nor for deriving their origin from Mount Taurus: if therefore any thing could be proved here in the editor's favour, it would be that the river *Gelas* in Sicily had its sources in Mount Taurus in Asia minor. But in reality the author

author appears not to have the least conception of what such *demi-bulls with human faces* were intended to express on medals; certainly not any *high mountain*, but, on the contrary, *a low river:* it is, indeed, as unfortunate that he should mistake the one for the other, as *Gelæ* for *Gelas*, but this mistake it was, which misled him to find *towns in Sicily which were colonies of Geleans from M. Taurus*, when these pretended *towns* were, in fact, only *rivers*, expressed by symbols of *demi-bulls*, as was usual with the ancients, of which we are thus informed by Ælian. "Quidam colentes *fluvios* et imagines eorum fabricantes partim humanam, partim boûm figuram iis affingunt; nam bobus similes faciunt Lacedemonii Eurotam, Argivi Cephisum; in hominum vero figura Cherronesii et alii plurimi: Athenienses autem Cephissum colunt ut virum cornutum. Porro in Sicilia Syracusii Anapum viro assimilant, at lyanam fontem ut fæminam honorant; Agrigentini fluvium speciosi pueri formâ effingentes illi sacrificant." *Lib.* 2, 33. Hence then we see the reason of so many bulls being found on coins, and that instead of denoting the descent of the inhabitants of such cities from *Mount* Taurus, they express only some *river* in their own neighbourhood, and such is, doubtless, the case of the medal in question, on which the name also of the river itself is inscribed; neither was there any town of that name in Sicily. Ælian, however, rather ambiguously mentions those figurès of rivers, which were compounded of a half bull and a human face with a long beard; he does not nevertheless contradict, but that all those bulls, expressive of rivers, might have had human faces, and thus that many persons

sons compounded the two symbols together, which others made use of separately, *a bull* and *a human figure*, sometimes male and sometimes female. Of the last kind the Editor has given us several examples in pl. 3, N°. 17, 18, 19, where are represented men swimming in rivers at the feet of a female genius of the city seated on a rock: certainly a better symbol of a river than the fore half of a bull with a human face, which is, indeed, a strange device for a river, unless it was meant to denote the violent strength of a torrent, the noise of which was like the lowing of a bull. But in all this we find no reference intended to a mountain of the name of Taurus, as the editor supposes, nor as Mr. Bryant just as strangely contended, that such swimming figures as in N°. 17. &c. were memorials still preserved in Asia of the deluge, in which the men represented there were struggling for life. N°. 12, 13, and 17, denote likewise some other rivers in pl. 4.

It would be useless to examine all the errors found in these *excursions*, as they are not improperly called, and, indeed, very eccentric ones likewise; yet it may be expedient to set readers right with respect to the *chimæras* and *triquetra* on the coins exhibited there, which I will therefore consider in my next letter.

S.

N B. It is a mistake in your last N°. p. 222, in saying of Mr. Harington *he married Lucy, sister of Lord Fortescue.* The Rev. Mr. Harington married a M^r^ Lens, sister to Serjeant Lens, who is still living. Perhaps *he* should be made to refer to Sir J. Harington.

ART.

ART. XXVI. *Literary Epitaph at Honiton, Devon.*

" * Hic jacent exuviæ mortales reverendi admodum viri
Æzræ Cleveland, S. T. B. collegii Exon.
apud Oxonienses quondam socii, et deinde,
Ita volente perhonorabili viro Domino Gulielmo
Courtenay de Powderham baronetto,
hujus ecclesiæ quadraginta per annos rectoris.
Per id omne tempus studiis gnavitèr incubuit,
Animoque omnigenâ ferè scientiâ repleto,
Tum ethica officia, tum legis prophetarumque præcepta
necnon Christianæ fidei articulos, peculiari quâdam
perspicuitate concionibus enucleavit.
Vitam prorsus innocuam duxit, et plurimus benefecit.
Moribus inerat severitas, sermoni gravitas,
ut decuit ministrum Dei.
Idem vero cùm tempus posceret, comes mirè festivus
multo permaduit sale.
Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ rituum et doctrinæ fuit egregiæ tenax;
Et uno contentus sacerdotio,
Alterum non ambivit, oblatum etiam recusavit.
Completis tandem octoginta annis,
Senio potius quàm morbo confectus,
quasi obdormivit beatæ resurrectionis spe
Septimo die Augusti anno Domini 1740." †

ART.

* Gent. Mag. Vol. LXIII. Part I. p. 393.

† He compiled a " Genealogical History of the noble and illustrious Family of Courtnay. In three parts. The first, giveth an account of the Counts

ART. XXVII. *Literary Obituary.*

On the 16th of May last, died, John Charnock, Esq. F. S. A. to whose memory the writer of these lines, who sincerely esteemed him, feels much pleasure in being permitted, through the friendship of the Editor, to dedicate somewhat more than a bare obituary notice. He was born on the 28th of November, 1756, the only son of John Charnock, Esq. a native of the island of Barbadoes, and formerly an advocate of eminence at the English bar, by Frances, daughter of Thomas Boothby, of Chingford in Essex, Esq. both of whom are still living. He was placed about the year 1767 at the Rev. Reynell Colton's school at Winchester, and went from thence to the college, where, in the station of a commoner, he was under the immediate care of Dr. Joseph Warton, the Head Master, in whose house he boarded, and became the peculiar favourite of that so justly beloved and admired man. Having attained to the seniority of the school, and gained the prize medal annually given for elocution, he removed from Winchester to Oxford, and was entered in 17 4 a Gentleman Commoner of Merton College. Here he soon discovered his passion for literary composition,

Counts of Edessa of that family. The second, of that branch that is in France. The third, of that branch that is in England. By E. Cleveland, B. D sometime fellow of Exeter College, in Oxford, and rector of Honiton in Devon. Exon. Printed by Edward Farley, at Shakspeare's Head, near East gate, 1735, fol. pp. 339." Gibbon, in his Digression on the Courtnay Family, Hist. Decl. and Fall, Vol. XI p. 294, 8vo. says—"I have applied, but not confined myself, to 'A Genealogical History of the noble and illustrious Family of Courtnay, by Ezra Cleaveland, tutor to Sir William Courtnay, and rector of Honiton.' The first part is extracted from William of Tyre; the second from Bouchet's French History; and the third from various memorials, public, provincial, and private, of the Courtnays of Devonshire. The rector of Honiton has more gratitude than industry, and more industry than criticism."

in

in a multiplicity of fugitive pieces on various subjects, which appeared in the periodical prints of the time: among these his political essays, written during the heat of the American war, and in that vehement spirit of opposition which distinguished the young politicians of that day, bear chiefly the signatures of Casca, Squib, or Justice.

He left the university to return to a domestic life totally unsuited to the boundless activity both of mind and body for which he was remarkable, and rendered almost intolerable by certain family differences. To detach his attention from these inconveniences he applied himself, with his accustomed ardour, to the study of naval and military tactics; and with no other assistance than that of his mathematical knowledge, aided by a few books, soon attained the highest degree of science which could be gained in the closet. The noble collection of drawings which he has left, executed during that short period solely by his own hand, would alone furnish an ample proof of his knowledge of these subjects, and of the indefatigable zeal with which he pursued them.

He now became anxious to put into practice the theory of which he had thus become master, and earnestly pressed for permission to embrace the naval or military profession. He was at that time the sole heir to a very considerable fortune, and the darling of his parents; and these very facts, such is the occasional perverseness of human affairs, constituted his greatest misfortune. His request was positively denied, and, unable to resist the impulse of his inclination, he entered as a volunteer into the naval service, and very soon attained that proficiency, of which his publications on the subject will be lasting monuments. A sense of duty, however, which no man felt more keenly, withdrew him again,

"A mute inglorious *Nelson*,"

into private life; but his mind had received a wound in the disappointment, and other circumstances which it would be indelicate to particularize, contributed to keep it open.

Hence

Hence arose an indifference to the meaner and more common objects of human prudence, and many little singularities of conduct which, though they detracted nothing from his good understanding or good nature, rendered him remarkable to common observers.

He dedicated his retirement unceasingly to his pen, and the profits of his pen, which now constituted nearly his whole revenue, in a great measure to the gratification of that benevolence, which in him was equally warm and active with the rest of his passions and sentiments, and shone, in the most extensive sense of the word, in every shape of charity. It would be needless to inform those whom experience has taught to estimate duly the meed of literary labours in this time, and, perhaps, impossible to convince those who have had the good fortune to avoid that experience, how very far the means of such a man must have fallen short of their various ends. Suffice it, therefore, on this head, to say, that he became somewhat embarrassed in his pecuniary circumstances, that the sources from which he had the fairest right to expect relief were unaccountably closed against him; and that his uncommonly vigorous constitution, both of body and of mind, sunk by slow degrees to dissolution, under the miser of an abridgment, which his proud and generous spirit could not brook, of that *liberty* and independence in which his soul delighted. He died childless, and was buried on the 21st of May, with considerable ceremony and expense, at Lee near Blackheath, leaving a widow, Mary, the daughter of Peregrine Jones, of the city of Philadelphia, whose exemplary conduct in the vicissitudes of her husband's fortune has secured to her the lasting respect of his friends.

Mr. Charnock possessed a firm and penetrating understanding, a surprising quickness of apprehension, an excellent memory, and a lofty, but well-governed, ambition. He was formed to shine in any profession, for he had the faculty of devoting all his powers to any object which deeply engaged his attention: but he had no profession; no one important object;

object; and he scattered his natural advantages with the cold and limited hope of an husbandman who knows that the seed which he throws abroad cannot produce a crop beyond a certain value. Much of the character of his mind, however, may be traced in his literary productions. They merit the highest credit for various and indefatigable research, sagacious selection, and faithful detail: they, perhaps, deserve some censure for certain faults of style which must inevitably attend rapid composition. He has more than once declared to the writer of this sketch, that he scarcely ever read a line which he had dictated (for that was his almost invariable custom) except in the proof sheets; and this must be ascribed merely to the natural eagerness of his temper, for those who knew him best well knew that he had none of the affectation of

"The mob of gentlemen that write with ease."

His published works, with many smaller pieces, are

"*The Rights of a Free People,*" *printed in* 8vo. *in* 1792, *in which he ironically assumed the democratic character which then feebly appeared in a few insignificant individuals. In this volume may be found an historical sketch of the origin and growth of the English Constitution, equally remarkable for its correctness and conciseness.*

"*Biographia Navalis,*" *in* 6 *vols.* 8vo. *the first of which appeared in* 1794.

A Pamphlet in 8vo. *entitled "a Letter on Finance, and on National Defence,"* 1798.

"*A History of Marine Architecture, in three volumes,* 4to. *a very valuable and superb work, illustrated by a great number of fine engravings,*" 1802.

And *a Life of Lord Nelson, in one volume, published in* 1806, *enriched with some very curious original Letters of that eminent pattern of public and private worth.*"

E. L.

June

June . At Barnstable, aged 47, John Hill, Surgeon.

June . At Bath, Miss Gerrard, daughter of the late Mr Gerrard, Surgeon, Walcot, and authoress of a miscellaneous volume of Prose and Verse, lately published.

July 3. At Ferney-Hill in the county of Gloucester, the residence of her eldest son, Mrs. Cooper, relict of the Rev. Dr. Cooper, of Yarmouth, in Norfolk, a daughter of the late James Bransby, Esq. of Shottisham in the same county. Exemplary in every stage of existence, humble, affable, benevolent, and devout; happy in the love and veneration of all around her, animated by Christian principles, and supported by Christian hope, she placidly expired after a short illness, in the seventieth year of her age, and left the memory of a bright example to her children and her friends. She was the author of several publications, some of which were printed many years ago, under the title of "*Fanny Meadows*," "*The Daughter*," "*The School for Wives*," and "*The Exemplary Mother*."

July 6. At Hertford, aged 76, the Rev. John Carr, LL.D. translator of *Lucian*.

July 9. At his house in Charlotte-street, Portland-Place, Noel Desenfans, Esq. a gentleman of great talents and knowledge, a liberal and enlightened judge of the Arts.

July . The Rev. Thomas Jones, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge.

July 14. George Saville Carey, the well-known Lecturer, of a paralytic attack. He was announced for an Exhibition on the same evening. Mr. Carey was by profession a printer, and one of those imprisoned on account of the notorious No. 45 of the North Briton. He was the author of the Balnea, (a description of the watering places in England) several Songs, &c. His father was the asserted author of the popular air of God Save the King.

T. Bensley, Printer, Bolt Court,
Fleet Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XX.

[Being Number VIII. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *Epigrams theological, philosophical, and romantick: Six Books. Also the Socratick Session, or the Arraignment and Conviction of Julius Scaliger: with other select poems. By S. Sheppard. London: Printed by G. D. for Tho. Bucknell, at the signe of the Golden Lion in Duck-Lane,* 1651. *Small* 8vo. *pp.* 257.

Before this printed tit' is placed an engraved frontispiece, with Apollo and his musical maidens on the biforked hill, supported by Martial and Ausonius, as columnar statues, and the author between their pedestals, sitting in an easy chair, and presenting his book to Mercury in exchange for a garland of bays. This whole-length miniature of the poet seems to have eluded the lynx-eyed Grangerians, who press any head or tail-piece into the service of portraiture-illustration, though the resemblance be as shadowy as the air-drawn ghost of Banquo, and prove like that "unreal mockery."

S. Sheppard (we are told by Mr. Reed*) was the

* Biographia Dramatica, I. 410.

son of Harman Sheppard, M. D. who died in 1639. Oldys, in his MS. notes on Langbaine, reports that this son was imprisoned at Whittington College for writing a paper, or news-book, called "Mercurius Elencticus."* During the prohibition of the stage, he published "The Committee-man curried;" a comedy in two parts, bearing stronger testimony to his loyalty than to his poetic genius, each part not being longer than a single act of a moderate play, and almost entirely stolen from other authors. His "Socratic Session" is another brief essay in a dramatic form, and is designed to castigate Scaliger, for his censures of the Greek and Roman bards. Mr. Malone, in his Shakspeare, X. 187, quotes from a production by Sheppard, entitled "Times displayed in six Sextiads," 4to. 1646; but this I have never seen, nor can I trace it in any catalogue.

His present publication bears a dedicatory inscription, which I think has been much praised for similitude of form, before the poems of Marvell:

"If these epigrams survive (maugre the voracitie of time) let the names of Christopher Clapham, and James Winter (to whom the author dedicateth these his indeavors) live with them."

* This was published in 1648. An account of the first number may be seen in Mr. Chalmers's very curious chronological list of news-papers, appended to his Life of Ruddiman: but Oldys, probably, drew his report from the following quibbling piece of information, contained in the Epigrams of Sheppard.

"My Imprisonment in Whittington, for writing *Mercurius Elencticus*.

Most strange it seemes unto the vulgar rout,
That that which thrust me in, should guard me out;
My soule with no engagements clog'd, but thus
My gaining life strook dead *Elencticus*."

An

An address to the reader then commences in the following terms:

"CANDID AND COURTEOUS,

"I here present to thy perusall a body of epigrams, and (least thou should'st mistake the worth of the gift, reflecting on the worthlessness of the giver) I cannot but inform thee that epigrams in all ages have been oftener desired than attained, either for the paucitie of epigrammatists, or for the fluencie and delicacie they have ever exhibited: never but two amongst the Latines, viz. M ial and Ausonius, famous for their performances in things of this nature; and amongst us here in England, none in our native tongue (some pidlers excepted) save *Bastard* and *Harrington*, that have divulged ought worthy notice: the first of these deserved the lawrell; but the last, both crowning and anoynting. I confesse my selfe guilty of no lesse then treason against the soveraignty of Apollo, and the dignity of the Nine, to put forth any thing to publick view in this age of ignorance and ostracism of learning, when the Thespian fount is so pittyfully puddled, the sacred mount so sacreledgiously asassinated, and the Castalian cave become a covert for chattering magpies. The nominall doctor, that can scarce render an account of his faith (if he were catechized) whether Galen dealt in druggs, or Paracelsus in simples, yet can make a shift to clime Parnassus, though at his descent his feet are so lame, all may perceive he deserves rather Helebore then Helicon. Oh Poesie! once so renowned, how hast thou forfeited thy pristine splendor!"

To this address succeed commendatory verses by

Arthur Estwich, Geo. Rosse, John Ridley, Andrew Dixon, Samuel Holland, and Vincent Howell. The epigrams extend to 173 pages, and are very few of them entitled to the general name they bear. The most interesting, from their connection with his contemporaries, are those which bear the following inscriptions.

"To my beloved friend Mr. James Naworth.
To James Nevill, Esquire.
To my friend Theodor Vaux.

"*On my Selfe.*"—This is curious.

'Some look upon me as one rude,
Quite erring in my altitude;
For above Atlas' shoulders I
Am plac'd, and all the world do eye.
When I took for me the earthly signe
Of Scorpio, in's ascent did shine
Just in the planetary houre
Of Saturne (who doth ever sowre)
I view'd the light: it much doth win me;
I have part of that planet in me.
No way facetious am I,
To toyish mirth or jollitie,
Yet in one dreame I can compose
A Comedy, in verse or prose;
Behold the action, apprehend
The jest, and the quaint plot commend,
And so much of the sence partake
As serves to laugh my selfe awake.'

Roberto Astonio Equiti poetæ eximio.
On the two admirable wits, Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher.

To Mr. Davenport, on his play called The Pirate.
On Ben Johnson's play, called The Silent Woman.
To the most excellent poet, Sir William Davenant.
To my noble friend Van Velsen, in praise of Amsterdam.
Epitaph on Prince Henry.
To Mr. Glascow, a solution of his question what Wit is, and who ought chiefly to drink Sherrie?
To Mrs. Rhodes.
On the death of Mary Queen of Scots.
To my much honoured unckle M. Paul Clapham.
On Sir Phillip Sydney's decease.
On his Arcadia.
On the death of that incomparable hero, Sir Walter Rawleigh, Knt.
On Mr. Sands' inimitable Translation of Ovid's Metamorphosis.
The power of Money, to Sir Edward Buxbey, Knt.
An Apollogie to Sir Thomas Engham.
To Sir Alexander Wroth, Knt. of the Garter, &c.
To Dr. Bulwer, on his Artificiall Changeling.
To Lillie, the starre-gazer.
To Judge Jenkins.
To the illustrious Cardinal Mazerine, his victory lately obtained on the Spanish army under the Archduke Leopold.
The poet's invitation to Ben Johnson's ghost to appeare again.
To my much honoured and incomparable friend Mr. Theodor Loc, Esq. upon his request to me to pen a peculiar poem of Oberon and his Queen.

Epitaphs on Lord Capell, Duke Hamilton, and the Earle of Holland.

On Mr Spencer's inimitable poem, the Faerie Queen.

On Mr. Davenant's most excellent Tragedy of Alborine King of the Lombards." (1629.)

Davenant is here complimented, at the expense of Shakspeare and Jonson.

" For the statue of Queen Elizabeth.

On the death of Strafford, Deputie of Ireland." (1641.)

As this characterizes Lord Strafford, with much force and truth, and has not been given in the Royal and Noble Authors, it is extracted.

" That thou wert wise as Nestor, valianter
Then great Priamides,* and stronger farre
Then big bon'd Ajax, that thy skill did shine
Superlatively in War's art; to thine
That Cæsar's *vici* was but slow; that all
Which makes an able statesman thou might'st call
Thine, and thine only; that thy mighty soule
Dispans'd, extended, unto either pole,
Truth must acknowledge; that thy royall lord
Durst to have mortgag'd unto thee his sword,
So great his confidence, during whose reigne
Thou shon'st a constellation, next his waine;†
And tis not yet decided, whether thou
Or he were more resplendent: on thy brow
Sat terror mixt with wisdome, and at once
Saturne and Hermes in thy countenance.
Second Sejanus, in thy fall we see
Nosce teipsum was not known to thee."

" To Will. Lee, the bookseller at Paul's chaine.
To J. Buzby.

* Hector. † Charles's.

Epitaph

Epitaph on Mr. Fountaine and his young son dying, and being buried together in one grave.

To Capt. Purvey.

On Sir John Harrington's Translation of Ariosto.

To Mr. John Sands, on his excellent Water-worke called The Chaos.

On the death of the late Prince of Orange, by the small-pox.

A frolick to Capt. Baines, the poet, being prisoner (for his loyalty) in Whittington-goale.

On Mr. Webster's most excellent Tragedy called The White Devill, (1612.)

Epitaph on that excellently learned young man, Mr. Anthony Dyer.

Epitaph on my dearly loved kinsman, Thomas Clapham.

Ben Johnson's due encomium.

To Tatam." This is a skit upon John Tatham, the city-poet and playwright.

" Tatam makes verses of all sorts and sizes,
And playes, and songs, and ballads he comprizes:
In keene iambicks a lymphatic lyrick
He is, and playes and sings sweeter than Derick; *
For which, among the broakers and broom-criers,
Amongst the watermen, 'mongst dolts and dyers,
Hee's cried up for a *bard;* and he is one,
For he writes Welsh, or in some stranger tone."

" To Mr. Giles Granvert.

On Silvester's Translation of Du Bartas, his divine Weeks and Works.

The celebration of a health to my joviall friend James Gort, Esquire.

* The Jack-ketch of Tatham's time.

To John Taylor, commonly called The Water-poet.
In memory of our famous Shakspeare." This is the most creditable essay of Sheppard, and may be seen in Mr. Ellis's Specimens, and among the commendatory verses on our matchless dramatist.
"To Mr. James Ford; his Medalls being miraculously preserved from fire.
To the hopefull and excellently ingenious Mr. John Quarles.
On Mr. Chapman's incomparable Translation of Homer's Workes.
Epitaphs on Mr. Flood, and Mr. James Gourd, a singing man.
To the Parliament of England.
To Mr. Edward Gosling, pittying my want of books." This is likely to have been written in confinement, and is interesting.

'The rage of these rude times hath snatch'd away
My books from Æsop to Mirandula:
I now for books have 'bove my head the skies,
The truth for light, and reason for my eyes;
Under me earth, about me ayre and sea,
Vertue for guide, and nature for my way:
And, truth to say, in books, as clouds, men see
Of whose embracements Centaures gotten be.'

"To Mr. John Sob, of these times.
To his Excellency the Lord Generall Cromwell.
To the profoundly learned and unparalleld antiquary, John Selden, Esq.
To Mall, my Wife."

At

At the close of the Epigrams follows "The Socratick Session," with a new title page; and to that succeeds "A Mausolean monument, erected by a sorrowfull sonne on his deceased parents: with three pastorals. Two of them alluding to some late proceedings between parties." This portion of his volume includes funeral elegies upon his father Dr. Harman, and his mother Petronella Sheppard, the former of whom deceased July 17, 1639, and the latter Sept. 10, 1650. These filial tributes are too bombastical to excite any interest: and they are succeeded by a wilder strain of mythological metre, called "The Adventurous Bard: or uxorious Orpheus his descent." Three pastorals and the fragment of a fourth, conclude the volume; and from these I select the following passages, on account of their relation to several of our favourite Elizabethan poets, and particularly to Spenser and Shakspeare, who have not yet obtained these tributes of praise among their collected testimonials.

Linus. "I know thou lov'st to heare
Of nought, but how thy oxe will beare
His yoke, and when thy sheep to sheare,
That thou may'st make a gainefull yeare:
But yet to me more pleasant is
To hear *Tytirus** play, I wis,
Upon his oaten reed, while he
Doth make delitious mellodie;
While he records in pleasant verse
Sweet tales of love, and doth rehearse
His dreames and songs.
Next unto Tytirus, there came
One that deserv'd a greater name
Than was bestowed; but when she† swaid,
Whom to this day some call a maid,

* Chaucer seems to be here intended. † Q. Elizabeth.

Then

Then *Collin Clout* * his pipe did sound,
Making both heaven and earth resound.
The shepheards all, both farre and near,
About him flock'd, his layes to hear;
And for his songs he was so fam'd,
He was the prince of shepheards nam'd.
And next to him, was the sweet quill
Of far-renowned *Astrophil* †
Admired, who whether that he chose
To pipe in verse or else in prose,
Was held the bravest swain to be,
Ere folded flocks in Arcadie.
After him rose as sweet a swain ‡
As ever pip'd upon the plain:
He sang of warres, and tragedies
He warbled forth; on him the eyes
Of all the shepheards fixed were,
Rejoycing much his songs to hear.
And then liv'd he § who sweetly sung
Orlando's fate, in his own tongue,
Who would not deigne t' divulge his own,
But by another would be known:
O gentle shepheard! we to thee
Are bound in a supream degree.
And after him a swain || arose,
In whom sweet Ovid's spirit chose
For to reside: he sang of love,
How Cupid ladies' hearts can move;
And teach, how large the continent
Of Arcadie is in extent:
He prais'd his Maker in his layes,
And from a king receiv'd the bayes.—

* Spenser. † Sir P. Sidney. ‡ Q. Drayton?
§ Sir John Harington. || Q. Daniel?

Not

Not long ago liv'd learned *Ben*,‖
He whose songs, they say, outvie
All Greek and Latine poesie;
Who chanted on his pipe divine
The overthrow of Catiline:
The Arcadian shepheards wonder all,
To hear him sing Sejanus' fall,
O thou renowned shepheard, we
Shall ne're have one againe, like thee.
With him contemporary then
(As Naso and fam'd Maro, when
Our sole Redeemer took his birth)
Shakespeare trod on English earth:
His Muse doth merit more rewards
Than all the Greek or Roman bards:
What flow'd from him was purely rare,
As born to blesse the Theater:
He first refin'd the commick lyre,
His wit all do and shall admire;
The chiefest story of the stage;
Or when he sung of war and strage,*
Melpomene soon view'd the globe;
Invelop'd in her sanguine robe.
He that his worth would truely sing,
Must quaffe the whole Pierian spring."

T. P.

ART. II. *Linsi-Woolsie: or Two Centuries of Epigrammes. Written by William Gamage; batchelour in the artes. Patere aut abstine. Printed at Oxford by Jos. Barnes. 1613. 12mo.*

* Jonson.

† Slaughter or death, may probably be meant; from *Strages*, Lat.

Another

Another title-page bears the date of 1621, but it is not likely that the book had more than one impression, as it consists of the saddest trash that ever assumed the name of epigrams; and which, with a very slight alteration, well merits the sarcasm bestowed by Shenstone on the poems of a Kidderminster bard:

> "Thy verses, friend, are *linsey woolsey* stuff,
> And we must own—you've measur'd out enough."

From their having been printed at Oxford and penned by an A. B. it is probable, however, that Gamage was entitled to an incidental notice in Athenæ Oxonienses, which he has not obtained. His volume is dedicated to Katherine, Lady Mansell. The following epigrammatistic compliments were offered to coeval writers, and might, in part, have served for poesies to their rings.

"*To ingenious Ben Jonson.*

> "If that thy lore were equall to thy wit,*
> Thou in Apollo's chaire might'st justly sit."

"*To the ingenious poet, Mr. Wm. Herbert, of his booke intituled The Prophesie of Cadwalader.*†

> "Thy royall prophesie doth blaze thy name:
> So poets must, if they will merit fame."

* It is remarkable that this opinion runs directly counter to the judgment of modern critics, who concur in thinking it the fault of learned Ben, that he studied books where he should have studied men. See Mr. Reve's elegant remarks on our ancient poets.

† Herbert's prophesie of Cadwallader was printed in 1604.

"To

"*To the most famous and heroike Lady Mary, L. Wroth.* *

"Thy worthy Husband ladifies thee *Wroth*,
Pray be not so with my poore pen to place
'Fore R the O; then justly Lady *Worth*
I might thee stile—worth what? hie honours Grace."

"*To the ingenious Epigrammatists Jo Owen and Jo. Heath*, † *both brought up in New College Oxon.*

"Though you were both not of one mother bore,
Yet nursed were you at the self-same brest,
For fluent genius, and ingenious lore,
And the same dugges successively have prest:
'Tis true ye are but fosterers by birth,
Yet brothers right in rimes conceiptfull mirth."

T. P.

ART. III. *E. W. his Thameseidos. Devided into three bookes, or cantos.*

"Nunquam stigias ibit ad umbras inclita virtus."

At London: Printed by W. W. for Simon Waterson. 1600. 4*to*. *Signat. F.* 4.

The author of this scarce poem is undecyphered by any dedicatory prefix of his own, or by any commen-

* This lady was niece to the illustrious Sir Phillip Sidney, and wrote a romance called Urania. She married Sir Thomas Wroth, himself a writer of epigrams, and in good esteem (says Wood) for his poetry and for his encouragement of poets. Athenæ, II. 257.

† For some account of Heath and his epigrams, see CENSURA, V. 26. Owen is pretty generally known, by the numerous editions of his Latin epigrams, or by his translators, Pecke and Harvey.

datory

datory tribute from others; though he seems not to have been undeserving of a patron, nor his work of contemporary praise. Its chief defect appears to be, that the fables it contains too nearly resemble Ovidian Metamorphoses; and its obvious merit is, that it afforded a model for Drayton to enlarge upon in his Polyolbion. The following personification of Thames, as a female, occurs in the first page.

" And now, from new-spows'd wife, the fierie Sunne
Was risen, and from ocean-seas begunne
To drive his golden chariot, that he might
To all the world declare his glorious light;
When Thamesis, the fairest queene on earth,
To solemnise her annuall day of birth,
Appareled in robe of purest white,
All thicke of golden shimiring * spangles dight,
Which gainst the Sunne reflecting beames did cast,
As do the starres that in the heavens are plast;
Her haire bound up in knots, like golden wier,
And crown'd with garlands of sweete smelling brier:
Unto a meddow by, his flowing streames
Did goe, where she, from heat of Phœbus' beames,
Under the coole shade of the spreading trees
Did meane to sport, and sing sweete virolees,†
With her faire Nymphes, each having in her hand,
To fill with precious flowers, a little maund." ‡

It probably occurred to the author that such a title as " fairest queen on earth," though figuratively given to a river, might excite a thrill of displeasure in the

* Glistering.

† Virelays seem to have been a species of roundelays, or roundels, with which they are twice enumerated by Chaucer.

‡ Basket.

breast

breast of his jealous Sovereign, and he therefore made an *amende honorable* in the second canto, by a courtly apostrophe to Elizabeth herself.

"Thou most bright Sunne of this our northern clime,
Live thou for ever! or live Nestor's time,
To maintaine artes, as hitherto th' ast done,
For wayle the Muses must, when thou art gone:
And if it fortune, that at any time
(Luckely) this ragged and unpolisht rithme
Into those faire hands fall, that holds the bridle
With which thou justly rulest many people:
Behold it with a favourable eie,
And thinke that none can praise thee worthelie."

T. P.

ART. IV. *The English Myrror: a regard wherin al estates may behold the conquests of Envy Containing ruine of common weales, murther of princes, cause of heresies, and in all ages spoile of devine and humane blessings, vnto which is adioyned, Envy conquered by Vertues: publishing the peaceable victories obtained by the Queenes most excellent Maiesty, against this mortall enimie of publike peace and prosperitie, and lastly a Fortris against Envy. Builded upon the counsels of sacred scripture, lawes of sage philosophers, and pollicies of well governed common weales; wherein every estate may see the dignities, the true office and cause of disgrace of his vocation. A worke safely and necessarie to be read of everie good subject. By George Whetstones, Gent. Malgre. Seene and allowed.*

allowed. At London: Printed by J. Windet for G. Seton, and are to be sold at his shop under Aldersgate. 1586. *4to. pp.* 249.

At the back of the title the royal arms are placed above the following acrostic on Queen Elizabeth, to whom the book is further inscribed in a dedicatory epistle of two pages.

"E nvy in vaine thou warrest with our Queene,
L ight of the West, which through the world is seene;
I ove in his strength with her still armed goes,
Z eale is [the] sword wherewith she woundes her foes.
A bundance, peace, power, and happy raigne
B laze foorth her fame: the world can not contayne
E lect to be, the mervaile of this time.
T o stoupe to pride, that ore Emprors did clime.
H elp and refuge to forraigne realmes in thrall,
A t home, abroade, each where, her foes do fall.

R enowne our Queene her diademe doth give,
E lizabeth alone in peace doth live:
G lory of God, most blessed prince alive,
I mage of grace, in whome all vertues thrive.
N o death vpon her memorie may feede,
A Phenix right, but one, yet never dead."

An address follows the dedication, "to the most honorable the nobilitie of this flourishing realme of Englande:" and ten lines by R. B. to the reader of this English Myrror: with an apology from the printer for such faults in the impression of the book as remain uncorrected, from the absence of the author.

In CENSURA, Vol. IV. p. 274, I had conjectured that this English Mirror might possibly be the same book

book with a new title, which was printed in 1584, as the Mirour for Magestrates of Cyties: but a sight of the volume has rendered that conjecture unfounded. It may rather be considered, as a brief digest of historical records, from the early monarchies to the period of Elizabeth, to whose royal protection it is recommended in the following cautious terms.

"The censures of grave men, which are the substance of this work, stand in place of counsels for your good subjects, and unto me as loyall as the truest, the bare labor is only dew. In which trembling presumption, I protest before God and your Majestie, that my heart nor booke medleth with matter of your happie government, to which no earthly pollicie may be added, neither is heavenly wisdome absent: and as far is it from my thought, in name, figure, or circumstance, to misnote any capitall Magistrate, whose honorable travels deserve much reverence and no lesse regard. It then followeth, most regarded Queene, that the reach of my duetie, which climeth betweene fire and frost, (the premises allowed) simply laboreth to publish these regards, that common faultes may be amended in imitation of your pretious vertues, the lights of the world, and life of England's happiness."

The volume is divided into three parts: the second of these is inscribed "to the right reverend lordes the bishops, and other the devines of England," with "a sonnet of triumph to England," prefixed; and the third is addressed "to the right honorable and most grave personages, the temporall magistrates of England." The titles to each may be gathered from the general title; which, being dilated with Whetstone's usual verbosity, might almost serve for a table of contents. As

that part of the book, which relates to persons and events in the author's time, will now be thought most curious, the following extract is taken from chap. vii. Book 2, which treats "of the peaceable entrance of Queene Elizabeth, unto the crowne and diademe of England, and other observances of God's especiall favor and mercy."

"Her Majesty, the 17 day of November 1558, the very day of Queene Mary, her sisters death, with the sound of a trumpet, both at Westminster and in the city of London, was proclaymed by the name of Elizabeth, queene of England, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c. The newes wherof raised a suddaine joy among the people, so harty, as their loving affection was presently seene by publike feasting, banquetting, and bonefiers, in the open streets. The 23 of January following, her Majesty from the Tower passed through the city of London toward her coronation, but before her chariot set forward, her Majesty lifted her eies up unto Heaven, and acknowledged God's mercie in this thankes-giving:

"*O Lord Almighty, and everlasting God, I give thee most harty thanks that thou hast been so mercifull unto me as to spare me to behold this joifull day: and I knowledge that thou hast dealt as wonderfully with me, as thou didst with thy true and faithful servant Daniel the prophet, whom thou deliveredst out the den, from the cruelty of the gredy raging lions. Even so was I overwhelmed, and only by thee delivered. To thee therefore be only thanks, honor, and praise for ever. Amen.*

"Her Majesty, by this thanksgiving, published her sure confidence in God; the effects, the tyranny of hir enemies;

enemies; and the conclusion, a speciall comfort to the godly.

"The citizens of London, to shew their zeale in welcome of her Majesty, attyred the citie with many stately showes, the most whereof they derived from her proper vertues, who was the lively substance of all their painted bewties. The *first* pageant shewed the long desired unitie which (God and her Majesty be thanked) is knit betwene us and the holy gospell of our Saviour Christ. The *second* set forth the seat of governance, which her Majesties lively vertues bewtified more then their gorgious devises. The *third* (which they applied unto her Majesty) depainted the eight beatitudes mentioned in the 5 of S. Mathew: and, truly, if any earthly creature deserved them, they are worthely heaped upon her Majesty. The *fourth* declared the ruinous state of this realme, which (as they prophesied) is by her Majesty restored to the dignity of a florishing commonweale. The *fift* compared the expectation which her heroycall vertues promised, with the politicke governement of the worthie Debora," &c.

A further account of the receiving of the Queen at Westminster, with the ceremonies of her coronation, from Strype and the Ashmole Manuscripts, may be seen in Vol. I. of the Royal Progresses and Processions, published by Mr. Nichols.

T. P.

ART. V. *Wits Fittes and Fancies. Fronted and entermedled with presidentes of honour and wisdome. Also Loves Owle: an idle conceited Dialogue betwene Love and an Olde-man. Recta*

Imprinted at London by Richard Johnes, at the sign of the Rose and Crowne next above S. Andrewes Church in Holborne. 1595. 4to.

This book was reprinted in 1614,* without the poetical appendage entitled "Love's Owle." The early edition is so rare as to have escaped the observation of Herbert. From the learned and liberal possessor of the only copy I have seen, I derive the information, that the prose division of the volume was in part translated or collected from the Spanish book "La Floresta Spagnola," of which a French translation was printed at Lyons in 1600. By Anthonie Copley, the English translator, this volume is inscribed to that celebrated naval hero, George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, who was thus invited to receive it "in gree," that is—with kindly welcome.

"I did intende it (says the Dedicator) to your late sea-voyage, to the ende it might have pleased you to passe away therwith some unpleasant houres. But as it was not ripe ynough for that season, so now I pray God it come in due season to your good liking. Divers of them are of mine own inserting, and that without any injury I hope to my authour; the which are easily to be discerned from his, for that they taste more *Englishlie*. Neither have I used his methode therein, but have set downe one of mine owne, which I take to

* This second edition was thus entitled: "Wits Fits and Fancies: or a generall and serious collection of the sententious speeches, answers, jests, and behaviours, of all sortes of estates, from the throne to the cottage. Being properly reduced to their severall heads; for the more ease to the reader. Newly corrected and augmented, with many late, true, and wittie accidents. Musica mentis, medicina mœstæ. London, printed by Edward Allde, dwelling in little Saint Bartholomew's, neer Christ Church."

be

be better. Which, both methode and matter, if I shall once perceive your L. to daigne it in your favour, I will not feare that any gentleman will easilie disgrace it, to whome next under your Lordship I wish it currant and well accepted. For such, I knowe, is generally their devotions to your woorth, that whatsoever matter (were it guilt it selfe) that is once refuged to your vertues shrine and sanctuarie, they will not rashlie ravish it to arraignment and publike shame.

"As for my LOVES OWLE, in the latter ende, the trueth is—I can pretend it no outlandish priviledge to your Honour's favour, and therefore doe rather leave it to your pardon then good liking, as a follie of an idle vaine. Upon which your said pardon of the one, and good liking of the other, presuming, I will endevour according to my ever vowed and bounden dutie to your L. to serve you (God willing) in some better worth hereafter. Hoping that what I have heer done, may at leastwise serve to put better wittes in minde to honour your noblenesse aswell with their peacefull pens, as others doe with their sea-paines."

An address follows "to the gentlemen readers," which is at least as worthy of transcription as any other part of the volume.

"GENTLEMEN: These *Wittes*, *Fittes*, and *Fancies*, are of the nature to admit no eloquence wherewith to delight yee, as also manie of them to seem barren at the first sight, which nevertheles to the second eie may minister content and merriment. Understand yee therefore, that I direct them not to the sullen and moodie person who happily in his austeritie will befoole a great manie of them before ever hee read them; as matter either differing from his soure disposition, or

perhaps above his wit. Neither doe I professe them as regular methodes or deepe grounded axioms of logicke certaintie, but as certaine free offals and presidentes of Wits wandering variety. Momus (gentlemen) I confesse. were able to make a foule wracke among them, were he as precise as he is malicious; wherefore, my desire is they come not under his ravin, nor yet under Minos' heavy censure: but whosoever is gentle merrie wittie, he take all. Neither must anie person, of what vocation soever, take offence at any thing herein contained; considering that mirth, not malice, meanes it all. As for my LOVES OWLE, I am content that Momus turn it to a tennis-ball, if he can, and bandy it quite away: namely, I desire M. *Daniel*, M. *Spencer*, and other the prime poets of our time, to pardon it with as easie a frowne as they please, for that I give them to understand, that an Universitie Muse never pen'd it, though humbly devoted thereunto.'

Yours, in desire to please you,

A. C."

The following ancient witticisms are extracted from the chapter which treats of "Table-Matter."

"An honest man, invited a physitian to dinner, and at dinner time drunk to him in a cup of wine: whereunto the physitian excepted, and said—'That hee durst not pledge him in wine, for feare of pimples and inflammations in his face!' The other then answered—'A foule yll on that face that makes the whole body fare the worse.'

An Italian used to say, that 'wine hath these two discommodities with it: if you put water into it, you marre

marre it; and if you put none in, you marre your selfe.'

The Dutch-man useth to say, that '*eating* is not any whit necessarie, other then in as much as it procureth a man to *drinke* and *talke*.'

A turkie-pie had been often serv'd in to a poor gentleman's board, and at last a serving-man being to serve it in again, made some stay of it by the way, resting it upon the buttry-hatch. By chance his maister came by, and seeing it there, asked him—why hee did not carrie it in? 'Marie, sir, (answered the serving-man) I thought it could by this time a-day have found the way in alone.'

A serving-man, by mischance, shed broth on his maister's board, and his master said—'Sirra, I could have done so my selfe.' He answered—'No marvell, Sir; for your worship hath seen mee do it first.'

A gentleman, using to dine often with the Maior of London, on a time brought his friend with him, saying—'My Lord, heer I am come, a bold guest of yours againe, and have brought my shadow with me.' The Maior welcomed him and his shadow. Within a while after he came againe to dinner to him, and brought two companions with him: to whom the Maior said—'Sir, you be hartily welcome: but I pray you tel me—Do you not think it a monstrous thing, for *one body* to have *two shadowes*?'

One woonted to say that 'poore men want meate to their stomackes, and rich men stomackes to their meats.'

Two gentlemen went to breake their fast in a taverne, and a bagpiper stood piping at the doore. At last, in came one and set them downe a cupple of egges.

Whereat one of the gentlemen excepted and said—'Hath all this cackling been but for these two poore egges?'

One was telling a gentlewoman how such a gallant of the court ate everie day *eight capons* in blank-manger.* She answered—'Oh, the *foxe!*'

At a nobleman's banquet a ship of †marchpain-stuffe was set upon the board, wherein was all manner of fishes in the like stuffe. Every one snatching thereat, a sea-captaine setting far off could not reach thereunto; but one of the companie gave him a sprat, which hee receiving, helde it a good space to his eare. The nobleman seeing it, asked him his conceipt therein? He then, in reference to the little portion that came to him out of that march-pane, thus merrily answered—'And like your Grace, my father before me (as your Honour knowes) was sometimes a sea-captaine, and it was his mischance and my hard hap, that since his last undertaken voyage at sea, which was some twelve yeeres ago, I never since could hear what was become of him; wherefore, of every fish that falleth into my handes I still aske, whether it can tell me any newes of him? And this pettie sprat (my Lord) saith—'he was then a little one, and remembers no such matter."

After this taste of Anthony Copley's borrowed wit, the following may serve as a sufficient sample of his original poetry. It forms part of the "idle conceited dialogue," termed "Love's Sonnet," in which Love

* Blancmanger.

† Marchpane seems to have been a species of confectionary resembling modern macaroons in quality.

recommends

recommends his services to "an olde man," by way of Lullaby.

"Now that I take my lute in hand
Rage and Rancour I you command,
Take your sister Melancholie,
And downe to darke hell all hie yee.
For heere I meane to make my residence,
By vertue of my peacefull influence;
And cheere this aged man with lovelements
for ever. *Lulla lullabie, &c.*

Though age be olde and colde, I can
Re-young him to a lustie man,
And in his jointes infuse a fire
To execute a kinde desire.
I can revegetate his dying yeere,
By faire be-priesting him to a bonny-pheere,
Or els dispensing him such like good cheere
els where. *Lulla lullabie, &c.*

The plough-lob I can civillize,
The franticke man with grace agnize:
Kings and Cesars I subdue,
And with my rites their soules indue.
All faire and goodly things I do detect,
And with my vaile I cover all defect,
And all in unitie I do connect
and approve. *Lulla lullabie, &c.*

I doe devise all gay attyres,
Calles, rebatoes, perwigs, and wires:
Hoop-sleeves, French-bodies, vardingalles,
Paintings, perfumes, and washing-balles:
With twenty thousand such like bonny things,
To grace fair Nature, and mis-nature's doings,
And profite trades by doing my devisings
workemanly. *Lulla lullabie, &c.*

Feasts

Feasts and frollickes I doe ordaine,
And merrie meetings on the plaine:
Revels, and daunces in a rowe,
And morrow musicke at the window:
Tilting and justs are my magnificence,
The pomp wherof forbeareth no expence,
If so my spirit be in the pretence,
and grace it. *Lulla lullabie, &c.*

Wrinckles and pimples I can cure,
And make the stutting tongue demure;
The trembling palsey I can staie,
And take the misers gowt away:
The cripple creature I can make to runne,
The blinde man with new eyes to see the sunne,
And set in other teeth where th' old are done,
with the rewine. *Lulla lullabie, &c.*

Then since I am so physicall,
So musicall, so martiall,
So court-accepted, and rurall,
And so joy-mighty over all:
Be not t' yourself so prejudiciall
As to refuse my beneficiall
Bounties, in over melancholie gall.
Lulla lullabie, lulla lullabie."

Love by these, and other similar allurements, wins over the silly gray-beard to become his servitor and to vow eternal fealty to him as his sovereign, which the cajoler Cupid no sooner hears, than he calls the dotard an errant ideot to be so duped, and threatens him with private annoyance and public exposure, concluding his maledictions thus—

" Besides thy inward anguishes,
Farre worse then all the premises,

Vaine

Vaine hope, and desperation,
And doubtfull interpretation,
of every occurrent:
Presumption and jelousie,
Care, passion, and captivitie,
Errour and indiscretion,
Unrest and vaine invention,
and thy wealth mispent.
These and such like absurdities,
Shall *owlefie* thee 'n all mens eies;
Who when they have twitted thee to death,
Yet shall thy shame survive unneth,
and thus thy epitaph—
Who ere' thou art that readst this Epitaph above,
Know that heer underneath doth lie the *Owle* of *Love.*"

T. P.

ART. VI. *A Wife: now the Widdow of Sir Thomas Overburye: being a most exquisite and singular poem of the Choise of a Wife. 4th Edit. London. 1614. 4to.*

This, which professes to be the fourth, is the earliest impression I have seen of this once popular production, and the preface bears date May 16, 1614. Mr. Neve, in his notices of the author,* says, that 1614 was the first year of its publication; but I am not without suspicion that it appeared in print before the death of Overbury, which took place in October 1613. Successive editions were published in many succeeding years: that in 1615, had the following title—

* See Cursory Remarks on Ancient English Poets, 1789, p. 27.

New

New and choise Characters of seuerall Authors: together with that exquisite and unmatcht poeme The Wife; written by Syr Thomas Overburie. With the former Characters, and conceited Newes, all in one volume; with many other things added to this sixt impression London: Printed by Tho. Crede for Laurence Lisle, &c. 1615. *Small* 8*vo.*

To the early edition of Overbury's Wife, cited above, the verses of Sir Henry Wotton "on a happy life," were appended. In this sixth impression appeared the characters of "a Tinker, an Apparatour, and an Almanac-maker," which were claimed by J. Cocke, as his literary property, in a prefix to the Essaies of Stephens, 2d edit. 1615. "Newes from the Country," was printed as Dr. Donne's in 1669; and several stray effusions by other writers were probably engrafted on the publisher's original stock, and employed to enlarge this oft-reprinted book, of which the title was thus altered in a copy now before me.

Sir Thomas Overbury his Wife. With additions of new Characters; and many other Wittie Conceits never before printed. The fifteenth impression. London: Printed by R. B. for Robt. Allot. 1632. 12*mo.*

Twenty five copies of commendatory verses are prefixed; with an elegy on Wm. Lord Effingham, a complimentary poem ad Comitissam Rutlandiæ, and an elegy on the death of that Lady. Mr. Granger says, that the book had gone through sixteen editions in 1638, and that the last was published in 1753: sed quære? The fate of Overbury is sufficiently known: the

the merits of his principal production have been thus stated by the accomplished Mr. Neve. "In Overbury's poem of The Wife, the sentiments, maxims, and observations with which it abounds, are such as a considerable experience and a correct judgment on mankind alone could furnish. The topics of jealousy, and of the credit and behaviour of women, are treated with great truth, delicacy and perspicuity. The nice distinctions of moral character, and the pattern of female excellence here drawn, contrasted as they were with the heinous and flagrant enormities of the Countess of Essex, rendered this poem extremely popular, when its ingenious author was no more."

As some edition of the poem may at all times be obtained by every poetical reader, a single stanza may be sufficient to introduce here, as a specimen of it.

"Woman's *behaviour* is a surer bar
Than is their *no: that* fairly doth deny
Without denying; thereby kept they are
Safe ev'n from hope:—in part to blame is she,
Which hath without consent been only tried;
He comes too near, who comes to be denied."

The popularity of Overbury's poem gave rise perhaps to most of those which are here noticed in succession.

T. P.

ART. VII. *The Husband. A poeme expressed in a compleat man. London: Printed for Lawrence Lisle, dwelling at the Tygres Head in Paul's Church-yard.* 1614. *Small* 8vo.

This

This production is believed to be just as rare as the former is common: it being doubted whether any other copy exists than that now resorted to, which passed through the libraries of Major Pearson, Mr. Steevens, and Mr. Woodhouse, into the liberal hands of Mr. Hill. The anonymous writer inscribes his imitative poem "to his truly honored friend M Anth. Croftes," and dates his offering dedicatory June 29, 1614. A short "epistle to the reader" follows, in which the poet desires not to be condemned as an imitator, "though the work precedent and work-master, were both alike excellent." Verses of commendation then succeed, by Ben Jonson, I. C. Ra. Wym: Jo. Calve: A. H. Philomus: R. V. M. Freeman. The former of these encomiums I transcribe, as it does not appear to be collected among the works of learned Ben.

"*To the worthy author, on the Husband.*

"It fits not onely him that makes a booke
To see his worke be good; but that he looke
Who are his test, and what their judgment is,
Least a false praise do make theyr dotage his.
I do not feele that ever yet I had
The art of utt'ring wares, if they were bad;
Or skill of making matches in my life:
And therefore I commend unto the *Wife*
That went before—a *Husband.* She, Ile sweare,
Was worthy of a good one, and this here
I know for such, as (if my word will waigh)
She need not blush upon the marriage-day."

Though the name of the author is not unveiled, it is likely that the law was his profession, as three of his friendly

friendly encomiasts sign their verses from the Inner and Middle Temple, and Grays Inn. There is much quibble also in his composition, and a sententious quaintness in his style that renders his meaning very dark indeed. This will be sufficiently shewn by taking two stanzas in immediate succession.

" Fame is our hackney, not the journey's end;
He runs together; when we move our selves,
Goes backward, if the ryder him offend;
And with incessant speedines he delves
The grave of good's oblivion: much trust
In fame deceives; too little makes men rust.

Take therefore such a man, that hath bestridde
The lacke * of fame, where he is best beknowne:
Stipendious † voyces ever will out-bidde
The common rumor, which report is growne
A tryall now, t' approve good and condemne:
For sinnes it calles sinnes, though it nourish them."

T. P.

ART. VIII. *A Select Second Husband for Sir Thomas Overburie's Wife; now a matchlesse Widow. London: Printed by T. Creede and B. Allsopp for John Marriott, &c.* 1616. *Small 8vo.*

A sonnet-dedication to William Earl of Pembroke is signed John Davies. This was not Sir John, the philosophical poet and the judge: but his name-sake of Hereford, the verbose rhymer and writing-master. ‡

* This should probably be *back*: but the printer afforded no table of errata.

† Stipendious seems to be used in the sense of stipendiary.

‡ Vide Athen. Oxon. I 445.

In

In a prose address to the reader, he affirms that "they make harsh musicke, who to please the judgment with the ditty, offend the ear with the accent; and he who sings much out of tune, though he sings well out of cry, may haply sing to please himself and few: but shall be sure to displease many. In well-doing, it is well to follow; but in ill, the imitation is worse than the example." Davies has here followed Overbury with no illaudable endeavour; but, like most servile imitators, appears to copy without discrimination the blemishes of his original.

At the end of his Choice Husband are announced "Divers Elegies touching the death of the never too-much-praised and pitied Sir Tho. Overbury:" but one elegy and an epitaph are all that appear in print. To these succeed Mirum in Modum," a poem first published in 1602; and "Speculum Proditor," which has a conclusion to Sir T. O. that reaches the very acme of metrical bombast and word-catching absurdity. For the credit of the author, and in consonance with the present plan of concentrating these homogeneous productions in one point of view, a short extract is here in preference supplied from his principal poem.

"Marriage, that is most noble, should have nought
But what is noble in it; noble-moods
To scorne that frailty, and despise that thought
That is not truly noble: marriage goods
Are ills, if good they be not made by these,
Else, to have much is much but to displease.

In paradise it was ordain'd; and so
For place its noble: and if innocence
May make that noble which from thence doth flow,
Nobilitie therein hath residence.

The

The Lord of love, who hatred most doth hate,
Is matcht to those that love in married state.

Then time, place, person, that did it effect,
Being so noble; noble it must be
Above all friendships which we should affect,
Sith it is so transcendent in degree.
Woman was made for man, and for his aide
Made of that holpe; that holpe, then, must be staid."

T. P.

ART. IX. *The Description of a Good Wife: or a rare one amongst Women. London: Printed for Richard Redmer, &c.* 1619. *Small 8vo.*

This is understood, from Mr. Malone, to be the performance of Richard Brathwaite; a noted wit, poet and justice of peace, says Wood.* It is superior, as a composition, to the preceding poems: has more perspicuity of design, more skill of method, and more harmony of metre. The argument may serve to explain the author's intention.

"In pursuit of Love's inquest,
Heavy-eyed Musophilus,
Restless, takes himselfe to rest,
And displays his fortunes thus:—
In his sleepe (death's shade) appears
Age, the honour of man's life,
Old in hours as well as years,
Who instructs him in a Wife:
And in brief assayes to show
Who is good, who is not so.

* Athen. Oxon. II. 516.

Next, his choice he shews his son,
(Lest he should his choice neglect)
What by him ought to be done
To his Wife, in each respect;
Who, though she should ever fear
To give cause of just offence,
Yet he ought not domineer,
'Cause he has preeminence:
For that conquest's worthy no man,
Where the triumph's o'er a woman."

The following passages are extracted from many pages of Direction for the Choice of a Wife.

"Chuse one that's wise, yet to herself not so,
Loving to all, familiar to few,
Inwardly fair, though mean to outward show,
Seldom conversing in a publique view;
Nor young, nor old, but has of years enow
To know what huswife means, and such an one
As may supplie thy place when thou'rt from home.

Chuse one who makes it greatest of her feare
T' incur suspicion, that esteems her name
Before a world of treasure; that can beare
Affliction with indifference, and thinks shame
A matron's comeliest habit; one, that's deare
In her Creator's sight, and feares to do
Ought that thy selfe will not assent unto.

Chuse one whom thou canst love, not for constraint
Of fortune or of friends; for what are these,
That thou by them shouldst measure thy content?—
No, no; in marriage thou thy selfe must please;
Or every day will be an argument
Of thy succeeding sorrow;—then, be wise,
Carve for thy selfe, yet hear thy friends advise.

Chuse

Chuse one whose pre election can admit
None save thy selfe, that she can dearly love;
Yet so discreet, as she can silence it
Till th' time her parents shall her choice approve:
For that implies her modestie and wit;
While rash assents, whens'ever they do come,
Are ever seen to bring repentance home."

T. P.

ART. X. *A Happy Husband: or Directions for a Maid to chuse her Mate. Together with a Wive's behaviour after Marriage. By Patrick Hannay, Gent. London: Printed by John Haviland for Nathaniel Butter, &c.* 1619. *Small 8vo.*

This was reprinted with the poems of Hannay, in 1622, of whom a brief notice is given in Vol. III. of Mr. Ellis's Specimens. His present production is not without moral merit or wholesome advice; and may admit of a short extract from the rules laid down for a Wife's behaviour.

"If anger once begin 'twixt man and wife,
If soon not reconcil'd, it turns to strife,
Which still will stir, on every light occasion,
What might have ceas'd in silence; then, persuasion
Of friends will hardly end: for every jarre
Is ominous, presaging life-long warre:
And where two join'd do jar, their state decays;
They go not forward who draw divers ways.
Being yoakt together, your first care must be,
That with your Husband you in love agree:
As far from fondness be, as from neglect,
Mixing affection with a staid respect.

Thy own desert must him unto thee bind;
Desert doth make a savage to be kind:
It is an adamantine chaine to knit
Two souls so fast, nought can them disunite."

T. P.

ART. XI. *Picturæ Loquentes: or Pictures drawne forth in Characters. With a poeme of a Maid. By Wye Saltonstall. Ne sutor ultra crepidam. London: Printed by T. Cotes, &c.* 1631. 12*mo.*

A second edition of this little volume was printed in 1635, with twelve additional characters. In Wood's Athenæ, I. 640, some account is given of the author and his work. The plan of the latter was undoubtedly derived from that of Overbury: but the execution is greatly superior. Four selected stanzas are here subjoined, from the poem entitled "A Maid."

"Maidens have no advancement to derive
Unto themselves, but when they match aright;
For 'tis their marriage must them honour give,
They shine but with a mutaticious light:
For women's honours from their husbands come,
As Cynthia borrows lustre from the sun.

And since that marriage is a strict relation,
Methinks good counsell were not here in vaine,
That they be sure to make a good foundation,
Since that they cannot play their cast again:
For hence, their future good is lost or won,
And once to err, is still to be undone.

'Tis

'Tis no cold walls or nunnery, no false spies,
That can secure a maid that's once inclin'd
To ill; though watcht by jealous Argus' eyes,
To act her thoughts a time yet will she find:
There is no way to keepe a maid at all,
But when herselfe is like a brazen wall;

That can repell men's flatteryes, though afar,
And make her looks her liking soone to show;
Which, like a frost, such thoughts as lustfull are
Nips in the blossom ere they ranker grow.
Since then the eye and gesture speak the heart,
A maiden carriage is a maid's chief art."

Though somewhat of a different character from the preceding poems, yet the following may be superadded, on account of its title.

T. P.

ART. XII. *A Wife not ready made, but bespoken: By Dicus the batchelor; and made up for him by his fellow shepheard Tityrus. In four pastorall eglogues. The Second Edition. London: Printed for A. R.* 1653. 8*vo*.

This is a poetical pleading for and against marriage, in which the opposite advocates display equal ingenuity. The tract has a dedication in verse by R. A. "to his honoured good friend Sir Robert Stapleton," the translator of Juvenal and Musæus. R. A. is Robert Aylet, LL D. who wrote several pieces of a graver cast on scriptural subjects, which were collected into a thick octavo volume, of unfrequent occurrence. The present little work exhibits a few lyric stanzas which invite

transcription. They appear under the quaint title of "A Mandee to Grammar-Scholars."

"In time of seed, no cost or labour spare;
Who soweth cheap,
Shall never reap
Things admirable, excellent, and rare.

One hour in youth, well-spent, may go for two:
When we grow old
Our studie's cold;
The things we learn in youth, in age we do.

Look but before, you plainly shall descry—
Honours attend
On them that spend
Their youth in sacred Muses' company:

When they that follow worldly vain delights,
In folly spend
What heav'ns do send,
And set in mists of sad obscured night.

Hence, younger brothers by their studies raise
Their houses' name
To height of fame,
And build brave monuments of lasting praise:

Which th' elder finding ready built to hand,
Their genius please
In sloth and ease,
Or waste, in pride and riot, goods and land."

Two elegies are added on the deaths of Edmund Alleyn, Esq. of Hatfield in Essex, (son and heir to Sir Edward Alleyn, Bart.) and Mary his wife.

T. P.

ART.

ART. XIII. *The most excellent Historie of Lysimachus and Varrona, daughter to Syllanus, Duke of Hypata in Thessalia. Wherin are contained the effects of Fortune, the wonders of Affection, and the conquests of incertaine Time. By I. H. R.*

" ——————— Sectantem grandia nervi
Deficient, animusque ———————."

London: Printed by Thomas Creede. 1604. 8vo.

This perhaps unique volume is in the Marquis of Stafford's fine library. The dedication to the Right Honourable Henry Wriothesly, Earle of Southampton, is signed only I. H. Then follows an address " to the Gentlemen Readers," beginning " Gentlemen, I have written the storie of Lysimachus and Varrona, &c." signed as in the title-page I. H. R.

The verses in praise of the book are a sonnet signed " Ro. Bacchus," and a sextain signed " Tho. Talkinghame, Gentleman."

The Historie is printed in the black letter; but the verses intermixed, are in the Roman. It is worthy of remark, that the very first song, entitled " Lysimachus' Sonnet that he made in prison," may be found in Greene's Arcadia: it begins,

" Yon restlesse cares, companions of the night, &c."

and the burden to the four stanzas is

" Farewell my hopes, farewell my happie dayes;
Welcome sweet griefe, the subject of my layes."

The following madrigal, sung by a shepherd, is pleasing; and presents a mode of versification not

often met with; viz. of the fifth and sixth lines corresponding with the eleventh and twelfth.

" What are my sheepe without their woonted foode?
What [is] my life except I gaine my love?
My sheepe consume, and taint for want of blood;
My life is lost, unlesse I grace approve.
No flower that saplesse thrives,
No turtle without pheare.

The day without the sunne doth lowre for woe;
Then wo mine eyes, unless they beawtie see;
My sunne, Varrona's eyes, by whom I know
Wherein delight consists, where pleasures be.
Nought more the heart revives,
Then to embrace his deare.

The starres from earthlie humours gaine their light,
Our humours by their light possesse their power;
Varrona's eyes, fed by my weeping sight,
Infude my paines or joyes, by smile or lower.
So wends the source of love,
It feeds, it failes, it ends.

Kind lookes, clear to your joy, behold her eies,
Admire her heart, desire to tast her kisses:
In them the heaven of joy and solace lies,
Without them every hope his succour misses.
Oh, how I love to prove,
Whereto this solace tends."

T. P.

ART. XIV. *The Popish Kingdome, or reigne of Antichrist. Written in Latine verse by Thomas Naogeorgus, and Englyshed by Barnaby Googe. 2 Timoth. 3. Lyke as Iannes and Iambres withstoode Moises,*

Moises, euen so doe these also resist the truth. Men they are of corrupt mindes, and lewde as concerning the faith: but they shall preuaile no longer. For their foolishnesse shall be manifest to all men as theirs was. Imprinted at London by Henrie Denham, for Richarde Watkins, Anno 1570. 4*to.* 88 *leaves, exclusive of table, epistles, &c. b. l.*

Dedicated "To the Right High, and Mightie Princesse Elizabeth, by the grace of God, Queene of Englande, Fraunce, and Ireland, Defender of the Fayth, and of the Church of England and Ireland; on earth next under God the supreme governour."

In this dedication the Translator says "the author so eloquentlye in Latin hath exprest his mind, and so plainely and truely hath described the fayned sanctitie of the Romishe religion, that now so much is boasted of, as I cannot but judge him a present meete for a queene."—"I have also hereunto joyned some parte of another booke written by the same author, and entituled *The Spirituall Husbandrie* (which I long before translated) bicause the other being printed, seemed something to small in volume." Concluding "your Maiesties most humble and faithfull subiect. Barnabe Googe." Two pages.

On the following page are the arms of B. G. the quarterings somewhat different from those described in CENSURA, Vol. II. p. 207.

"To the Right High and Mightie Prince Philip, by the grace of God Lantgrave of Hesse, &c. Thomas Naogeorgus his humble subiect wisheth, &c." Dated "from Basil the 20 of Februarie, 1553." Six pages.

This

This work is divided into four books. The first book, consisting of 1000 lines, describes the establishing of papal power, the acts of the popes, cardinals, bishops, &c. The following is the description of the dress of a bishop.

"The bishop in the meane time is apparelde gorgiously,
And fourteene sundrie garments doth he herein occupy,
Without the which he cannot doe his sacrifice at all;
Yea, some must fifteene on them have, beside their costly pall:
His sandals first he putteth on, of silke or velvet new,
And then his Amias and his Albe, that hangeth to his shew,
Which doth in whitenesse passe the swan, that in the river fleetes,
A slender girdle rounde about his loynes, embracing meetes;
And eke about his necke a stoale doth round in compasse sit,
The greatest part is wrought of silke, of length and largenesse fit,
Which, when upon his blessed brest a crosse is overlayde,
It passeth downe and underneath his girdle fast is stayde.
Then puttes he on his tunicle, of purple colour bright,
And over that his dalmatik, a short sleevde garment light,
And then upon his tender handes his gloves he draweth on,
And many a costly stone in ringes he weareth thereupon:
Then over all he puttes his cope, a garment strange in sight,
Which lyke unto the lothsome tode behinde is shaped right,
With crosse depainted brave upon his backe and eke his brest,
And after this his napkins white, he joyneth with the rest;
And rounde about his porkish necke, his palle of passing price
He casteth on, with hanging hoode, and knot of fine device;
His forked myter then he takes, with golde and stones arayde,
From whence two labels hanging out, behind are overlaydes
Now last of all his Crosiar staffe in hand he holdes upright,
Whose crooked upper part is deckt with gold and jewels bright.

The

The rest with silver garnisht is, and plaited fine and neat,
Least it should grieve his holy hands, with weight of mettall great.
What God I say, or Sybyll then, what Moyses ever tought,
For to be clad with such a pompe, and garments straungly wrought.
When long agone they left their bookes, and freely had assinde,
Ech blocke to preache, and bussards such, as had none other minde;
But onely for to feede themselves, and that they weary were,
Of such things as belonge unto the bishop's dutie here."

In the second book (976 lines) the consistories, officialls, parsons, and various orders of monks, &c. are pourtrayed in a continual strain of censure. Of the order of mendicants

" No mariage is solemnized, nor great assembly had,
No feast is made in any place, but strayte these beggers mad
With boxes stande about the borde, and impudently than
They crave and aske, like lothsome flies molesting every man;
At supper none in quiet sittes, nor can their dinner take,
But in they come, and both their handes and eares they weary make.—
But yet above the reast I doe the wisest count those same,
That begging rounde about the worlde, with tytle fayre and name,
Have growne in little time to wealth, and treasures infinite,
Have purchast vineyardes, landes, and rents, and houses fayre in sight:
With graunges great, and pleasant farmes, and droves of cattell store,
That now no neede they have to begge, nor aske for any more;
Yea, loth they ar to have the name of beggers in degree,
So abby-lubber lyke they live, and lordes they called bee."

The

The third book (1012 lines) describes the catholic faith and the power of the mass, to which some singular properties are assigned: amongst many other it is said

"Masse helpes the hunter with his horne, and makes the dog to runne, [come:
Masse sendeth store of sport and game into their nettes to
Masse molifieth the angrie mindes, and driveth rage away,
Masse brings the wofull lovers to their long desired day;
Masse doth destroy the witches works, and makes their charmings vaine, [paine;
Masse causeth good deliveraunce, and helpes the womans
Masse overthrowes thine enmies force and doth resist his might, [night:
Masse drives out Robyn good-fellow, and bugs that walk by
Masse useth many slouthfull knaves, and lubbers for to feede,
Masse brings in dayly gaine, as doth the sowter's arte, at neede."

The last book (1184 lines) contains a description of the various feasts and holidays kept, which appears exaggerated; but repeated mention of "playes, Christmasse-games, jeasters, roges, minstrells, and pedlars," makes it interesting, as describing the customs and amusements of that period. From Shrovetide a short extract, and end.

"The chiefest man is he, and one that most deserveth prayse,
Among the rest that can finde out the fondest kinde of playes:
On him they looke and gaze upon, and laugh with lustie cheare, [geare.
Whom boyes do follow, crying 'foole,' and such like other
He in the meane time thinkes himselfe a wondrous worthie man, [can.
Not mooved with their wordes nor cryes, do whatsoever they

Some

Some sort there are that runne with staves, or fight in armour fine,
Or shew the people foolishe toyes, for some small peece of [wine.
Besides the noblemen, the riche, and men of hie degree,
Least they with common people should not seeme so mad to bee;
There wagons finely framde before, and for this matter meete,
And lustie horse and swift of pace, well trapt from head to feete,
They put therein, about whose necke and every place before,
A hundred gingling belles do hang, to make his courage more. [stande,
Their wives and children therein set, behinde themselves do
Well armde with whips, and holding fast the bridle in their hande, [they ron,
With all their force throughout the streetes and market place
As if some whirlewinde mad, or tempest great, from skies should come," &c.

The *Spirituall Husbandrie* has a preface "To the Right Honorable and Worthie Lords the Governors and Senate of Bern, Thomas Naogeorgus wisheth, &c." Dated "from Campidun the first of March, 1550."

The first book contains 918 lines, and the second 978 lines of the same measure with the preceding, of which the specimens are, perhaps, more than sufficient for the whole.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XV. *The Boke.*

Reade me frynde and be not wrothe
For I saye nothynge but the trothe.
¶ *The Byshoppes speake in the Cardynall.*
I wyll ascende makynge thy state so hye,
That my pompouse honoure shall neuer dye.

[*Cardinal's*

[*Cardinals arms, as before described, not coloured.*]

The Christen Congregation speaketh.

O catife, whan thou thynkest least of all,
Wyth confusyon thou shalt haue a fall.

Colophon: *Prynted at Wesell in the Yeare of our Lorde* 154⁶, *on the last of June, by Henry Nycolson.*

This work is certainly too rare to make an apology necessary for the little now to be added to the full account given of the first edition, in CENSURA, Vol. II. p. 128. Indeed my task is limited to one leaf, as this is the second edition, described by Herbert, p. 1560, but his copy wanted the title, and his coined one of "Burying of the Mass," may now be corrected as above. The two editions appear to vary in orthography, and probably in many other instances, upon collation. The fifth and sixth lines of "¶ The description of the Armes," at the back of the title, given in the CENSURA, already referred to, are thus materially altered.

"Which hathe devowred all that he may or can,
Mortall enemy unto the worthy Reade lyon."

At the end of this description, on same page, are the following lines, which do not appear to be noticed by Herbert, or in the above account, and therefore I presume are not in the first edition.

¶ *An Exhortation to the Papistes.*

"O ye byshoppes and prestes, that yet be alyve,
Repent from your tyranny after Iohn's counsell,
Least ye be served as the folyshe virgynes fyve,
And utterly be condempned to the pytte of hell.
Therefor put all your affiaunce in the pure Gospell,
Dyspise the worlde and cast your selves downe,
Than shall ye receyve of God an immortall crowne."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART.

ART. XVI. *What Peace to the Wicked? or an Expostulatorie Answer to a Derisorie Question, lately made, concerning Peace. By a Free-man, though a Prisoner.*

" The Author spares his name; not, that he dares not
To let you know it; but, because he cares not."

Printed in the Yeer 1646. *pp.* 6. *Double columns.*

This is one of the tracts by that "old puritan satyrist," (as Wood calls him) George Wither, consisting of above 500 lines; and appears to have been written at the time he was suffering imprisonment on account of some reflections on Sir Richard Onslow, of Surry, Knt. inserted in an apologetical discourse in English, published with the "Justiciarius justificatus," in 1646: and upon which Wood says "arose a debate in April the same year, in the House of Commons, and at length in August following, it was voted by them, that G. Wither, author thereof, should pay to the said Sir R. Onslow 500l. for damages, and that the book be burnt by the hand of the common hangman; at which time Wither was in prison for it, and continued there about a year."

This poem begins with putting the question.

" One, who hath, seldom, in his daies,
From fooles, or knaves, had love or praise;
And, who, throughout this isle, is knowne,
With cheerfulnesse, to have bestowne
His wit, paines, person, and estate,
The publike rights to vindicate;
A long imprisonment hath had,
For calling of a spade, a spade;
Which (if a court-card) might have been
Next to the King, except the Queen.

As

As he, in his confinement lay,
Some asked him, the other day,
'When he supposed this Warre should end,
Or what successes should attend
Our hopes of peace?' Which Question, tho
From levity it seem'd to flow,
Or, scoffingly, to be exprest
Receiv'd this answer, not in jest."

Of the various factions that divided the kingdom at that period, he gives the following description.

" If waste Jerusalem was made,
Who, therein, but three factions had,
This island how may we deplore,
Wherein are three times three, and more!
Some, with the Parliament partake,
Some for the King a party make,
As he is king; and some, that he
A tyrant might become to be:
Some would a popular estate,
Some aristocracy create;
Some are a faction for the pope;
Some, to maintain the prelates hope;
Some, for the presbyterians vote;
Some, Independency promote;
Some, strive for this, and some for that;
Some, neither know nor care for what:
So wars go on, and get they may
Free-quarter, plunder and their pay.
Some fight their liberties to save,
Some, that they others might enslave;
Some, for religion, and for Christ,
Some, that they may do what they list;
Some, for the Common-wealth's availe,
Some, for themselves, with tooth and naile;

And

And they that have the basest end,
As fairly as the best, pretend;
Not caring whether their desire
Obtained be, by sword or fire,
By truth or lies, with love or hate;
By treachery or fair debate.
This is our posture; and, whilst we,
So foolish false and factious be,
(Or whilst affaires continue thus)
Who knows what will become of us?
Or, when the man, who these lines pen'd,
Shall find good usage, or a friend."

The author concludes his poem with what may be the foundation of peace, by the parliament getting rid of its faction, making one hecatomb of the Committees, &c. Then

" ——— if in one year,
Peace be not firmly settled here;
My loans and losses yet unpaid,
(With my arrears, three years delay'd)
Ile forfeit wholly to the state;
And live still, as I've done of late,
By swallowing wrongs, by empty aire,
And, patience kept, through faith and prayer.
Thus to the Question made, you have
That answer which our Prisoner gave;
Who other tales will tell, if he
Much longer shall imprison'd be.
A Spaniel beaten, at your foot will lie;
An English Mastive, at your face will flie."

Take this, and consider of it, till "more comes." And more will come from the same author in two or three future articles.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XVII. *A List of the diminutions of the Royall Navy of England from December* 1688 [*unto the* 30*th of June* 697.] *Humbly presented to the Rt. Honourable Edward Earle of Orford. MS.* 4*to.*

By this list of vessels lost, it appears that in about eight years and an half the navy suffered a diminution of 160 vessels, which are enumerated: from first to sixth rates, 79, fireships 35, advice-boats 4, bomb-vessels 7, brigantines 1, hulks 5, ketches 8, machines 14, pinks 3, sloops 2, smacks 1, and tow engine 1. Of this number 38 only fell into the hands of the enemy. 10 fireships appear to have been destroyed in a further attempt on the French fleet off Cape de Hague and Cape Barfleur, on the 19th and 23rd of May 1692, after the victory obtained by Admiral Russell over Count de Tourville; the remainder of the vessels are described as lost by accidents, sold, &c.

The machines were from 18 to 107 tons burthen, carrying from four to ten men; and the pinks 96 tons burthen, having ten guns and fifty men. The other names are yet retained in the navy. Only one first-rate is mentioned, and the description will shew the extent of the writer's information: it was the Royal Sovereign, built 1637 at Woolwich by Capt. Pett, carrying 815 men, 100 guns, 1556 tons burthen, in ordinary, burnt by accident at Gillingham, 27 Jan. 1695.

This article was purchased in Brand's sale to accompany the MS. already described in the present volume.

Conduit-street. J. H.

ART.

ART. XVIII. *Lives of Modern Poets.*

No. VII.

REV. WILLIAM BAGSHAW STEVENS, D.D.

I AM induced by regard for the memory of an ingenious man, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, to insert the following imperfect sketch. There are many now living much better qualified for the task than I am; but as they have neglected this act of friendship, in spite of the endeavour I made some years ago to stimulate them to the performance of it,* I cannot omit, while I am recording so many other poets, to notice Dr. WILLIAM BAGSHAW STEVENS. I regret that my materials are so very scanty; for they consist of little else than a few notices gathered from the conversations of a deceased friend, who was not remarkable for the sagacity and discrimination of his mind, except the slight inferences which may be gathered from the author's poems. There are many authors, whose own characters break forth in almost every page of their writings. This does not appear to me to have been the case with Stevens. In the slender opportunity I possessed, I could trace a very slight similitude between his manners and his compositions. The effect of literature upon the moral character; the degree of sincerity and truth exhibited in an author's public sentiments, has ever been with me a favourite object of investigation. At the same time I am perfectly aware how very difficult it is; and how much

* See a memoir by the present Editor in Gent. Mag. Vol. LXXI. p. 106. See also p. 316.

caution it requires. There are very many, whose first appearance exhibits no likeness to their real character; not only from affected disguise, or momentary vanity; but from unconquerable shyness or reserve. An ill-formed and forbidding countenance; an awkward manner; and the accidental vulgarities or defects of infantine education, will sometimes conceal from the first view elegance of mind and tenderness of heart. So deceitful, indeed, are first appearances, that I have seen men glowing with the fire of fancy and passion, whose activity of mind and sentiment was only faulty in its exuberance, shew themselves to superficial observation, as beings of the most frigid temperament; sluggish in their ideas, cold as stone in their hearts, and harsh and unbending in their judgments.

Whence this frequent incongeniality between the mind and the manners can arise, is a point, which would require a longer and more profound discussion than would be proper for this place, or, perhaps, than I have the ability to execute. I mention it only as an apology for the hesitation, which I feel, to pronounce upon the character of Dr. Stevens from a short and casual visit, even in the absence of other materials.

The most authentic and least fallacious sources of intelligence for the life of one, whose days have been spent, not in the busy scenes of the world, but in literary retirement, are generally to be found in his private and confidential letters. I think that in such letters it is seldom difficult to discriminate between what is affected, and what really flows from the heart. Persons of genius, who almost always write with more eloquence, and universally with more purity, in proportion as they are free from the ambition to shine, seldom

fail

fail to discover the genuine colours of their intellectual dispositions on these occasions. We have lately had several striking instances of this in the cases of Burns, Cowper, Beattie, Mrs. Carter, &c. whose moral and mental traits, and excellence in prose composition, will best be proved by their epistolary productions. I much regret that I have no such assistance towards delineating the character of the subject of the present memoir.

WILLIAM BAGSHAW STEVENS was born in 1756, the son of an apothecary at Abingdon, in Berkshire, where he received the early part of his education. In 1772 he was elected a demy of Magdalen College, in Oxford; where he soon became eminent for his poetical talents. It is probable, that the example of William Collins, who had formerly been a demy of the same college, and of whom Stevens entertained an enthusiastic admiration, stimulated his natural propensity to this art. In 1775 he published a quarto pamphlet of *Poems consisting of Indian Odes and Miscellaneous Pieces.* He was then only nineteen years old; and this publication was considered by his friends and acquaintance as a powerful proof of early talents. I have it not at hand to consult it; but I believe it contained poems of very extraordinary merit for so young a man; and raised expectations which were not afterwards entirely fulfilled. The poem reprinted in *The Poetical Register,* Vol. III. p. 271, entitled O RUS! was probably one of them. It is a very pleasing ode, and exhibits an easier manner than Stevens often commanded, as will appear from the three first stanzas, which here follow.

"Ye fields! where once with careless feet,
The fairy forms of Spring to meet
My childhood lov'd to roam,
Again to view each laughing scene
Your flowrets fresh, and daisied green,
Ye genial fields! again I come:

And with me bring a grateful meed
For pleasures past, a rural reed;
To you its notes belong;
And while my artless simple strains
Re-echo to my native plains,
The shepherd-girl shall love my song.

And while beneath yon hawthorn shade,
For lonely peace and pleasure made,
My listless length I lay;
Kind Fancy from her magic bower
Shall call the grove, the field, the flower,
And bid the Muse the scene survey."

In due time Mr. Stevens took his first degree, and went into orders; and immediately afterwards engaged himself as an assistant to Dr. Prior, in his school at Repton in Derbyshire. This seminary had long been in great repute among the gentry of the midland counties; but was then declining in consequence of the master's age and infirmities. In 1779 Mr. Stevens took his degree of A. M. and about the same time succeeded, himself, to the mastership of the school by Dr. Prior's death. The tiresome, though useful, occupation, in which he was now engaged, does not seem very propitious to the Muses; but he could not abandon his favourite pursuit; which very probably tended to cherish an indolence and neglect, not much suited

suited to the prosperity of his school. In 1782 he gave the public a second collection of poems, containing *Retirement*, in blank verse; *two Odes*; and an *Inscription*. All these have been lately reprinted in *The Poetical Register*.

"Retirement" is a long poem,* containing many vigorous passages, which no ordinary man could have written. But there appears to me to be some inherent defect in it, which I confess myself unable to analyse. It sounds upon the ear, but from some cause or other, not clear to me, it fails to make its way to the heart. This, perhaps, is partly owing to the apparent labour with which it is written. Stevens was certainly fond of strutting words; and seems to have rather gone in search of expression than of thought. Perhaps the most interesting specimen is his picture of unhappy poets.

"Yet ere thy hand, with daring fancy warm,
Awake the wires of fancy, ere she draw
Her roseate veil, and smile thee to her love,
Mark, where with smiling aspect Dulness stands:
Wearily slow his words; drowsy their tone;
Muttering with solemn air, and sapient pride
Proverbial documents, and grandam lore,
He shakes the affected pity of his brow
In meanest triumph o'er the withering fate
Of Genius, and the proud neglect of Worth.
Lo! he† who died of hunger and of thirst;
He, who on Mulla's banks in fairy pomp,
Marshall'd his splendid chivalry, and deck'd

* It consists of 576 lines. See Poetical Register, Vol. V. p. 259.

† Spenser.

With virtue-breathing shews Eliza's court!
The trump re-echoes; and the red-cross Knight
Issues in ardour forth, adventurous deeds
Urging through danger to the steeps of fame;
The lady of his love, herself the meed
Of his high triumph, animates his heart.
Scar'd at his sunbright shield, and haughty lance
Pointed with death, the chariot's winged speed,
Falters;—unshelter'd from his fury falls
The faithless Soldan; the dark wizard shrieks;
The ghostly chambers, the wild shadowy hosts,
And magic murmurs, melt in angry air.
Rapt by his powerful strain, the elated soul
Spurns the dull features of existent Time,
And its dark grain of manners: charm'd in thought
To meet his fairy imagery of song,
She in the fable of heroic days
Longs to have mix'd her flame. Sublime or sweet
The trumpet thunders, or the plaintive lute
Its tenderest accent breathes; in plain or court
(While the bard died of hunger or of thirst,)
Wood-nymphs and regal dames ador'd his songs.
See 'fall'n on evil days and evil tongues,'
Rolling in vain his perish'd orbs of sight,
In Freedom's aid o'erply'd, the bard * by Heaven
'Best-favour'd:' such the crown of human worth!
O ye, whose bosoms, true to Nature, turn
Like the bright flower before the orb of day,
To every movement of the poet's mind!
Blest be the graceful weakness that descends
In silent tears, that heaves your pitying hearts,
When wrung with deep and delicate distress
Monimia mourns; or she who kneels in vain

* Milton.

For

For the lost blessing of a father's love,
For the dear forfeit of a husband's life,
Poor hapless Belvidera!
Still as your souls, in rapt attention hush'd,
Sigh o'er their fate, let Indignation point,
Virgins and youths! and all whose bosoms bleed
At storied grief and fabulous despair!
Where the Creator of those passion'd scenes
Naked, unshelter'd, hunger-smit and poor,
Poor to the last extremity of woe,
Sadly beseeches, ere he sinks in death,
The scantiest boon that ever Genius ask'd,
That e'er the meanest nature can implore,
One morsel from your board:—it comes too late:
And the Muse hymns her OTWAY's soul to heav'n.
But who is he, whom later garlands grace? *
Lo, his worn youth, beneath the chilly grasp
Of penury faints; and in her mournful shroud
Dark'ning all joy, all promises of good,
All health, all hope, sad Melancholy saps
In drear decay the fabric of his mind:
See shuddering pity o'er his fallen soul
Wrings her pale hands. Regardless of the guide
That lifts his step, regardless of the friend
That mourns, nor sadly conscious of himself,
Silent, yet wild, his languid spirit lies:
The light of thought has wander'd from his eye;
It glares, but sees not. Yet this breathing corse,
This youthful driveller, Nature's ghastliest form;
(O who would love the lyre?) in all the courts
Of Fancy, where abstracted Beauty play'd
With wildest elegance, his ardent shell
Enamour'd struck, and charm'd her various soul.
See later yet, and yet in drearier state,

* Collins.

Where

Where dawning Genius* struggling into day
Sinks in a dark eclipse; no friendly heart
With love auspicious, and no angel-hand
With prosperous spell his labouring sun relieve,
And chase the gather'd clouds that drop with blood."

These poems did not attract much notice: but this may be partly accounted for by the mode of their publication: they were not the property of any active bookseller; but were sent forth on the author's own risk, by a retired clergyman, little known in the bustle of the metropolis, and incapable of extending their circulation by the aid of personal interference. I suspect that this cold reception affected him deeply. From that period his indolence increased; he seemed to grow indifferent to the world; or at least to the generous ambition which had early called forth his exertions; and appeared to me (but it might be only an appearance) too often to sneer at literary pursuits. I cannot commend such a change of mind; an acute sensibility of intellect must be damped by neglect; but its fire ought to recover itself and blaze again. The love of praise is a liberal affection; but this should not be our only motive of activity; we should cherish literature for its own sake, and consider that it produces its own reward.

He never again made any serious efforts in composition. He amused himself, however, with gathering occasional flowers at the foot of Parnassus. These flowers have been preserved principally in the Gentle-

* Chatterton.

man's

man's Magazine, to which he contributed for nearly twenty years.* His signature was M. C. S. viz. *Magd. Coll. Semisocius.* He often imitated Horace; but I think not very happily. His style, encumbered and somewhat heavy, was peculiarly ill adapted to the playful ease, the *curiosa felicitas* of Horace; and he was apt to give to his original the affectations in poetical phraseology, which had grown up in his own day. Now and then however his versions exhibited passages executed with a happy vigour. I will insert a single stanza, which, I conceive, will justify my censure. It is a translation of the following of Horace's famous Ode to Grosphus, Ode 16, Book II.†

"Otium divos rogat in patenti
Prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes
Condidit Lunam, neque certa fulgent
——————— Sidera nautis.

The seaman in some wild tempestuous night,
When Horror rides upon the white-mouth'd wave,
And stars deny the mercy of their light,
Longs for some peaceful port his shatter'd bark to save." ‡

It will probably be admitted, that nothing can be more unlike than the second line is to Horace.

In the autumn of 1789, being on a visit to a friend in Derbyshire, I accompanied him to spend two or three days with Mr. Stevens at his house at Repton. Here I obtained all the slight personal knowledge of

* In Sept. 1784, he furnished some good lines addressed to Miss Seward. See Gent. Mag. Vol. LIV. p. 693.

† So well imitated by Warren Hastings.

‡ Gent. Mag. Vol. LVI. p. 426.

this

this author to which I can lay claim. Our reception was highly hospitable; and the visit gratified us in many respects. I found Mr. Stevens a man of various and accurate information, of enlarged sentiments, and strong sense, a little inclined to sarcasm, and totally free from all the affectations of authorship, which some traits in the character of his writings had led me to expect. I doubt whether he did not even affect a coldness to the ambitions of genius; and, what became him less, I suspected him of sometimes assuming the sentiments of the man of the world, in a manner not congenial to the workings of his own bosom, and certainly not consistent with the turn impressed on him either by nature or education. He lived a great deal at this period at the table of his neighbour Sir Robert Burdet* of Foremark, where the society was not often such as tended to encourage his literary propensities.

His first address was not prepossessing. He was tall, but rather thick; his complexion fair; his eyes very light; and his whole countenance deficient in expression. His manner also was shy and awkward. But in a little while the prejudice created by these appearances wore away. His sentiments flowed frankly; his conversation became manly and intelligent; and his good-humour, strong sense, and apparent integrity, impressed his acquaintance with regard and respect. He was no courtier; spoke his opinions totally free from all mean attention to self-interest;

* Sir Robert, however, had a nephew, (and son-in-law) the present Mr. Mundy of Markton, the author of *Needwood Forest*, &c. of a congenial turn. But this ingenious man was, I believe, at this time principally immerged in the bosom of domestic privacy.

and

and never suppressed his indignation at turpitude, nor controuled the independence of his spirit. Perhaps this temper contributed to the decay of his school, which fell off, in a very mortifying degree, during the latter period of his life. But I have understood, that his best friends could not totally defend him from the charge of neglect and idleness, which his enemies, (and what literary man in the country has not numerous enemies?) urged against him with unceasing bitterness.

At length in 1794 he succeeded, after unusual delay, to a fellowship of his college, to which he had looked for many years with anxious hope. It was probably soon after, that he took the degree of D. D. but he did not quit his school at Repton. In 1797 he lost his old friend Sir Robert Burdet; but the loss was made up by the intimacy of his grandson Sir Francis; who, on the death of the Rev. Stebbing Shaw, (father of the Staffordshire Historian) in 1799, presented him to the rectory of Seckingdon in Warwickshire; to which, by the interest of Mr. Coutts, was added the vicarage of Kingsbury. Mr. Stevens had now a comfortable income; and his age did not preclude him from the prospect of many remaining years to enjoy it. But Providence ordered it otherwise! In May 1800, he suddenly sunk from his chair in an apoplectic fit; and a few days afterwards expired, at the age of forty-four. One who knew him well has added his testimony to mine, that he was "a man, who, though evidently circumscribed by situation, seemed in a particular manner gifted by Nature and qualified by his attainments to support the character of the gentleman, the man of learning,

learning, and of genius, and assuredly that of a most interesting companion and friend." *

Dr. Stevens was, I believe, a frequent correspondent of Miss Seward, whom he has frequently celebrated; and was, perhaps, personally acquainted with her. The fair authoress may probably deem this memoir too cold and discriminative for the ardour of friendship. But she must blame herself in that case. For why has she not exerted her own glowing pen upon the occasion? Why has she left it to a casual acquaintance of a few days, with humble powers, and little command of language, to perform the task?

Dr. Stevens was certainly a great loss to the sphere in which he moved. He was a man of great powers, and great acquirements of intellect; a scholar, a man of sense; of uniform benevolence of heart; and, above all, of firm integrity and virtue. The fruits of his poetical genius do not appear to have answered to its early blossoms; but, if he must not be placed in the first or second class of poets, he always rises above mediocrity; and certainly deserves more notice than he has obtained.

* Gent. Mag. Vol. LXX. p. 317, signed W. probably the Rev. Henry White of Lichfield.

ART. XIX. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral and sentimental Essays.*

N°. XIII.

TO THE RUMINATOR.

SIR,

Emboldened by the example of your ingenious friend Mr. Random in a former Number of your CENSURA, and still more by the candour which led you to insert his half serious, half ironical address, I too venture to offer you my advice. It will not be conveyed in terms of equal wit and humour, for I am, alas! the dullest of the dull, a prosing matter-of-fact fellow of the old school. Wit and humour are, indeed, fascinating and most engaging qualities, but they are neither in the power of every man, nor are they equally delightful to all. That ridicule is the test of truth, though long a favourite maxim, is at length completely exploded by the much more unerring test of good sense. Who now would wish to see it applied either to books or their authors? Who would desire to see an Addison changed to a Sterne, or the author of the Rambler even to "old Will Duncombe" himself, though certainly that respectable gentleman must be confessed to have been as perfectly innocent with regard to wit, as the facetious steward in the "Drummer or the haunted house."

But you are accused by your *demo-critic* correspondent of not abusing, or not pointing out the failings of those, of whose lives you give sketches. Now to apologise for vice, as Johnson did for the unfortunate Savage, is surely unbecoming a philosopher or a good

good man; but it cannot be necessary to display that vice to the world. Yourself an author and (not "a writer of verses," but which is very different) a poet, in you it would seem like envy to disturb the ashes of the dead in search of their private faults, when your business with them, like ours, is only as public characters. The world is connected with an author only by his works: and, as you justly observe in your criticism on the Memoirs of Mrs. Carter, it is unworthy of a strong mind to be biassed in the opinion of a work by the private character, or rather what you conceive to be so, of the author. And this, Sir, naturally leads me to advise you—for what claim have you to escape the fate of your brother essayists?—rather to finish some of those poems which you have already begun, and of which parts are published in your CENSURA. By what right (if I may assume that angry tone) do you so tantalize the expectations of your readers? Month after month have we been expecting the conclusion of RETIREMENT, and the remaining VISITS of your WIZARD, to seats in your own county, consecrated by the historic Muse If the bent of your genius does not at present take that direction, "try," to use your ingenious correspondent's words, "another chord of your many-stringed harp;" yet still exert your own talents, and instead of depending on such casual communications as the lively essay of Mr. Random, or the present contrast to it, give us more of your own original compositions. *Strike the harp* again, *(though not in praise of Bragela;)* unmask pretended patriotism; detect the empiricism of ministers; unlock the treasures of historic lore; pour out, on any subject, the fruits of a well-

a well-stored mind, and as your great predecessor says, write yourself out before you die.

Your Bath correspondent alludes to your juvenile production of Mary de Clifford. I have read that elegant and affecting tale more than once with renewed pleasure; but though I can say with Dryden,

> "Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
> The power of beauty I remember yet,"

still I cannot wish that you should now employ your powers on a similar work. "To every thing," said the wisest of men, "there is a season," and that which became you in youth and was creditable to your early genius, would be a waste of the strength of your mind in maturity.

From you, Sir, we now expect something of more consequence; something which, while it may delight your equals, may help to form the minds of the youthful; something which may lead to the important conviction, that morality is not necessarily dulness, nor instruction tediousness. Hac itur ad astra--this is the road to that double immortality, to which both as an author and as a man you must, and ought to aspire; that you may in neither respect be disappointed is the sincere wish of

Your unknown friend,

LONDINENSIS.

No. XIV.

On the Traits and Concomitants of Poetical Genius.

IT has seldom happened that a man has finally obtained the fame of a poet, whose life has not exhibited

some traits in coincidence with the character of his art. The Muse is a jealous mistress, that will scarcely ever suffer any other to divide the attentions she considers due to her. And whoever is devoted to her alone, must necessarily possess many peculiarities.

There have been some poets indeed, who have held forth, that their productions were the mere amusement of a few leisure hours. But such assertions originated from a silly and unbecoming affectation. To have a taste for poetry, and to read it with delight, even though it be only occasionally and accidentally indulged, is very common; but to create it, requires a very different sort of power and habit.

If therefore we examine into the biography of those, who have aspired to this highest rank of authors, we shall find that those, who did not make it the principal, if not exclusive, object of their ambition, were either mere versifiers, deficient in all the main distinctions of this celestial art, or so weak in execution, that all their struggles fell lifeless in the attempt.

Ansty, and Cambridge, and Graves, might write doggrel verses; and John Hoole, and Potter, and Murphy, and Carlyle, might translate; but I can scarcely allow them the character of poets. The Wartons, Mason, Burns, Bampfylde, Cowper, Hurdis, Darwin, Beattie, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Smith, and Kirke White, &c. exhibit a very different picture. In each of these will be found many prominent and striking features. It will be perceived that those of them especially, who have most the power of affecting the heart, were themselves the victims of extreme sensibility. Something romantic and uncongenial with

the ordinary routine of life, marks the whole progress of their existence. Their lot, as far as wealth and honours are concerned, is obscure; and their efforts are unattended with the smallest success. Some of them absolutely incapable, and others enabled with great difficulty, to emerge from the gripe of poverty itself, they seem almost to prove, that the smile of the Muse is a signal for being condemned to pecuniary embarrassment, or anxiety.

The abstraction of mind, which generates and nourishes poetical excellence, is inconsistent with those minute attentions, by which people make their way in the world. Liberal sentiments, an indignant spirit, and a tender heart are all constantly checking the progress of such a journey. But these are the very fountains, from whence the bard draws the living colours of his song.

Hence the mere harmonious rhymer, the lively delineator of familiar manners, the writer of dry ethical precepts, which address the understanding only, even in verse the most musical, and diction the most correct, may, perhaps, assort more advantageously with worldlings, and succeed as they do. But he is not a poet; he is deficient in the soul of poetry. If the composition neither furnishes food to the fancy, nor elevates or softens the heart, the very essence of the Muse is wanting.

Nothing disgusts me more than the vulgar habit of confounding the versifier with the poet. The versifier is a very common kind of being; the gift of poetry is among the rarest of Nature's endowments. It requires no waste of the spirits; no exhausting thrills of the bosom; no world-forgetting excursions of the imagi-

nation to produce thousands of the most melodious rhymes. But the temperament of a poet is that of passion.

Perhaps of all the lately deceased poets the two most popular have been Burns and Cowper. And never was popularity more justly bestowed. They had both of them been steeped in the stream of Parnassus. They lived, as well as wrote, with every mark of the Muse upon their daily habits. They were the children of sensibility, which was the bane, as well as the source, of their happiness. Had they deadened this sensibility, by giving up their talents to worldly pursuits, they might have been lawyers, or statesmen, or heroes, but the well-fount of poetry would have been dried up.

It seems extraordinary that the Muse should be able to exert herself with success in the midst of anxieties, sorrows, and sufferings; but experience furnishes perpetual instances of it. The "Fairy Queen" must have been composed amidst perpetual alarms, in a country of barbarous rebels, impelled by want, revenge, and despair; in momentary insecurity; when a successful incursion of the threatening hordes who surrounded the author, would, even if he could save himself and his family from murder, condemn the remainder of his days to poverty and ruin. The "Paradise Lost" was dictated by the sublime and inspired bard, under the clouds of proscription and disgrace, with the sword of state dangling, almost by a hair, over his head. It is probable that their deep afflictions heightened the strong colours with which Nature had imbued the materials of their rich minds.

These peculiar faculties therefore are, beyond doubt, a dangerous and fearful gift; and we may forgive, though

though we may sometimes indulge a smile of contempt at, the cold and prudential, who shake their heads and bless themselves for having escaped it. But he, who is so stupid and so brutal-hearted as not to behold it with pity and reverence, even in its errors and its misfortunes, is a wretch who scarcely deserves the name of an intellectual being. I never contemplate the fate of poor Collins without a mixture of indescribable grief, and awe, and admiration. How eloquently and affectingly has Johnson said, "How little can we venture to exult in any intellectual powers, or literary attainments, when we consider the condition of poor Collins! I knew him a few years ago, full of hopes and full of projects, versed in many languages, high in fancy, and strong in retention. This busy and forcible mind is now under the government of those who lately would not have been able to comprehend the least and most narrow of its designs."——"That man is no common loss. The moralists all talk of the uncertainty of fortune, and the transitoriness of beauty; but it is yet more dreadful to consider, that the powers of the mind are equally liable to change; that understanding may make its appearance and depart; that it may blaze and expire!" *

It cannot be denied that this excessive sensibility is a blessing or a curse according to its direction. But the good and the evil are so nicely and imperceptibly intermixed, that rash or at least very bold is the hand, that will venture to attempt the separation of them, without fearing to destroy the good and the evil together.

* See Cens. Lit. III. p. 194.

Of our old poets the minuter shades of character have not been preserved. Of those of our days, of most of whom the curiosity of modern literature has drawn forth a more familiar and private account, all the existing memorials furnish ample demonstration of the truth of my remarks. I have learned from several who knew him intimately, that the sensibility of Gray was even morbid; and often very fastidious, and troublesome to his friends. He seemed frequently overwhelmed by the ordinary intercourse, and ordinary affairs of life. Coarse manners, and vulgar or unrefined sentiments overset him; and it is probable that the keenness of his sensations embittered the evils of his frame, and aggravated the hereditary gout which terminated his life at a middle age. He perhaps gave his feelings too little vent through the channels of composition, and brooded in too much indolence over the unarrested workings of his mind.

The sensibility of Rousseau was indulged to a selfish and vicious excess. But still it would be a narrow and despicable prejudice to deny, that it exhibited in its ebullitions a high degree of genius. Burke, flaming with resentment at the political evils produced by this eloquent writer's delusive lights, has drawn a just but most severe character of him. Yet Burke himself, whose radiant mind was illuminated by all the rich colours of the rainbow, had nerves tremulous at every point with incontrolable irritability.

There are many, who require to be convinced of these important truths; who ought to be shamed out of their mean censures of the singularities or the weaknesses of genius; and who should learn, if they draw

draw comfort, to suppress their triumph, at the mingled qualities of the most exalted of human beings!

August 8, 1807.

ART. XX. *On the fanciful additions to the new Edition of Wells's Geography of the Old Testament.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 330.]

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

Although the examples already produced may be sufficient to shew the unsolid foundation, upon which the new principle of the Editor of Wells's Geography rests, concerning symbols found on medals, as being memorials of the origin of cities from other distant countries; particularly that, where a *bull* is found, it indicates an origin from Mount Taurus; yet since all illustrations any way connected with scripture acquire some importance from that connection, and ought likewise to be accompanied with greater veracity, instead of being liable to censure as the eccentricities of human fancy and fable, I shall therefore guard students of scriptural geography against some more of the delusions contained in the work under consideration. And this also, more especially, because I would wish my censures of this author to be considered as equally applicable to many other learned romances of the present age, with which we have been favoured by Warburton, Bryant, Maurice, Wilford, and others: all of whom have, like this author, intermixed so much of their own theoretic imaginations with the few relics

of real truth, which they have presented to their readers; that it may be difficult to many persons to separate again the inventions of the writer and the artifices of the reasoner from the facts collected by the historian and antiquary. Warburton was, I believe, the original archetype of this new mode of literature, which has been followed by many others; who, although they have agreed in the mode, yet have applied it to a great variety of different subjects And it seems to have had its origin hence, that they observed the public to neglect all instruction in solid truths as too dry for the taste of the age, and not sufficiently amusing for a vacant hour; as well as also, that writers themselves had got to the utmost extremity of the line of truth, so that they could find nothing new to say; hence they both of them agreed to enter into the region of fable. Warburton led the way into this new mode, by connecting together a series of learned romances, interspersed, indeed, with many curious episodes on various subjects, and put together in the very epic manner of Herodotus, himself the father of authorized fable. This was rendered more engaging by a sufficient quantity of satire, sneer, and criticism, on the opinions of other authors, so that it was read by men of ability as being the current and fashionable tale of the day. This Jewish and religious romance was succeeded by Mr. Bryant's etymological romance, containing a rich medley, concerning both religious and profane subjects. To these Priestly added a Christian romance, in his *history* of early opinions. Mr. Wilford and Maurice compiled Indian romances; Young, agricultural romances; various authors their several travelling romances;

mances; and now, at length, we have got a geographical and antiquarian romance concerning the first travels of the descendants of Noah from Mount Taurus. Upon the whole, they have verified the observation of Aristotle, that men evidently love hyperbolic exaggeration in every thing much more than the mere naked truth; as is plain, he says, from the common conversation of mankind, in which they always relate every thing accompanied with fabulous circumstances beyond the real truth, on purpose to gratify their hearers the more. Hence it is, that writers of this class are in so much favour with the public, and those who teach men nothing but truths can never hope to rise up to a level with these builders of castles in the air, but must rather expect, with Icarus, to fall down headlong to their native and groveling plain ground.

We need then now no longer to wonder, that the Editor in question undertook, as mentioned in my last letter, to prove that three different things were one and the same; that is, the constellation of the stars, Taurus in the heavens, the huge mountain Taurus upon the surface of the earth in Asia, and the bull Apis in Egypt, beyond the Mediterranean sea. I had not sufficient paper left in my last to shew how ingeniously, by the help of antiquarian rhetoric and etymological logic, he proves, that a *bull* on a medal was intended to denote all those three objects at the same time; but I will now attempt to supply that deficiency; hoping, however, that it will at the same time be considered as an example of the ingenuity and strict mode of reasoning employed by all those of his predecessors, above mentioned, in this new species of literature; whenever they wish to connect together a mountain

in one part of the world with a bull in another beyond the sea, and with a third as far distant as the heaven is from the earth. He says then, in addition to the passage quoted before " it is expressly said by Eustathius, *that the region of* [*Tauric Chersonesus*] *was denominated from the animal Taurus, or bull; which was considered as a memorial of 'O-Siris, the great husbandman, in Egypt, who first taught agriculture.* Now this seems to imply, that *Siris* signified a bull as well as Taurus; or else Taurus the bull would have no relation in its name to the person of whom it was a memorial: but if *Siris* was one way of pronouncing Taurus (such as results from comparing the Hebrew and Chaldee pronunciation of *Syr* and *Tur*), then Taurus had a direct verbal allusion to its primary object—for the Chaldee word *tur* or *tyr* was, by the Hebrews, pronounced *Sur*, *shur*, or *syr*. This *simple* principle accounts for such variations at once, and only leads to remark further, that the Chaldee pronunciation *tur* seems to have prevailed most among the Asiatic nations we are acquainted with, therefore *Taurus* was the name of the mountain among them, and was commemorated under the figure of a bull." P. 26 and 27. Hence it becomes *very plain*, that the Hebrew pronunciation of the word by *Syr* and *Siris*, and, consequently, *'O-Siris*, means a bull, like *tur* or *Taurus*; for the Egyptian bull Apis was sacred to Osiris, the great husbandman, and he had proved before, at fig. 21, that the Zoroaster, or sacred bull of Egypt, there shews the sun on the head of Taurus [the constellation.] Thus all the *names* of these three objects are proved to mean, in fact, the very same; and hence the same symbol of a bull on a medal denotes them

them all three. Now I shall not object to the logical accuracy of this *conclusion*, but only to the *premises*, concerning what is *expressly* said by Eustathius; for unfortunately it happens, that Eustathius never said any thing of what is there ascribed to him. The Editor does not, indeed, refer to the work or page quoted by him, but I presume it must have been from the commentary by Eustathius on the geography of Dionysius; and if mistaken in this it is his own fault, or rather his own prudence, in omitting the reference. Eustathius has nothing more, than only to observe, that when Dionysius mentions the Kimmerians as dwelling *under Taurus*, "that he means a different Taurus from that eastern one in Cilicia, or at least only a distant and northern branch of it, whence their region is called *Tauric Chersonesus*;" without any mention whatever of the *animal bull*, or the *great husbandman 'O-siris*. Τουτον ταυρον Διονυσιος λεγει ορος αλλο παρα τον ἑωον ταυρον, η Βορειον τι τμημα εκεινου του ταυρου, υ᾽φ᾽ ω κειν ται οἱ κιμμεριοι. Ενθα και ἡ ταυρικη Χερσονησος. *Apud vers.* 168. When the foundation thus is taken away the house falls, and if he cannot find some other *historic* testimony he must depend solely upon the above mentioned *etymologic* proofs of any connection between the *animal*, the *mountain*, and the *constellation*. I shall only observe further, that I suppose *'O-siris* to be an error of the press for *'O-siris*, and that he meant ὁ to be the Greek article *the*; so that *ὁ-siris*, by this conjuration, means *the bull* most certainly; and why should not Greek be joined with Hebrew and Egyptian words, just as a man's head to a bull's body, and this to mean a river? I should be apt, however, again to call this a *fabulous animal* rather

rather than a bull; and certainly, also, it was a long journey from Mount Taurus for the word to come first to Greece and then into Syria before it reached Egypt: or did the Editor mean that, by a common poetic licence, *ὁ* might be cut off from *Siris* as being no necessary part of the word? It was, indeed, very natural for different and distant nations to give the same name of *bull* to a mountain, yet without any imitation one of another; for a bull is the largest animal known on this side of India, and by the thick massy form of its neck and shoulders, not an improper symbol of the vastness of the object represented: but it is not quite so obvious, that there is any connection between the names *Osiris* and *Taurus*, as that the one should have been formed from the other; however, the difficulty seems to constitute the merit of the derivation in this new mode of literature, which has, for its object, whatever is vast, uncommon, or extraordinary, and beyond the puny knowledge of the rest of mankind:

> So that tho' from Taurus Osiris is deriv'd, no doubt,
> Yet it must be said, it has travelled a little round about.

Aristotle, however, had extracted a good rule out of the profane poet Homer, which would be of use to some Christian annotators on the bible, that even one's romances ought to have some appearance of truth.

Some or other then of the above considerations clearly set aside all evidence deriveable from every one of the writer's medallic types having a bull upon them excepting three, namely, N°. 11, pl. 4, because it has lost its head and horns, so that it is more like a mule than a bull; and N°. 14, which presents a calf sucking a bull,

a bull, as the Editor conceives by the help of his glass. This, indeed, does not seem very natural, yet he thinks it would not be unnatural if it referred to Mount Taurus; for as other articles of the type seem to indicate *fertility*, he is of opinion "that a fertile Mount Bull, maintaining a herd of calves, would be no absurdity." P. 21. For my own part, I should think, that the whole medal rather meant to represent *a famine*; for certainly nothing but necessity and a total want of all food could produce such an extraordinary adventure. As to the third medal, N°. 16, pl. 3, this is the only one, which has the least appearance of representing Mount Taurus, for this certainly exhibits the form of a bull at full length, and has underneath ΠΥΛΑΙΩΝ. Now *Pylæ* was a city at the foot of Mount Taurus, situate at a common pass from the north of Asia Minor to the south, often called *Pylæ Ciliciæ*; but Cicero calls it *Pylæ Tauri:* yet still even here it was not meant to commemorate the descent of the inhabitants, or their ancestors, from Noah's ark on the top of Taurus, but merely to distinguish it from other cities of that name elsewhere, of which there were many called *Pylæ* likewise, and the bull on the medal answered the same purpose as the phrase of Cicero would have done for a legend.—These extravaganzas, however, do not diminish the utility to be derived from medals, when soberly explained, but the height of Mount Taurus has, in the present case, lifted the author's head a little too high into the clouds; and he will not be dissatisfied, that others should take a little view from Mount Pleasant as well as himself from Mount Bull, in order to prove, that romance is the

order

order of the day, as our neighbours, the **French**, can verify likewise, who have been engaged nearly twenty years in political romances, and are not yet sick of them.

S.

ERRATA.

P. 327, l. 22 and 24—For *rope* and *ropes* r. *robe* and *robes*.
329, l. 18—For *lyanam* r. *Cyanam*.

ART. XXI. *The Contented Knight, or the Carp too Cunning. A Ballad from a MS.*

"To the tune of St. George and the Dragon.

"Within the wood a virgin ash
Had twenty summers seen;
The elves and fairies mark'd it oft
As they tript along the green;
But the woodman cut it with his axe,
He cruelly fell'd it down,
A rod to make for the Knight of the lake,
A Knight of no renown;
Turn it taper and round, Turner,
Turn it taper and round,
For my line is of the grey palfrey's tail,
And it is slender and sound.
St. George he was for England,
St. Denis he was for France,
St. Patrick taught the Irishman
To tune the merry harp;
At the bottom of the slimy pool
There lurks a crafty Carp,
Were he at the bottom of my line,
How merrily he would dance.

In

In the Pacific Ocean
There dwelt a mighty Whale,
And o'er the waves from London town
There went a noble sail;
With hooks and crooks and ropes and boats
'Twas furnish'd in and out,
Boat-steerers, and line-managers,
Harpooners bold and stout:
The dart flew true, and the monster slew,
The seaman bless'd the day;
All from his fin a bone so thin
At the top of my rod does play.
St. George, &c.

Moulded and mix'd is the magic mass,
The sun is below the hill,
O'er the dark water flits the bat,
Hoarse sounds the murmuring rill,
Slowly bends the willow's bough
To the beetle's sullen tune,
And grim and red is the angry head
Of the archer in the moon.
Softly, softly, spread the spell,
Softly spread it around,
But name not the magic mixture
To mortal, that breathes on ground.
St. George, &c.

The Squire has tapp'd at the bower window,
"The day is one hour old
Thine armour assume, the work of the loom,
To defend thee from the cold."
The Knight arose, and donn'd his clothes,
For one hour old was the day,
His armour he took, his rod, and his hook,
And his line of the palfrey gray.

He

He has brush'd the dew from off the lawn,
He has taken the depth by the rule,
" Here is gentle to eat, come, partake of the treat,
Sly tenant of the pool."
St. George, &c.

The Carp peep'd out from his reedy bed,
And forth he slyly crept,
But he lik'd not the look, for he saw the black hook,
So he turn'd his tail and slept.
There is a flower grows in the field,
Some call it Marygold a,
And that, which one fish would not take,
Another surely would a.
And the Knight had read in the books of the dead,
So the Knight did not repine,
For they, that cannot get carp, Sir,
Upon tench may very well dine.
St. George, &c.

He has brush'd the dew from the lawn again,
He has taken the depth by the rule,
" Here is boil'd bean and pea, come breakfast with me,
Sly tenant of the pool."
The Carp peep'd forth from his reedy bed,
The Carp peep'd forth in time;
But he liked not the smell, so he cried go to Hell,
And he stuck his nose in the slime.
But the Knight had read in the books of the dead,
And the Knight did not repine,
For they that cannot get carp, Sir,
Upon tench may very well dine.
St. George, &c.

Then up rose the Lord of Penbury's board,
Well skill'd in the musical lore,
And he swore by himself, tho' cunning the elf,
He wou'd charm him, and draw him ashore.

The

The middle of day he chose for the play,
And he fiddled as in went the line;
But the Carp kept his head in his reedy bed;
He chose not to dance or to dine:
"I prithee come dance me a reel, Carp,
I prithee come dance me a reel;"
I thank ye, my Lord, I've no taste for your board,
You'd much better play to the eel.
St. George, &c.

FINIS.

ART. XXII. *Stanzas to a Flower.*

I see thee at the trembling dawn,
Inhale the spirit of the morn;
When shadows fall I still am near,
And mark thee bathed in evening's tear
Most feelingly:

Because, lov'd flower, to thee is lent,
A sweet, a hidden sentiment,
That can a mournful bliss impart,
Can vibrate through my aching heart
Most tenderly.

When pensive memory turns to me,
When thoughts are thoughts of agony,
Near thee I sorrowing vigils keep,
And teach my languid eye to weep
Most fervently.

Yet thou canst lift a fragile form
Unmindful of the passing storm,
Canst bid the tender blossom live,
And to the winds its fragrance give
Most fearlessly.

That thought had fill'd my musing mind,
That thought my sorrow had refin'd,
When soft a mourning spirit gave,
"He too shall bloom beyond the grave,
Most gloriously!"

Hence does a quiet hope await
To soothe the anguish of my fate,
And with a pensive rapture bless,
And with a faith, a tenderness
Most heavenly!

Bury St. Edmunds. ****.

ART. XXIII. *Bibliographical Catalogue.*

Art. 1. *The Epigrams of P. Virgilius Maro and others; with the praises of him and his Workes: also his Epitaphs, composed by divers illustrious persons: and lastly, the Argument of his Workes. London.* 1624. 12mo.

Dedicated to Nathaniel Gurlin by John Penkethman.

Art. 2. *Onomatophylacium: or the Christian Names of Men and Women, now used within this Realme of Great Britaine; alphabetically expressed, as well in Latine as in English. With the true interpretations thereof; digested in three severall Tables, &c. By I. P. publike writer. London.* 1626. 12mo.

Art. 3. *The fairest Fairing for a schoole-brod sonne; whereby praise, ease, and profit may be wonne. That is to say—The Schoole-Master's Precepts, or Lillie's Lesson to his Schollars. Translated by I. Penkethman, lover of learning.* 4 *leaves.*

The publisher of these trifles seems to be spoken of by Wood, as having made additions to Hopton's Concordance of Years, 1635. Vid. Ath. Oxon. I. 396.

Art.

Art. 4. *Sophoclis Antigone. Interprete Thoma Watsono J. V. Studioso. Huic adduntur pompæ quædam ex singulis Tragœdiæ actis derivatæ; et post eas, totidem themata sententiis refertissima, eodem Thomâ Watsono authore. Londini, excudt. Joh. Wolfius,* 1581. *4to.*

This translation is inscribed to Philip Earl of Arundel; and has Latin verses prefixed by Phil. Harrison, Chr. Atkinson, Fr. Yemans, C. Downhall, and W. Camden. Mr. Warton remarks, that Meres has mentioned this version, but with so much ambiguity, that it is difficult to determine from his words whether it appeared in Latin or English. The former is the language employed; as the title itself might have denoted.

Art. 5. *Melibœus Thomæ Watsoni, sive Ecloga in obitum honoratiss. viri Dom. Francisci Walsingham, equitis aurati. Londoni, Excud. Rob. Robinson.* 1590. *8vo.*

In the same year this was translated by its author, and printed at the same press, though unnoticed by Herbert.

Art. 6. *An Eglogue upon the death of the Right Hon. Sir Francis Walsingham, late principall secretarie to her Majestie, &c. Written first in Latine by Thomas Watson, Gent. and now by himself translated into English.* 1590. *4to*

"I interpret *myself* (says Watson) lest Melibœus, in speaking English by another man's labour, should leese my name in his chaunge, as my Amintas did." This alludes to his "Amintæ Gaudia," Latinized from Tasso; and thence Anglicized by Ab. Fraunce and J. T. In his present eclogue, or epicedium, he thus developes the allegorical personages:

Diana, her Majestie (Q. Eliz.)
Melibœus, Sir Francis Walsingham.
Dryas, Lady Walsingham.
Astrophill, Sir Philip Sidney.

Hyale, Lady Sidney.
Tytirus, Mast. Tho. Walsingham.
Corydon, the Author.

Art 7. *Elizabetha Triumphans. Conteyning the damned practizes that the divelish Popes of Rome have used ever sithence her Highnesse* [Q. *Elizabeth*] *first comming to the Crowne, by moving her wicked and traiterous subjects to Rebellion and Conspiracies; thereby to bereave her Majestie both of her lawfull seate, and happy life. With a Declaration of the manner how her Excellency was entertained by her Souldyers into her Campe royall at Tilbery in Essex: and of the overthrow had against the Spanish Fleete; briefly, truly, and effectually set foorth, declared, and handled, by J. A. Post victoriam gloria. At London: Printed by Tho. Orwin, for Tho. Gubbin and Tho. Newman.* 1588. *4to.*

The dedication to Julius Cæsar, LL.D. is signed Ja. Aske. The poem is of great rarity, and curious, from being written in blank verse: but the title only is here given, as the whole was carefully reprinted by Mr. Nichols in Vol. II. of the Royal Progresses.

Art. 8. *The princelye pleasures at the Courte at Kenelworth; that is to saye—The Copies of all such verses, proses, or poeticall inventions, and other devices of pleasure, as were there devised and presented by sundry Gentlemen, before the Quenes Maiestie, in the yeare* 1575. *Imprinted at London by Richard Ihones, and are to be solde without Newgate, over against Saint Sepulchers Church.* 1576. *Small* 8vo.

The copy from which I cite the above title is imperfect, and was purchased at the sale of Dr. Wright's library by Dr. Farmer, who affirms that no other copy of the same edition is known to be extant. The tract was reprinted at the end of Gascoigne's poems in 1587, and has since been incorporated

rated into Vol. I. of Queen Elizabeth's Progresses. An address to the reader, not inserted in Gascoigne's works, will be found in the preface of Mr. Nichols to Vol. III. of his very amusing and interesting compilation.

T. P.

ART. XXIV. *Supplement to former Lists of Literary Deaths, with brief Biographical Notices.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 222.]

1792. June 7. In the East Indies, Mr. Reuben Burrows.

—— Aug 8. John Leake, M. D.

—— Sept. 26. At Norwich, John Murray, M. D, æt. 72.

—— 30. Rev. Mr. Belward, Rector of Burgh Castle, and Ashby, Suffolk.

—— Nov. 10. At Hinkley, Co. Leicester, Mr. John Robinson, æt. 70.

—— 17. At Eltham, æt. 82, Philip Burton, Esq.

—— At Kimpton, Herts, Rev. Dr. Barford, Prebendary of Canterbury, &c.

1793. Jan. 19. At Florence, Thomas Pitt, Lord Camelford.

—— 26. At Cheltenham, Geo. Monck Berkeley, Esq.

—— In America, aged 98, Mr. Webber Groves, formerly author of a Treatise "*On the Commercial Intercourse between Great Britain and America.*"

—— Mar. 4. The Rev. Digby Cotes, æt. 79.

—— In America, aged 98, Mr. Job Maurice.

1793.

1793. Mar. The Rev. Mr. Vivian, of Cornwood, near Ivybridge.

—— April 5. Mr. Dale Ingram, formerly Surgeon to Christ's Hospital.

—— 15. Thos. Monkhouse, D D. F. A. S. Vicar of Monk-Sherborne, Hants, part Editor of "*Clarendon's State-Papers.*"

—— 20. At Edinburgh, Robert Boyd, LL.D.

—— May 1. At York, James Crowther, M. D.

—— 9. At Love-hill House, near Windsor, the Rev. David Scurlock, A. M. author of "*Thoughts on the Influence of Religion in Civil Government, and its tendency to promote and preserve the social liberty and rights of Man.*"

—— At Tatham, near Lancaster, the Rev. G. Holden, author of an annual publication, entitled "*Holden's Tide-Table.*"

—— July 8. At Elland, Yorkshire, the Rev. Geo. Burnet, A. M. aged 60.

—— Sept. 13. Alexr. Ld. Saltoun, æt. 36.

—— 27. At Hemingford-Abbots, Co. Hunt. the Rev. Charles Dickens, LL D. aged 73.

—— 28. In Chancery Lane, Josiah Brown, Barrister at Law.

—— Oct. 6. The Rev. Mr. Hodson, Vice-Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and author of a "*Tragedy and Observations on the Greek Tragedy.*"

—— Nov. 1. In Newgate, Lord George Gordon, æt. 44.

—— Dec. 11. At Tottenham, the Rev. Sam. Hardy, aged 73.

1794. Jan. 27. Henry, 10th Earl of Pembroke, aged 60.

——— 18. At Birmingham, A. G. Sinclair, M. D.

—— Mar. 25. John Jackson, F. A. S. of Clement's Lane, Lombard Street, wine-merchant.

—— April 21. Rob. Riddell of Glen-Riddell, F. A. S.

——— 26. Wm. Browne, Esq. F. R. S. Editor of "*Reports in Chancery, and Cases of Appeals to Parliament,*" &c.

—— May 9. The Rev. Francis Okely, of Northampton, æt. 76, many years a preacher of the Moravian church. He published "*Psalmorum aliquot Davidis Metaphrasis Græca,*" 1770, &c.

June 17. At Litchfield, Wm. Grove, Esq. LL.D. æt. 53.

——— 24. In Westminster, Chas. Pigott, Esq.

July 12. At Appleby, Co Leic. John Henn.

——— In Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, aged 66, Robert Wells, merchant, author of a "*Travestie of Virgil,*" &c.

—— Aug. 31. At Ware, aged 84, Alex. Small, F. A. S.

—— Sept. 5. At Dublin, Rt. Hon. J. Hely Hutchinson, aged 79.

——— 24. Miss Charlotte Hutton, daughter of Dr. Charles Hutton.

—— Oct. 20. James Adam, Esq. architect.

——— The Rev. William Green, A. M. Rector of Hardingham, Norfolk, Translator from the Hebrew of "*The Whole Book of Psalms, with Critical Notes and a Commentary, and also of the poetical parts of the Old Testament.*"

1795 — The Rev. Thomas Tournay, Rector of St. Mary's, Dover, and father of the present Warden of Wadham College, Oxford. He was author of a poem, entitled "*Ambition and the Cave of Death.*"

ART. XXV. *Literary Obituary*

On July 11 was interred, in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, George Atwood, Esq. F.R.S. He died in the sixty-second year of his age, sincerely lamented, as he was deservedly esteemed by all who had the happiness of knowing him. He was highly distinguished for mathematical science, was honoured with the medal of the Royal Society, and was author of several treatises, which prove his inventive powers, as well as the depth and extent of his erudition. He was educated at Westminster School, was for some time a Tutor, and for many years a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He read to the whole University, Lectures upon several branches of Experimental Philosophy, which were much attended, and justly admired. Mr. Pitt, having been one of his auditors, was induced to form a more intimate acquaintance with him, and finding that his talents would be eminently useful to the public, bestowed upon him, in the beginning of the year 1784, a sinecure office, (which is extinguished at his death) that he might be enabled to devote a large portion of his time to financial calculations, in which Mr. Pitt employed him, to his own entire satisfaction, and to the great advantage of the revenue. The high opinion Mr. Pitt entertained of him, and the confidence he reposed in him, were strengthened by experience; and Mr. Atwood's labours were continued with the most zealous perseverance, until his declining state of health rendered him incapable of severe application.

T. Bensley, Printer, Bolt Court,
Fleet Street, London.

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CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XXI.

[Being Number IX. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *The Examynacion of Anne Askewe latelyé martyred in Smythfelde, by the wycked Sinagogue of Antychrist, wyth the Elucydacyon of Johan Bale. Marpurg in Hessen.* 1546.

THE sufferings of Anne Askewe "a gentlewoman very yonge, dayntye, and tender," (accordyng to myne auctour) are related at length by Ballard in his Memoirs of Learned Ladies, from the tract before us, and "the Actes and Monuments" of the zealous Fox;—but the "Elucydacyon of Johan Ball," from the fathers and apostles, is only to be found in this volume.

The short life of this amiable and accomplished lady, was embittered by an unfortunate marriage; contracted, (jointly by Sir William Askew, of Kelsay, in Lincolnshire, her father, and Mr. Kyme, her father-in law,) with a young man for whom she felt no attachment, and to whom she consented to unite herself from filial respect. Her husband, by his inhuman treatment, first drove her from his house, and afterward procured her confinement on account of her religious opinions; for her rigid adherence to which she was at last burned

in Smithfield, but not till after she had been put on the rack to extort a confession of her favourers.

Her beauty, her misfortunes, and the cruelty of her fate excited general commiseration; her biographers were numerous; and the "drunkards made songs upon her." One of these is alluded to in Bishop Corbet's *Iter Boreale.* * The shrewdness of her replies to the artful interrogatories of her examiners proves the strength and acuteness of her mind; and the following "pious chausons" (which may be considered among the curiosities of literature) are alike indicative of her piety and judgment.

The Balade which Anne Askewe made and sange whan she was in Newgate.

"Lyke as the armed knyghte,
Appoynted to the fielde,
With this worlde wyl I fyght,
And fayth shal be my shyelde.

Fayth is that weapon stronge,
Whych wyl not fayle at nede;
My foes therfore amonge,
Wherwyth wyll I procede.

As it is had in strengthe,
And force of Christes waye,
It wyll prevayle at lengthe
Though all the Devyls saye naye.

Faythe if the fathers olde
Obtayned ryght wytnes,
Wych make me verye bolde
To feare no worldes dystresse.

* Gilchrist's Edition, page 203.

I nowe

I nowe rejoce* in harte,
And hope byd me do so;
For Christ wyll take my part,
And ease me of my wo.

Thou sayst, Lord, who so knocke,
To them wylt thou attende;
Undo therfore the locke,
And thy stronge power sende.

More enemyes now I have
Than heeres upon my head;
Let them not me deprave;
But fyght thou in my steade.

On the my care I cast
For all theyr cruell spyght;
I set not by theyr hast;
For thou art my delyght.

I am not she that lyst
My anker to let fall
For everye dryslynge myst;
My shippe substancyall.

Not oft use I to wryght
In prose nor yet in ryme;
Yet wyll I shewe one syght,
That I sawe in my tyme.

I sawe a ryall trone, †
Where Justyce shulde have sytte;
But in her stede was one
Of modye cruell wytte.

* i omitted in orig. † h omitted in orig.

Absorpt was ryghtwysnesse,
As of the ragynge floude;
Sathane in hys excesse
Sucte up the gyltlesse bloude.

Then thought I, Jesus Lorde,
Whan thou shalte judge us all,
Harde is it to recorde
On these men what wyl fall.

Yet Lorde I the desyre,
For that they do to me,
Let them not tast the hyre
Of theyr inyquyte."

The Voyce of Anne Askewe, oute of the 54 Psalme of David, called Deus in nomine tuo.

"For thy name's sake be my refuge,
And in thy truth, my quarrel judge;
Before the (Lorde) let me be harde,
And wyth favor my tale regarde.
Loo, faythles men, agaynst me ryse,
And for thy sake my death practyse;
My lyfe they seke, wyth mayne and myght,
Which have not the afore their syght;
Yet helpest thou me, in thys distresse,
Savynge my soule from cruelnesse.
I wote thou wylt revenge my wronge,
And vysite them ere it be longe.
I wyll therfore my whole hart bende
Thy gracyouse name (Lorde) to commende.
From evyl thou hast delyvered me,
Declarynge what myne ennemies be.
Prayse to God."

Stamford. O. G.

ART. II. *A Line of Life. Pointing at the Immortalitie of a vertuous Name. Printed by W. S. for N. Butter, and are to be sold at his shop neere Saint Austen's Gate.* 1620. 12mo. *pp.* 127.

The author of this excellent little manual was John Ford, (most probably the celebrated dramatic writer.) In a preface to the "Wise and therein Noble," he observes, "here in this (scarce an) handful of discourse is deciphered, not what any personally *is*, but what any personally may be: to the intent, that by the view of other's wounds, we might provide playsters and cures for our owne, if occasion impose them." Having animadverted at some length upon the baneful effects resulting from flattery and flatterers, at page 74, we find these shrewd observations—"Flatterie to publique persons, is not more inductious on the one side, then envie on the other is vigilant. Great men are by great men (not good men by good men) narrowly sifted; their lives, their actions, their demeanors examined; for that their places and honours are hunted after, as the Beazar for his preservatives; and then the least blemish, the least slide, the least error, the least offence, is exasperated, made capitall; the dangers ensuing ever proove (like the wound of an enemies sword) mortall, and many times deadly. Now in this case, when the eye of judgement is awakened, flatterie is discovered to be but an inmate to envie; an inmate, at least, consulting together though not dwelling together, the one being catarer to the other's bloudie banquet; and some wise men have been perswaded, that the pestilence, the rigour of law, famine, sicknes,

or war, have not devoured more great ones then flattery and envie."

The following character of the Earl of Essex which occurs at p. 76, exhibits the concise and nervous style of the author in a favourable point of view. "In England not long agoe there was a man supereminent in honours, desertfull in many services, indeared to a vertuous and a wise Queene, Elizabeth of glorious memorie, and eternall happinesse: a man too publikely beloved, and too confident of the love he held; Robert Earle of Essex, and Earle Marshall of the Kingdome; he, even he that was thought too high to fall, and too fixed to be removed, in a verie handfull of time, felt the misery of greatnesse, by relying on such as flattered and envyed his greatnesse. His end was their end, and the execution of law is a witnesse in him to posteritie, how a publike person is not at any time longer happie, then hee preserves his happinesse with a resolution that depends upon the guard of innocencie and goodnes."

J. H. M.

Art. III. ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

Mr. Ellis, speaking of this writer, observes, "that his poems, all of which are on moral or religious subjects, are far from deserving the neglect which they have experienced."

In addition to the Specimens brought forwards by that gentleman, I have been induced to select extracts from the following poem, which from its intrinsic merit, and the scarcity of the work in which it is contained,

tained, appears to be well worthy of preservation. It is entitled,

" Losse in delayes.

" Shun delayes, they breed remorse,
Take thy time while time doth serve thee,
Creeping snayles have weakest force,
Flie their fault, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best, when soonest wrought,
Lingring labours come to nought.

Hoist up saile while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;
Seeke not time, when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdome's leisure;
After-wits are dearely bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time weares all his lockes before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead,
When he flies, he turnes no more,
And behinde his scalpe is naked.
Workes adjourn'd have many stayes.
Long demurres breed new delayes.

Seeke thy salve while sore is greene,
Festered wounds aske deeper launcing:
After-cures are seldome seene,
Often sought, scarce ever chancing.
Time and place gives best advice,
Out of season out of price.

Tender twigs are bent with ease,
Aged trees doe breake with bending,
Young desires make little prease,
Growth doth make them past amending:
Happie man that soone doth knocke
Babel's babes against the rocke."

J. H. M.

ART. IV. *Occasion's Off-spring; or, Poems upon severall occasions. By Mathew Stevenson. London: Printed for Henry Twyford in the Middle Temple.* 1654. 8*vo. pp.* 125.

The versification of this poet (whom Walpole styles "an humble author,") is in general inharmonious and irregular, and his chief merit arises solely from that variety of measure which it appears he could readily adopt. The following poem lays some claim to our approbation.

"*The Choice.*

'Tis not thy rubie lips, nor rosie cheeks,
In which my heart a full contentment seekes;
'Tis not the treasure of thy golden tresses,
That makes me rich, or challenge my caresses,
Nor yet thy light-dispersing eyes, though they
Be the true phosphors of the breaking day;
But I have suited at a nobler rate,
Then to court paint; beauties inanimate;
In summe there's nothing, out-sides can impart,
Hath power to make a conquest on my heart.
But I love you, whose beauty still I find
An index to the beauty of your mind.
You are the pearl that highest value win,
Being faire without, and cordiall within."

J. H. M.

ART. V. *Sheppard's Epigrams, &c. London: Printed* 1651. 12*mo.*

The following humourous piece forms Epig. 23, p. 14.

"*Pedro,*

" Pedro, and Roderigo—the one Franciscan, the other a Dominican Frier.

" Pedro, and Roderigo traveling,
Came to the brink of a religious spring;
But Pedro fearing for to wet his feet,
Prayes Roderigo, if he think it meet,
Since he is bare-foot, on his back to carry
Him over, and save charges of a ferry.
Roderigo's willing, takes him on his backe,
And being in the midst, him thus bespake:
" Tell me, good brother, have you any cash?"
Poore Pedro fearing that he would him wash,
Replies " I have, and mean to pay thee too,"
(Not daring to return him answer, no;)
Which Roderigo hearing lets him fall,
Ducking him overhead, and ears, and all,
Saying, " you know that by my order I,
Must beare no money; therefore, there e'ne lie."

J. H. M.

ART. VI. *Zepheria. Ogni di viene la sera, &c. At London printed by the Widdowe Orwin for N. L. and John Busbie,* 1594. 4*to. pp.* 40.

This curious amatory poem is divided into forty canzonets, each occupying a page. The author displays a good deal of mythological learning, but from the thirty-seventh canzonet, I should suspect him to have been a student of the law, from his appearing so well versed in legal expressions.

" When last mine eyes dislodged from thy beautie,
Though serv'd with proces of a parent's writ,
A supersedeas countermanding dutie,
Even then I saw upon thy smiles to sit,
* * * *

Thine

Thine eyes edict the statute of repeale,
Doth other duties wholly abrogate,
Save such as thee endure in heartie zeale:
Then be it farre from me that I should derogate
From Nature's law unregistred in thee,
So might my love encur a premunire."

J. H. M.

ART. VII. *The Bow-man's Glory; or, Archery revived. Giving an account of the many signal favours vouchsafed to Archers and Archery by those renowned Monarchs, King Henry VIII. James, and Charles I. &c. &c. Published by William Wood, Marshal to the Regiment of Archers. London: Printed by S. R. and are to be sold by Edward Gough at Cow-Cross.* 1682. 8vo. *pp.* 78.

The author dedicates this curious treatise "to the most Potent Monarch Charles II." wherein he observes, "I must confess, indeed, that this art or exercise holds not the same rank and place in military discipline, that it did before the invention of guns; but yet to assign it none at all, were to reflect upon the prudence and consideration of those laws that have since that time been made for its encouragement.

"And methinks that the many victories which our kingdom (famous for their bows) owes to that sort of arms, may at least recommend the exercise to us, though it be but in sport and triumph. Besides, we are sure the labour will not be wholly lost (if there were no pleasure in it,) it being (it may be) one of the most wholsom and manly recreations us'd in this nation, and conduces as much, or more than other, both

both to the preservation of health, and the improvement of strength." After a poem "In praise of Archery," follow three patents granted by the monarchs before mentioned, to encourage the promotion of the same science. The remaining part of the work is occupied with "a Brief Relation of the manner of the Archers marching on several Days of Solemnity," combining some very interesting and curious particulars.

This copy contains the autograph of the celebrated Dr. Farmer, and a memorandum by the same gentleman relative to the high price for which the work had been sold.

J. H. M.

ART. VIII. *Northern Memoirs, calculated for the Meridian of Scotland, wherein most or all of the cities, citadels, sea-ports, castles, forts, fortresses, rivers and rivulets are compendiously described, &c. &c. To which is added, the contemplative and practical Angler. With a narrative of that dexterous and mysterious art, &c. By way of Dialogue. Writ in the year* 1658, *but not till now made publick. By Richard Franck, Philanthropus. Plures necat Gula quam Gladius. London: Printed for the Author.* 1694. 8*vo. pp.* 304.

The author, a Cambridge academician, and dissatisfied cavalier, appears to have travelled as much for the purpose of diverting his spleen and melancholy, as for amusement, being passionately devoted to the pursuit of angling. The greater part of this work is occupied by

by a variety of dissertations on this subject, rather than affords any topographical information. I have selected, as a specimen of his style, an extract from his *first* dedication to a friend, (there being no less than *four* distinct ones* to this rare and singular book.) After inviting him "to step into Scotland to rummage and rifle her rivers and rivulets, and examine her flourishing streams for entertainment," he observes, "you are to consider, that the whole tract of Scotland is but one single series of admirable delights, notwithstanding the prejudicate reports of some men that represent it otherwise. For if eye-sight be argument convincing enough to confirm a truth, it enervates my pen to describe Scotland's curiosities, which properly ought to fall under a more elegant stile to range them in order for a better discovery. For Scotland is not Europe's umbra, as fictitiously imagined by some extravagant wits: no, it's rather a legible fair draught of the beautiful creation, drest up with polish'd rocks, pleasant savanas, flourishing dales, deep and torpid lakes, with shady fir-woods, immerg'd with rivers and gliding rivulets; where every fountain o'erflows a valley, and every ford superabounds with fish. Where also the swelling mountains are covered with sheep, and the marish grounds strewed with cattle; whilst every field is filled with corn, and every swamp swarms with fowl. This, in my opinion, proclaims a plenty, and

* They are respectively entitled as follows: 1. "To my worthy and honored friend Mr. J. W. Merchant in London." 2. "To the Virtuoso's of the Rod in Great Britain's Metropolis, the famous City of London." 3. "To the Academics in Cambridge, the place of my nativity." 4. "To the Gentlemen Piscatorians inhabiting in or near the sweet situation of Nottingham, North or Trent."

presents

presents Scotland, a kingdom of prodigies and products too, to allure foreigners and entertain travellers."

J. H. M.

*** J. H. M. would be extremely gratified if some one of the numerous contributors to the CENSURA LITERARIA would give an account of that very rare work entituled "*Byshope's Blossoms.*" The reason of this request originates from observing, in the catalogue of a most respectable provincial bookseller, the following note subjoined to the same book. "At page fifty-one of this very curious work is to be found the remarkable story upon which the late Horace Walpole's play of the Mysterious Mother is founded."

ART. IX. *The Works of that most excellent Philosopher and Astronomer Sir George Wharton, Bart. Collected into one entire volume. By John Gadbury,* Student in Physic and Astrology. London: Printed by H. H. for John Leigh at Stationer's Hall,* 1683, *8vo. pp.* 670, *besides Preface and Contents. Adorned with his portrait, an indifferent print.*

The preface contains an account of the author, and an eulogium on his works, and his talents and acquire-

* John Gadbury was born at Wheatley, in Oxfordshire, Dec. 31, 1627, the son of Wm. Gadbury, farmer, by the stolen daughter of Sir John Curzon of Waterperry: was bound apprentice to a taylor at Oxford, whom he quitted in 1644; went to London; became pupil to Wm. Lilly, then called the English Merlin, and improving his knowledge under his instructi n, became eminent for Almanack-making, a d fortune-tellin g. *Wood's Ath. II.* 636.

ments.

ments. "As to his learning," says his Editor, "he was both an excellent scholar, and singular artist, understanding both languages and sciences, as sufficiently appears by this miscellaneous treatise here published, which is of excellent service to all men that are inclined to a courtship of the Muses. So that we may most justly say of this collection, as it is reported a learned critic said of Virgil's works; viz. "that if all the books in the world were burnt, and that only remaining, some vestigia of all kind of learning might be found therein." This he instances in divinity, physic, astronomy, politics, natural philosophy, history and chronology, astrology, meteorology, chiromancy, and poetry. In truth this volume discovers a smattering of all these, probably with small pretensions to merit in any, except by some temporary application, long since become uninteresting. His poems are scraps of rhymes, originally introduced principally into his Almanacs; of which the following is a specimen.

In his *Hemeroscopion, &c.* or *Almanacks* for* 1653, are these verses *in the Month of May*;

"Whither an army now? Well: I could say,
Who 'tis will get, or who shall lose the day:
Thrasillus-like, inform you, who shall prove
Victorious in's ambition, who in's love:
But I am silent; nay, I must be dumb;
'Tis TREASON now to pray, *Thy kingdom come!*"

Sir George was of an ancient Westmoreland family, and born at Kerby-Kendal in that county in April 1617. In 1633 he went to Oxford, where he dis-

* These he published from 1640 to 1666.

covered

covered more turn for mathematics than for logic; and thence retiring to his patrimony pursued his natural bent, and published *Almanacks* under the name of George Naworth. At the breaking out of the rebellion, he turned his property into money, and raised a troop of horse for the King, with whom he hazarded his person very gallantly, and was at last routed and taken prisoner at Stow in Gloucestershire, in 1645. From this period he lived privately, suffered much, and supported himself principally by literature, till the Restoration, when he was made Treasurer and Paymaster to the Ordnance; and afterwards purchasing an estate, was on Dec. 1, 1677, created a Baronet. He died at his house at Enfield, in Middlesex, on August 12, 1681, and was succeeded in his title by his son Sir Polycarpus Wharton. Wood says, "he was esteemed the best astrologer, that wrote the *Ephemerides* of his time, and went beyond William Lilly, and John Booker, the idols of the vulgar; was a constant and thorough-paced loyalist, a good companion, a witty, droll, and waggish poet."*

ART. X. *Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, and Sonets. London: Printed by Henry Herringman, and are to be sold at the Anchor in the Lower Walks in the New Exchange.* 1664.

I believe this is nothing more than a new title-page to the original edition of Bishop King's poems, registered in Vol. V. p. 49. It is here mentioned for the sake of the elegies at the end. These elegies are contained

* Wood's Ath. II. 684. Wood's ideas of poetry often make one smile.

tained in thirty-eight pages, and are only four; viz. 1. Upon my best friend L. K. C. 2. On the Earl of Essex. 3. On Sir Charles Lucas, and Sir George Lisle. 4. Upon the most incomparable King Charles the First; dated "*From my sad retirement, March* 11, 1648."

I give the second, not only because it is the shortest, but because it has some merit.

"*On the Earl of Essex.*

"Essex twice made unhappy by a wife,
Yet married worse unto the people's strife:
He, who by two divorces did untie
His bond of wedlock and of loyalty:
Who was by easiness of nature bred
To lead that tumult, which first him misled;
Yet had some glimmering sparks of virtue lent
To see, though late, his error, and repent:
Essex lies here, like an inverted flame,
Hid in the ruins of his house and name;
And as he, frailty's sad example, lies,
Warns the survivors in his exequies.
He shews what wretched bubbles great men are,
Through their ambition grown too popular;
For they, built up from weak opinion, stand
On bases false as water, loose as sand!
Essex in differing successes tried
The fury and the falsehood of each side;
Now with applauses deified, and then
Thrown down with spiteful infamy again;
Tells them, what arts sovver them support,
Their life is merely time and fortune's sport;
And that no bladders blown by common breath
Shall bear them up amid the waves of death:

Tells

Tells them, no monstrous birth, with power endued
By that more monstrous beast the multitude;
No state Coloss, though tall as that bestrid
The Rhodian harbour where their navy rid,
Can hold that ill-proportion'd greatness still
Beyond his greater, most resistless will,
Whose dreadful sentence written on the wall
Did sign the temple-robbing Tyrant's * fall:
But spite of their vast privilege, which strives
T' exceed the size of ten prerogatives;
Spite of their endless parliament, or grants,
(In order to those votes and covenants,
When, without sense of their black perjury,
They swear with Essex they would live and die,)
With their dead General ere long they must
Contracted be into a span of dust."

Dr. Henry King was eldest son of Dr. John King, Bishop of London, who died 1621. He was born at Wornal, in Bucks, in January 1591; educated at Oxford; and after various intermediate preferments made Bishop of Chichester, 1641. After the fall of episcopacy, he resided at the house of his brother-in-law, Sir Richard Hobart, at Langley, in Bucks. The Restoration replaced him in his bishopric, of which dying possessed on October 1, 1669, he was buried in Chichester Cathedral. †

ART. XI. *Nympha Libethris: or the Cotswold Muse, presenting some extempore verses to the imitation of yong Scholars. In four parts. London: Printed for F. A. at Worcester.* 1651. 12mo. *pp.* 96.

* Belshasar. Dan. V. † Wood's Ath. II. 431.

By Wood's invaluable Athenæ,* we are informed that this rare little volume was the production of Clement Barksdale, who was born at Winchcombe in Gloucestershire, Nov. 1609, had his grammar learning in the free school at Abingdon, Berks, was entered a servitor of Merton College, Oxon. in Lent term 1625, but soon translated himself to Gloucester-hall, where he took his degrees in arts, received ordination, and in 1637 supplied the place of chaplain of Lincoln college at the church of All Saints. Being called from thence the same year, he was made master of the free-school at Hereford, and soon after, vicar of Alhallows in that city. When the garrison of Hereford was surprised by the parliamentary forces in 1646, he was rescued out of the danger, and placed at Sudeley, (doubtless by the Bridges family) where he exercised his ministerial function; and afterwards sheltered at Hawling in Cotswold, where he undertook a private school with success; and where he appears to have penned his Nympha Libethris. After the restoration he was settled, by royal gift, in the parsonage of Naunton, near Hawling, and Stow on the Wold, in Gloucestershire. These he retained till the time of his death, which took place in January 1687; having lived to a fair age, says Wood, and leaving behind him the character of an edifying preacher and a good neighbour. His publications were very numerous, though few of them continue to be regarded, unless it be his *Memorials of Worthy Persons* and *Remembrances of Excellent Men*, which are chiefly compilations. The copy of his Cotswold Muse, now before me, was procured by a friend from the library of Mr. Brand, at a

* Vol. II. col. 812.

high

high price; and as it is the only one which has met my observation, a particular statement of its contents may be acceptable. Opposite the title are the following lines:

" No *Frontispiece* my verses have,
But what kind readers' fansyes 'grave.
The shadow of a spreading tree
From Sirius doth the shepheard free;
He listens to a silver spring
Whose waters, as they run, do sing;
A little house, Roell, is near
A palace, when her lord is there;
The gentle lambs are feeding by,
The Muse approaching, with fair eye
Offers her bounteous hand, and sayes—
' Shepheard, here take this sprig of bayes:'
' Embrace me, Virgin, answers he,
I care not for thy bayes, but Thee.'
He was too bold: the Muse too coy:
She frown'd, and threw the sprig away."

On the back of the title are two extracts from the epistles of Pliny, in apology for his volume of verses; besides a preparatory motto, to conciliate the reader's good will. Then follows—" The Consecration of all:"

*" To my Lady Chandos.**

" Madam, see here your Röell-Muse
Exults for joy, your name to use:
Fair,

* Qu. Jane, daughter of John Earl Rivers, and second wife to George, sixth Lord Chandos, whom she outlived, and married again: though Collins, who gives this information, contradicts himself by saying Lord Chandos was thrice married. In the year after Barksdale published his book,

Fair, noble, good, * all titles due
Are understood, when I name *you:*
Well knowing every thing is grac'd,
That's under your protection plac'd.
She's innocent; yet flyes t' your wing
T' avoid suspicion. She doth bring
Some men of arms, and other some,
Whose praises do from learning come.
To Ladies she hath honour done:
And, above all, yourself are one.
She hath inserted a few toyes,
To please and profit the school-boyes.
I charge her, not disturb your pray'r,
(Though some time she breaths holy ayr,
And sings the Liturgy in verse;)
Nor unseasonably rehearse:
But wait till at your vacant time
You please to listen to her rime.
When you—' that's good' vouchsafe to say:
That, O that word's the poets' bay!"

After six lines addressed to the same, Latin verses succeed "Preceptori suo Mro C. B. signed Hackettus, others signed Thorn, and A. S. and English compliments signatured Sackville, Stratford, Tounsend, and

Lord Chandos had a disagreement with Col. Henry Compton (grandson to Lord Compton) about a lady he recommended in marriage, whose person and fortune were below few matches in the kingdom: this difference unhappily ended in a duel, when Col. Compton fell by his Lordship's hand: which account both he and his second, Lord Arundel of Wardour, were imprisoned for some time, and at last tried, and both found guilty of manslaughter. This melancholy event and its consequences, are likely to have made a deep impression on the mind of Lord Chandos, and might contribute to his immature decease; notwithstanding he is recorded to have died of the small-pox in February 1654. See Collins's Peerage.

* Alas! she did not prove *good* to the Brydges family! *Editor.*

T. B.

T. B. After a title-page to Part I. with a motto from Virgil, which adumbrates the general title—

Nymphæ, noster amor, *Libethrides:*

he offers a short dedication to his complimentary friends "adolescentibus bonæ spei;" and gives a list of the chief names honoured by his Muse. Instead of inserting this list, I shall proceed to denote more particularly the persons to whom these short poems are inscribed; with the designation of them: those with Latin prefixes, being written in Latin.

The following introductory lines present an apology for the negligence of his poetry.

"*To the Reader.*

"The Cotswold Muse so call'd, to do her right,
For rustic plainesse, not for any hight,
Humbly craves pardon, if she chance to meet
Some delicate reader on her tender feet.
She tunes her innocent notes for pupils yong,
Whose fancy can't digest a verse too strong:
High poems will deter them: these may teach
And animate, because so near their reach."

"Ad Magistrum Jonesium, Coll. Æn. socium.
Doctori Greenwood, procanc. Ox.
To Dr. Warren, why he makes verses.
On the death of Mr. Charles Parry, physician, of Hereford.
To Mrs. Eliz. Williams, with *Fragmenta Regalia.*
To Mrs. Abigail Stratford, standing silent.
Preface to a paraphrase of Grotius *De Veritate, &c.*
To Mr. David Williams, with Instructions for Travell.
To my La. C. with some papers. Another.

Upon the picture of Grotius, in one of his books, put into English.

Upon H. Grotius, and his principal works, particularly *De Imperio.*

Ad Jacobum Commetinum Med. cum operibus Cratonis.

Ad Thomam Carew, apud J. C. cum Davenanti poëmatiis.

To Mr. T. S. at his general's funeral, Colonel Myn.

To Mr. Laurence Womock, after the taking of Hereford, 1645.

To Mr. Turner, when the Governour had given him one of his livings.

Ad D. Ro. Bosworthium, cum invitatus non veniret.

On the Translations by Sir Ro. Stapylton.

On Mr. Howel's Vocal Forest.

Upon a visit of my La. C.

Upon the decease of my infant lady.

Upon the scholars succeeding souldiers at Sudeley Castle. To my Lo. C.

Sudeley to Rowill. Rowill to Sudeley.

Amico nobili D. Gul. Higford, cum elogiis Thuan.

The following lines in this place are worth transcribing, for the dignity of sentiment they convey.

"*Mens regnum bona possidet, &c.* SEN.

" Riches exalt not men on high,
Nor costly clothes of Tyrian dye;
Nor court, nor crown, nor other thing,
Is the mark proper for a King.
He, that from all base fears hath rest,
That banishes vice from his breast;

Whom

Whom no ambition doth move,
Nor the unconstant people's love:
Whose mind's his best dominion,
Free from unruly passion;
He's truly king. Thus, if you live,
A kingdom to your self you give."

At the funeral of his Schoolfellow C. M. Another.
Upon the death of his brother C. M. to his uncle R. M.
Epitaphium Magistri T. Reading.
An Epitaph upon Mr. Jo. Thomas. Upon the same.
Upon the death of Mrs. Dorothy Thomas. Another.
Upon my La. C. and her sisters comming into the country in a very rainy day.
In Crastinum beatæ Luciæ.
In D. Doctorem Kerry, et Uxorem ejus piæ memoriæ."

Part II. is dedicated to the hopes of Hawling, Mr. Henry and Mr. Richard Stratfords.

The poems are addressed:
To Mr. Fra. Powell of Ch. Ch.
To Mrs. Jane Commelin.
To Dr. Rogers, Canon of Hereford.
A New Year's gift to Dr. Bosworth, physician of Hereford.
Upon his seven Children: two girls dead, one alive, and four boyes.
On the death of Mr. Fr. Pink.
To Dr. Charlton.
Upon Dr. Croft, Dean of Hereford.
To Sir Wm. Croft, with *Thuani Principes.*

Upon Dr. Brown, Dean of Hereford, preaching.
D. M. Godwino, prælectori Heref.
M. Stephano Philips prælectori electo, 1645.
To Mr. John Beale.
To the religious pair of widows, Mrs. P. Green and Mrs. M. Russel, with the La Falkland's life.
To Dr. Warren, with return of his Henry VIII.
Upon a new Book of Justification, promised by my La. C.
Upon Zuinglius: é Thuani Elogiis.
Upon Luther: ex eodem.
To Mr. Tho. Williams, at the Temple.
Mr. R. Samasio, C.C.C.
To Mr. Fra. Thorne.
To Mr. Tho. Bridges.
To Mr. Powell, for the fair wax-light he sent me.
To Mrs. Susanna Charlton. On the death of her mother, 1649.
To Mr. William Burton, upon his Clemens Rom.
In morte Gulielmi Fratris.
Grotius de Verit. Relig. Englished. To John and Richard Hows.
To a gentleman, with Dr. Featly's Handmaid.
To Mr. Savage.
To Mr. Edward Carew.
To Squire Higford, upon his Grandfather's Book.
To Mrs. Abigail Stratford.
D. Doctori Skinner, Cancell. Heref.
D. D. Wright, Doct. Medico.
Mr. Tho. Jamesio Col. O. A.

Part III. is thus dedicated to his nephew, J. B.

" The care thy Father once bestow'd on me,
I very gladly would return to thee.

What

What I to thee, (thus love in a blood runs)
Do thou communicate unto my sons.
I have no land to give, such is my chance;
Take this poeticall inheritance.
A little here is best; because much more
Of poetry, perhaps would make you poor."

"To Mr. Ro. Scudamore.
To L. Hedworth.
Upon Mr. William Lawes: To Mr Will. Brode.
Upon Mr. Henry Lawes: To Mr. Jo. Philips.
Upon Beggers lodg'd in the Col. Heref. 1645. To Col. B.
Upon the taking of Hereford, Dec. 1645. To Col. James Wroughton.
Ad Guil. Turrium, T. B.
Mr. Freeman, Theologo Seni.
Ad M. Collierum.
Ad M. Palmerum.
To Mrs. Eliz. Williams; for Dr. Taylor's Rule.
Upon Dr. Hammond's Works: To Mr. Jn. Beale.
Jo. Warreno suo LL. Doctori.
V. Cl. Herberto Crofto. D. H.
To D. Rogers, C. R.
To Dr. Higs, D. L. upon Lord Verulam's motto.
To D. Critton, C. R.
Upon the death of B. Prideaux.
Upon Dr. Kerry and his Wife.
Upon Mr. Shirly's* Gram. Anglo. Lat.
An English Library: To Ri. Sackvill. † Cuidam."

* This was James Shirley, the poet and dramatic writer.

† Qu. Richard Ld. Buckhurst, who succeeded his father in 1652 as fifth Earl of Dorset? and may be tracked as a noble author in Jonsonus Virbius.

The

The former of these is long and serious: the latter is short and epigrammatic.

" Your man ask't, whether I did preach to-day
At Sudcley-chamber?—It was answer'd *ay*.
I came in time and preach'd: you absent were:
Did you ask *when*? that you might not be there."

Upon a Brother of his.
To old Mr. Tho. Hacket.
Chr. Merretto suo Doct. Med."

Part IV. dedicates itself to his noble friend Mr. Tho. Bridges.

Then follows—" To Mr. D. W.
To Sir W. C. of Glo." (Qu. Sir Willm. Chandos, 7th baron?) This gratefully acknowledges the author's domestic obligations.

" After a chilling blast took me elsewhere,
My little family is planted here,
Whom Chandos' noble bounty now maintains;
And by your government, who hold the reins
So gently, yet with skill and care, I have
For my innocuous Muse leisure and leave,—
She is ambitious now to send you health,
And prepares for you th' Ebrew Commonwealth.*
Why should not my poor studies honour you?
Where the tree grows, sure there some fruit is due."

" To Mr. Fra. Powell of Ch. Ch.
To Dr. Fuller.
On the death of Sir Wm. Croft: to Col Wroughton.
The Defence: to Mr. Fr. Powel of Ch. Ch.
Dr. Kerry's Counsel.

* This he published in 1653, from Cunæus, De republicâ Hebræorum.

To

To Mrs. Stratford.

Guil. Turrio, cum non responderet.

Upon the death of Mr. William Whear, fellow of Merton, on St. Matth. day: to Mr. Sam. Whear.

To his Wife, at last a Nurse.

A parley 'twixt a Citizen and Soldier, at Hereford-siege, Sept. 1, 1645.

Upon his son C. B.

Upon Dr. Taylor's Funeral Sermon. To Mr. Savage.

To my sister Barksdale. To the same.

Upon the Book of Justification, written by J. G. sent me by my Lady Chandos.

Non nobis Domine, &c. In the Great Chamber at Sudeley: to my Lo. C.

"Chandos, wh' adorn'd the princ-ly chamber, where
So many friends and tenants welcom'd were,
Caus'd the artificer on the wall to write
This sentence, and expos't to all men's sight:
So when our works are brought to end, must we
All sing aloud *non nobis, Domine!*
And I, my Lord, that for my Muse I may
Favour obtain, must *Kyrie Eleison* say.
'Twas her ambition her notes to sing
To the great grandson of the Cotswold-King." *

In Stapyltonum equitem Anglum interpretem Stradæ Romani.

To my brother D. Charlton.

Eidem Domino Gualt. Charltono. M. R.

To Mr. Edmund Bower.

* Grey Brydges, fifth Lord Chandos, on account of his splendid retinue was styled "The King of Cotswold," but he was *father* of George Lord Chandos.

To

To the worthy persons mentioned in these papers. Mrs. Ric. Hillo, T. B.

To Mr. Edmund Waller. (This compliment seems to have been undescried by the editors of Sacharissa's bard.)

" A wit and poet's no reproach: to you
Both titles, if to any one, are due.
Your name shall be enrolled, Sir, among
Best English poets, who write smooth and strong.
I know a man, had rather with your wit
Be th' happy author of a poem (yet
He studied long by the fair stream of Ouse)
Than be some potent Prince, or one o' th' House."

To Mr. J. C. physician.

To D. Merrett.

To Mr. Alex. Weld.

To Mr. F. B.

To Mr. W. T.

To the Critics.

Herbert and Crashaw.

" When into Herbert's Temple* I ascend
By Crashaw's Steps, I do resolve to mend
My lighter verse, and my low notes to raise,
And in high accent sing my Maker's praise!
Mean while these sacred poems in my sight
I place, and read, that I may learn to write."

" To F. A. stationer." This politic tribute makes it apparent that the name of his Worcester publisher was *Francis Ash*, who seems to have been a noted binder.

" *Franc*, you admire what shou'd the meaning be,
That my unknown Muse printed is for *thee*.

* Herbert's Temple, or sacred poems, were deservedly republished last year. Crashaw's Steps to the Temple had a selected reprint in 1785.

Here

Here in the end, thou shalt the reason find:
'Tis printed (tak't not ill) for thee to bind.
None can compare to you, so finely well
You *bind*, that your books for the *outside* sell:
If by your close art you will set it forth,
My 'Cotswold Muse' will sell, though nothing worth:
And though the writer's wit give no great flash,
Readers will think 'tis good, 'cause bound by *Ash*."

Wood remarks that Barksdale was a great admirer of Hugo Grotius, whose life he published. This appears from the frequent mention of him in Nympha Libethris: but Wood adds, that our copious versifier was a "great pretender" to poetry: and this does not appear.

T. P.

ART. XII. *Ritson's Bibliographia Poetica. Additions and Alterations, &c.*

[CONTINUED FROM VOL. V. P. 136.]

H. B. is also subscribed to twenty lines, in form of a dialogue, "the reader to Geffrey Chaucer;" in Speght's edition of Chaucer.

JOHN BRADFORD has two or three scraps of poetry, in "A godlye treatyse of Prayer translated into Englishe by John Bradforde" [quotations from James iiij and John xvj] Colophon. "Imprinted at London in Paules Church Yearde, at the sygne of the Rose, by John Wight." 8vo. no date.

HENRY CHETTLE. "The Pope's pittiful lamentation for the death of his deere darling Don Ioan of Austria: and Death's answer to the same. With an Epitaphe

Epitaphe upon the death of the said Don Joan translated after the French printed coppy by H. C." This is only a head title, (qu. if there is any title page? I believe not) then follows "The Pope's lamentation." 68 lines, alternate rhyme. "Death's aunswer," 76 lines, same. "Don Joan's Epitaphe," two four-line stanzas; at the end "The furst of October, 1578, L'acquis a bonde. Finis, imprinted by I. C." Small 8vo. b. l. not mentioned in Herbert.

GERVIS CLYPTON has a trivial scrap or two in "The Casket of Jewels:" the running title of an imperfect copy. 12mo. b. l.

MILES COVERDALE. I venture to attribute to this writer the following work, having seen it in a volume, along with other pieces, to which he had put his name, and all apparently printed together. "A Christen exhortation unto customable swearers. What a ryghte and lawfull othe is; whan and before whome it ought to be. Item. The maner of sayinge grace, or gevyng thankes unto God: who so ever heareth Goddes worde, beleve it. and do there [a]fter, shall be saved." 12mo. no printer's name or date, perhaps 1547. At the end is one seven-line stanza, and "A shorte instruction to the worlde," a poem of thirteen seven-line stanzas addressed to eight different characters, the first seven in one stanza each, and the remainder "To the preests."

"A.D. In com'endation of the author and his booke:" prefixed to twelve lines of alternate rhime in "The Anatomie of Abuses, contayning a discoverie or briefe summarie of such notable vices and imperfections as now reigne in many Christian countrayes of the worlde,

worlde, but (especiallie) in a very famous ilande called Ailgna.* Together with most fearefull examples of God's judgementes executed upon the wicked for the same; as well in Ailgna of late, as in other places elsewhere. Verie godly to be read of all true Christians everie where, but most needeful to be regarded in Englande: made dialogue wise by Phillip Stubbes. Seene and allowed, accorded to order. Math. iii. ver. 5. Repent for the kingdome of God is at hande. Luc. xiii. ver. 5. I say unto you, saith Christ, except you repent, you shall all perish. Printed at London by Richard Jones, 1 Maij, 1583. Small 4to. Introduction 14 leaves; end sig. R. j.

I. D. "Grounde of Artes; teachinge the worke and practise of Arithmetike, both in whole numbers and fractions, after a more easier and exacter sorte then any lyke hathe hitherto been set forth. Made by M. Robert Recorde, Doctor in Phisick, and nowe of late diligently overseene and augmented, with new and necessary additions.

I. D.

"That which my frende well begonne,
For very love to common weale,
Neede not all whole to be newe donne,
But new encrease I do reveale.

Something herin I once redreste,
And now agayne for thy behoofe,
Of zeale I do, and at request
Bothe mend and adde, fytte for all proofe.

Of numbers use the endles might,
No witte nor language can expresse,
Apply and try, bothe day and night,
And than this truthe thou wilt confessse."

* *Anglia* inverted.

Londini,

Londini, Anno Domini, 1573." Coloph. "Imprinted at London in Paules Churche-Yarde, at the signe of the Brasen-Serpent, by Reginalde Wolfe, Anno Domini M. D. L. XXIII." The usual six lines by Record, of "the bookes verdicte," at back of title: and on the last page, after printer's name, is "I. D. to the earnest Arithmeticien," prefixed to five stanzas of four lines, each in alternate rhime.

This work was in such repute, and so repeatedly published, that it is probable there are other editions, as well as this, not seen by Herbert.

T. D. "Canaan's Calamitie, Jerusalem's Miserie, and England's Mirror.—The dolefull destruction of faire Jerusalem by Tytus, the sonne of Vaspasian, Emperour of Rome, in the yeare of Christes Incarnation 74. Wherein is shewed the wonderful miseries which God brought upon that citie, for sinne; being utterly over-throwen and destroyed by sword, pestilence, and famine. Briefly gathered into this small volume, for the benefit of all well disposed persons; wherein they shall finde many strange and notable thinges, worthy to be regarded and had in remembrance. At London, Printed by Thomas Purfoot for Henrie Tomes, and are to be sould at his shop, neere St. Sepulchers Church at the signe of the White Beare, 1598." 8vo. Dedicated "To the Right Worshipfull M. Richard Kingsmill, Esquier, Justice of the Peace and Quorum in the Countie of Southampton, and Surveyer of her Majesties Courtes of Wardes and Liveries, all prosperitie and happinesse;" sig. "your Wor. most humbly affectionate T. D." Then "To the gentlemen readers health;" sig. "Your's in all courtesie, T. D.;" with five poems on "The Destruction of

of Ierusalem;" and, perhaps, more; as the copy of the work I saw was imperfect at the end. These initials are given by Ritson to Thomas Delone.*

"I. F. in commendation of the author and his booke;" head to 24 lines, in alternate rhime, before Stubbs's Anatomy of Abuses. See above, A. D.

WILLIAM FOSTER has twelve lines before "The five bookes of the famous learned and eloquent man Hieronimus Osorius, contayning a discourse of Civill and Christian Nobilitie; a worke no lesse pleasaunt then profitable for all, but especiallye the noble Gentlemen of England, to view their lives, their estates, and conditions in. Translated out of Latine into English by William Blandie, late of the Universitie of Oxeford, and now Fellow of the Middle Temple in London. Imprinted at London, in Fleete Streate, by Thomas Marsh. Anno 1576. Cum privilegio."

"ABRAHAM FOWLER's needeles Hœdera," prefixed to 36 lines in alternate rhyme, before "A philosophicall discourse, entituled the Anatomie of the Mind; newlie made and set forth by T[homas] R[ogers.] Imprinted at London by I[ohn] C[harlwood] for Andrew Maunsell, dwelling in Paule's Church Yarde, at the signe of the Parret. 15-6." 8vo.

A. G. affixed "to the reader, in commendation of this present woorke," thirty lines in couplets, before Peele's "Pathe-waye to Perfectness." 1569. Fol.—*poste Peele.*

"T. H. to the Reader," is the head-line for two six-line stanzas, prefixed to "A Discourse concerning the

* Qu. whether in the present instance they should not be given to Thos. Decker? *Editor.*

Spanish Fleete invading England, in the yeere 1588: by A. Ryther." 4to. 1590.

"JOSUA HUTTEN to the booke," prefixed to 100 lines of alternate rhimes before Rogers's Philosophical Discourse. See FOWLER.

J. H.

At p. 248 of the 5th volume of CENSURA, a republication of the poems of "James the First, for Mr. Tytler's text is exceedingly incorrect," is suggested. "I had transcribed *the Kyngis quair* long before the publication of this edition, [printed for Balfour, 1783,] and afterward sent my copy to Mr. Tytler, who might have made use of it for that which was printed at Perth. The transcript he followed has abounded with the most flagrant and absurd blunders, which he has carefully preserved. *Christ's kirk on the Green* is likewise very inaccurate. The Editor's acquaintance with the language of either poem seems superficial and imperfect." Quod Joseph Ritson. *M. S. penes me.*

At the end of "Ane compendious booke of godly and spirituall Songs, &c. Edinburgh, printed by Andro Hart." 12mo. b. l. is the following poem.

"Sen throw vertue incressis dignity,
And vertew is flowre and rute of nobles ay,
Of ony wit or what estate thou be,
His steps follow, and dreid for none effray:
Eject vice, and follow treuth alway.
Lufe maist thy God that first thy lufe began,
And for ilk inch he will thee quite ane span.

Be

Be not over proud in thy prosperity,
For as it cummis, sa will it passe away;
The time to compt is short thou may well see,
For of greene grasse, soone cummis wallowed hay;
Labour in trueth quhilk suith is of thy fay:
Traist maist in God for he best guide thee can,
And for ilk inch he will thee quite ane span.

Sen word is thrall, and thoght is only free,
Thou daunt thy toung that power hes, and may
Thou steik thy eine fra warlds vanity,
Refraine thy lust, and harken what I say:
Graip or thou slide, and keep furth the hieway,
Thou hald thee fast upon thy God and man,
And for ilk inch he will thee quite ane span.

Finis.

¶ Quod King James the First."

This poem is given from a transcript made by Ritson: and Mr. Irving has also copied it into his Lives of the Scotish Poets, Vol. I. p. 315; but its being written by James seems doubtful. It is the last in the volume of Godly Songs, and, similar to all the preceding, has the word "Finis" affixed; then a new line, as above, with "Quod King Iames the First." Had names of authors been necessary, those of Gawin Douglas and Sir D. Lindsay, might have been added to their pieces, and lines written by a monarch, were not likely to be thrust to the end of a volume, to close the rear of anonymous writers only. The work is supposed to have been published to promote the views of the reformers, * and had a veil for the nonce; therefore, if attributing

* See Mr. Dalyell's cursory remarks upon "ane book of godly songs," (who has republished the work) p. 57 of Scotish Poems of the Sixteenth Century.

attributing the lines to King James, is only to depend upon the above slender authority, I shall conclude with suggesting the probability that "Quod King Iames the First" was a shallow artifice of the printer to imply the whole volume was written by that monarch.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XIII. *The Joviall Crew, or the Devill turn'd Ranter: being a character of the roaring Ranters of these Times, represented in a Comedie. Containing a true discovery of the cursed conversations, prodigious pranks, monstrous meetings, private performances, rude revellings, garrulous greetings, impious and incorrigible deportements of a sect (lately sprung up amongst us,) called Ranters. Their names sorted to their severall natures, and both lively presented in action. London: Printed for W. Ley.* 1651. *4to pp.* 15.

Gildon says "it was printed in 1651, and that it exhibits a character of the roaring ranters of that time; but that was the age of saints, not of ranters. However, this writer mentions the piece so particularly, that it is probable he had seen it." Biog. Dram.

Century. Edinburgh, 1801, small 8vo. Mr. D. also published another edition, same year, large 8vo.—"A specimen of a book intituled ane compendious booke of godly and spiritual sangs, collectit out of sundrie partes of the Scripture, with sundrie of other Ballates changed out of prophaine sanges for avoyding of sinne and harlotrie, with augmentation of sundrie gude and godly Ballates, not contained in the first edition, Edinburgh, printed by Andro Hart: Edinburgh, printed by W. Ruddiman, J. Richardson, and Company, 1765," Small 8vo. pp. 46, was edited by Sir David Dalrymple.

Gildon

Gildon certainly saw a copy, though he has unwittingly called it an Interlude;* and as it appears little known, and a copy seldom occurs, the following short description may not prove unacceptable.

Opposite the title is a woodcut of the devil, travelling in a flaming car, drawn by two dragons, and attended by imps. The clouds in compartments, after the manner of a map, with the words "London, Edenburgh, Dublin;" in the distance, a cottage with a man and woman seated on a hill, having sheep hooks. Beneath the print is

"*The Prologue.*

"Bedlam broke loose? Yes, hell is open'd too;
Mad-men, and fiends, and harpies, to your view
We do present: but who shall cure the tumor?
All the world now is in the ranting humor."

The scene is laid in London; and there is an enumeration of twenty-one characters besides Clink, *keeper of Finsbury*, a beadle, officers, &c. "Their names are sorted to their several natures," as Dose, an apothecary; Pidwidgin, a taylor; Pandorsus, agent for the devil; Mrs. Crave-drink, and Mrs. All-prate, &c. The first act consists of two scenes; in the first we are told, by "one sacred law, every man's wife must be at his friend's use;" and the second shews the characters dancing a merry jig and singing a ranting song. Pandorsus exhibits these mad pranks of the Joviall Crew for the amusement of his master. In the first scene of the second act, two citizen's wives agree to become of the new sect, and "be convertites together; as on that day, the prime of all the

* The Biog. Dram. has added to this error the date of 1598. *Editor.*

gang, the chief theologists and worthiest sisters of all that zealous tribe were to meet at a tavern." The next scene discovers the whole Crew of the Ranters at a tavern, where an order is given for "twenty gallons of rich sack, lights to adorn the room in every angle, a pound of right *varina*, and a gross of shining pipes, fit for a female's tooth." The third act opens with preparing to induct the two new members, and they accordingly appear in the following scene, when "all the old ranters, hand in hand, surround the two new ones (who are upon their knees) singing about them the following

"*Song.*

"Round, round, all in a ring,
Fellow creatures, let us sing;
Here are two, that come to be
Annext to our society:
By Pluto's crown, Proserpine's hair,
Cerberus' yell, Alecto's chair;
By Epicurus' happy life,
And Messalina, Claudius' wife;
By Venus' gloves, and Lais' paint,
By Jezabel, our chiefest saint;
By goats' desires, and monkies' heat,
Spanish flies, and stirring meat;
By the vigour of an horse,
By all things of strength and force;
By Alcides' back of steel
By Jove's escapes, Omphale's wheel,
We adopt these happy pair,
Of our liberties to share:
Arise, arise, blest souls, and know
Now you may rant, *cum Privilegio.*

They dissolve their hands."

The

The conclusion of this scene prepares for poetical justice; the whole company are rendered insensible by a sleepy potion, and removed by the constable and watch to Finsbury. The two scenes of the fourth act consist of the Ranters recovering from their stupor; Clink, the keeper, declaring their situation; the introduction of the two husbands of the new sectarists in disguise of Ranters, who are examined on certain items in their articles, and at the conclusion of the scene, "they fall together by the ears; the Ranters are soundly beaten, and their women carried off." In the last act the husbands discover themselves to their wives, and then "tear off their cloaths," that they may be "fitter to dance Lavaltoes." The other Ranters enter in their shirts and shifts, and the beadle, with his whip, has full charge of the company. "Exeunt omnes. Written by S. S. Gent. Licensed and published according to order. Finis."

Ross, in his "View of all the Religions of Europe," describes the Ranters as "a sort of beasts, that neither divide the hoof, nor chew the cud; that is to say, very unclean ones, by open profession of lewdness and irreligion." A character answering to the one given in this dramatic piece, the leaders of which appear to be noticed in the second act; when a fiddler sings a catch (the best and newest in town) "Excellent, says a Ranter, did this Minerva take flight from John Taylor's or Martin Parker's brain." In a few lines further is "a health to all our friends in Kent:" these allusions appear local; and probably the sect was as little worthy notice as the *sealed* votaries of Joanna Southcote are now.

To this may be added a short account of two scarce publications on the same subject. The first is

The Ranter's declaration, with their new oath and protestation; their strange votes, and a new way to get money; their proclamation and summons; their new way of Ranting, never before heard of; their dancing of the hay naked, at the White Lyon in Petticoat-Lane; their mad dream, and Dr. Pockridge his speech; with their trial, examination, and answers; the coming in of 300, *their prayer and recantation to be in all cities and market-towns read and published; the mad-Ranter's further resolution; their christmas carol and blaspheming song; their two pretended abominable keyes to enter heaven, and the worshipping of his little majesty, the late Bishop of Canterbury: a new and further discovery of their black art, with the names of those that are possest by the devil, having strange and hideous cries heard within them, to the great admiration of all those that shall peruse this ensuing subject. Licensed according to order, and published by M. Stubs, a late fellow-Ranter.* [Wood-cut in four small squares—1. A saluting scene, "This is the way." 2. A tub preacher, "I wil deliver you." 3. A banquet, "We are all shakers." 4. Dancing the hay naked "Play musick."] *Imprinted at London by I. C.—M.D.C.L. 4to. four leaves.*

In this tract there is the incredible number of 5000 civil Ranters mentioned, as also that 3000 had been re-converted since November; and "the truth and certainty of these particulars are attested by (eight names) late fellow-Ranters."

The

The Declaration of John Robins, the false prophet; otherwise called the Shakers-god; and Joshua Beck and John King, the two false disciples; with the rest of their fellow creatures, now prisoners in the New Prison at Clarkenwell: delivered to divers of the gentry and citizens, who on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday last, resorted thither to dispute with them. With the citizen's proposals to the said John Robins, concerning his opinion and judgment, and his answer thereunto; together with his prophesie of what is to come to pass this year 1651, *and the strange things revealed to him: his religion, principles, and creed, as also his blasphemous tenets, in attributing an inspiration from the Holy Ghost; with the manner of their diet, and his woe pronounced concerning all those that drink ale. By G. H. an ear-witness.* [Wood-cut, ut supra.] *London: Printed by R. Wood,* 1651. *4to. 4 leaves.*

The titles of these tracts more than describe their contents. In the last is mention of "Mr. Underwood, a reformado in the Lord General's regiment, having been a notable companion with those people which are vulgarly called Ranters."* That in "the age of Saints," the saints were the greatest sinners, appears on all occasions; and the description of "The Joviall Crew," improperly foisted into the dramatic lists, is further proof that their immaculate acts would

* Butler, in the Second Volume of his Remains, published by Thyer, has left the character of a RANTER; whom he represents as "a monster produced by the madness of his age, as a fanatic Hector who found out (by a very strange way of new light) how to transform all the devils into angels of light; for he believes all religion consists in looseness, and that sin and vice is the whole duty of man." *Editor.*

not

not bear the test of reason: though the Shakers appear from this inconsiderable; the names of ten being only given as committed to prison, Saturday, 24 May, 1651.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XIV. *Opobalsamum Anglicanum: an Englishe Balme, lately pressed out of a Shrub, and spread upon these Papers, for the cure of some Scabs, Gangreeves, and Cancers, indangering the Bodie of this Common-Wealth; and, to whom it is now tendred, by the well-affected English, in a double-speech, disjunctively delivered, by one of their fellowship, both to the faithfull and malignant members of the representative-body of this kingdome. Penned by the author of Britain's Remembrancer, Geo. Wither, Esquire. Psalm* cxli. 5, 6. *Let the righteous smite me, and it shall be a kindnesse; and let him reprove me, and it shall be an excellent oyle, which shall not breake my head, &c.—When their judges are overthrowne in stonie places, then shall they heare my words, &c. Printed in the Yeare* 1646. *4to. pp.* 24. *doub. col.*

In this piece the prolific muse of Wither has threaded 1030 lines in verse, including "the preface," which opens with the successes of Fairfax, obtained early in 1646.

"Great hopes I had, of perfecting ere this,
My Vox-pacifica, * and songs of peace:
For Fairfax, with his victories begun,
So stoutly and successefully went on,
That neither summer's heat nor winter's cold,
Brigade nor army, fortified hold,

* His Vox-pacifica was printed in 1645. *Editor.*

Nor

Nor force, nor policie; no, nor their wiles
Who did oppose in secret, all the whiles,
Could bring his brave proceedings to a stand,
Till he had marched quite throughout the land,
As in a triumph; and had brought ev'n those
Presuming, and proud bragadocean foes,
Who had despiz'd, and sleighted his beginnings
To be the sad spectators of his winnings;
And to be prostrate suitors unto them,
For life and mercy, whom they did contemn."

The preface, after some further lines, has a long simile on the subject of the Gangreve. The poem is divided into two speeches; the first is

"*The Speech of the well affected English to the faithfull Peers, and to their constant Trustees, being Members of the Honourable House of Commons.*

" Starres of the great and lesser magnitude;
Behold us not as if we would intrude
Upon your orbs; nor think this throng appears
To interrupt the motion of your spheares;
To hinder your aspects; or take offence
At anie late effect, or influence,
Derived from your power; or, at ought done
By you in both, or either house alone,
When violence, their motion suffers not,
Whereby prodigious things may be begot:
For so heroick, and so noble ever,
Hath been your prudence, and your stout endeavour,
To keep upright the wheels of Charles his wain,
And ev'ry harmfull vapour to restrain,
Exhal'd by meteors, to the wrong of them,
Whose habitations are within your clyme;
That we confesse with praise, and admiration,
Your constant labours in the preservation

Of

Of this distracted empire, and present
All humble, and all due acknowledgement,
For persevering, through those manie stops,
Obstructing the fruition of our hopes."

This strain of panegyric has but little to awaken interest now: curiosity will be more indulged with the next extract, where the name of another poet, whose soft and easy verses ever please, is mentioned.

" Are none of those, think you, permitted yet,
In either House of Parliament to sit,
Who, when the city should have been betray'd,
Did know of it? Think you, when Waller said,
(To strengthen his confederates) that, he
Knew many, who thereto would aiding be
In either House? Think you he should have had
His pardon; if none fear'd he could have made
The saying true? Or that, he naming none,
Should into banishment, so cheap have gone;
Unlesse, because he could have nam'd so many,
That, if the Houses should have question'd any,
It might have brought upon us at that season,
A danger, almost equalling the treason?
What e're ye think, we think this was the cause
Why he, who was in breaking of the laws
The Principall, escap'd with life; when they
That Accessaries were, their debts did pay;
And, are we bound to think now Waller's gone,
That here of his confederacie are none,
While we perceive delinquents so defended,
As yet they are, and we so ill befriended?
Who in both Houses, would have scorned more
To hear such questions asked, heretofore,
Then Strafford and the Prelate, * who are now
A headlesse paire? And which is he of you

* Archbishop Laud may here be supposed. *Editor.*

Among

Among the Commons, who enjoy'd a name
More honourable, and a fairer fame
Then Hotham had? Which of you stood so strong
A charge as he? Or held it out so long
Without recording? Or, engag'd this nation
Unto him, by a greater obligation
Then he did, for the time? And, yet at last,
You saw he fell; because he had not plac't
The structure, (though twere strong) upon these rocks,
That could abide reiterated shocks:
And if men, in desert so eminent,
('Till we discover'd in what path he went)
Fell from that bravery in resolution,
And so much constancie in execution,
Then well may we distrust that, some of those
Who, at this present, make fair seeming showes,
May possibly be false? At least when they
Have trodden heretofore beside the way,
And are at present probably suspected;
Though, they in some things, faithfully have acted?
Since we have oft experience had, that none
Have to the Commonwealth more mischief done,
Then some, who for a while have had the fame
Of patriots, and did but play that game,
Till they had opportunity to catch
That grace at court, for which they lay at watch."

This prosaic truth has been repeated a thousand times, and will continue to be applied by party writers to the end of time. It is the pinnacle of ambition always assigned the noisy politicians, and the greater majority have proved the random satire well founded. Another specimen will be necessary from the beginning of what may be styled the second part, as a comparison with that already given.

"*The*

" The Speech of the Wel-affected, to their perfidious Trustees, dishonouring the Parliament, by the same, or by not acting cordially therein.

" Stand off, ye traytors; that, we may not smutch
A blameless-member, whilst your faults we touch;
Stand further off, we say; lest while we speak,
Some foolish-fellow may our words mistake;
And think, we have a purposed intent
To lay aspersions on the Parliament.
Stand yet a little further from among them,
That ev'ry man may see we would not wrong them,
But rather do them honour by assaying
To help prevent their scandall and betraying,
By making ev'ry wronged subject know,
For whom their troubles and oppressions flow.
So, being singled out, as you are now,
None but a brainlesse-foole, or some of you,
Can be so impudent, as to apply
Our checks to that High Court's indignitie;
Or seem displeas'd, because our minds we say
As fearlessly, as honest freemen may;
Since we presume no further, then to do
That which necessity compels us to;
And that which, being longer time delaid,
Must come too late and quite in vain be said.
When first this Parliament conven'd together,
Who call'd for such as you? How came you hither?
Confesse the truth, are not you some of those,
Who made the Burgers drunk when you were chose?
Or bribed them with hopes, that when you die
You would bequeath their town a legacie?
Or be at least so neighbourly unto them,
As none of those discourtesies to do them,
Which must undoubtedly, have been expected,
If they your profer'd service had neglected?"

The

The allusion of the author to himself, at the concluding part of the poem, makes it necessary to extend this article to a greater length than was intended; but, as incidental to the life of the poet, it may not appear uninteresting. At the end of the speech, describing the various effect it had on the party addressed,

" Some threatned him whom justly they suspected
To be the penner of it, and then swore
If they could help it he should write no more.
Some did advise to apprehend, and call him
To some Committee, and there soundly maul him,
That others may take warning, how they dare
Speake truth to them, who love no truth to heare.
But others minding what a vote had past,
In that Committee, which abus'd him last,
And being fearfull, that his good intent
Would, ere long time, unto the Parliament
So evident be made, that their despight
Would rather on their heads than his alight,
They waved that, and being at a stand,
In thinking what they best might take in hand,
At length, 'come let us smite him with the tongue,'
Said one of them, who knew what doth belong
To deep revenge, and, let us daily strow
Some scandalls of him wheresoe'er we go."

Wither appropriates above 120 lines to speak of himself, and seems to have intended it as a justification, or explanation, of his meaning. He says,

——————" I, as heartily as any one,
According to my faculties have done;
And showne these times, and those perhaps, to come,
That poesie may have an usefull roome

In

In great affaires, and poets fill their place,
Whether the times be generous, or base.
Though I no pardon find, assur'd I am
This work would not have done the author shame,
In better times: nay, if an Irish bard
Had sung thus much to them, they would have heard
His numbers with respect; and manie things
Bestow'd, beside a harp with silver strings.
But, I shall think my game hath well been plaid,
If I with mischief shall not be repaid
For my good will; nor left when I have done
To bear the burthen of despights, alone.——

My next, oh! noble friends! and last request
Is this, that if I should be so opprest
As is intended, you would thinke upon
Those, whom by serving you, I have undone;
That *halfe of me* (who had a share in that,
Which I adventur'd freely, for the State)
And those *branch'd from us*, who thereby are left
No means of bread, or breeding; but bereft
Of all their outward helps: Oh! let them find
More grace than yet I do: yea, be so kind,
That unto them may truly payed be
What on the publike faith you owe to me
In debts, on faire account, due from this nation,
By private and by publike obligation.
My naturall-affection makes me feare
This motion needfull: therefore, have a care
You sleight it not; for doubtless if you do,
God will require it and requite it too;
Yea, if you shall forget what I prefer,
God will remember your Remembrancer.

And

And when your children shall with hunger pine,
Provide abundance of good things for mine.
Thus hopes, and thus believes,

GEO. WITHER.

Fiat voluntas Dei.[a]

To this is added rather more than a page in prose as "The Printer to the Reader," signature "Benevol. Typographus." It appears to be intended as a further declaration of the author's political creed. "He protesteth he is neither for, or against, the Presbyterians, Independents, Scots, English, King, Parliament, members, or people, more or less, then according as he (in his judgment and conscience) thinks it may conduce to the wrong or right way, from or toward the truth of God, and the peace of the kingdom; with a charitable respect, so farre as is possible, to the remedy of our general distempers, without the wrong, or disquiet of any person, who wilfully draweth it not upon himself."

[a] *Conduit street.* J. H.

ART. XV. *The Unmasking of a feminine Machiavell. By Thomas Andrewe, Gent. Est nobis voluisse satis. Seene and allowed by authority. London: Printed by Simon Stafford, and are to be sold by George Loftis, at the Golden Ball in Pope's Head Alley.* 1604. *4to.* 22 *leaves.*

Dedicated "to his worthy and reverend uncle M.D. Langworth, Archdeacon of Wells."

"To the vertuous Mistris Judith Hawkins." A Sonnet "to the Reader." A short prose address,

wherein the author says, "some may imagin I have written of malice to some particular person, by reason of my titles strangenes, wherin whosoever is opinionate, is far wide: yet if any guilty conscience (that perhaps I know not) will wrest my writings, and interpret my meaning in other than the right sence, I am not to bee blamed, if that creature's corruption accuse it selfe."

"To detraction," 22 lines, by the author.

"In laudem authoris, &c." 10 lines Latin, sig. "Rob. Hunt, Heath-fieldensis."

"To his worthy friend, &c." 6 lines, sig. "E. B. Gent."

"To his respected and kind affected friend, Mr. Thomas Andrewe, Gent." two six-line stanzas, signed "Samuel Rowlands."

Then follows the poem. The story appears founded on the acts of a false female friend, while the author was gone abroad with (it may be supposed) the Scottish part of the army, in which he was at the battle at Newport, in Flanders, 22 June, 1600; and a description of that event forms a considerable portion of the work. The relation is made in the manner of a vision, and recounting the misfortunes of another.

"*The Argument of this Booke.*

"Possest with sleepe, in silent night,
Me thought I found a wofull wight,
Whose heart was heavy, looke was sad,
In sorrowes colours being clad,
In a vast desart all alone,
For his desaster making mone,

Filling

Filling with plaints the tender ayre,
Who, when to him I did repayre,
His various fortunes and estate,
To me did mournfully relate:
And did desire I would unfold,
What unto me by him was told.
Haplesse *Andrea* was he call'd,
Whose heart with sorrowes deepe was gal'd.
What e're I saw in that strange dreame,
My Muse hath chosen for her theame."

From about 900 lines, of which the poem consists, the selection of a specimen is difficult; there is not much interest in a long description, where

"Pikes pikes encounter, shot at shot let flye,
All nations on their several patrons crie."

Nor is the following account of the arrival of Morpheus, at the conclusion of Andrea's tale, much preferable; but it may serve for a dull poem to give a drowsy end.

"Scarce had he ended, when we saw from farre,
As we imagined, a waiged carre,
Which coming neere us, presently I knew,
'Twas Morpheus' coach that foure night ravens drew;
The wheeles did make no noise, yet so fast ran,
As could beguile the very sight of man.
With soft Arabian silke 'twas over-cover'd,
About the which, light dreames and visions hover'd:
The curtains of the same were made of rings
Of the quicke battes that Vesperugo brings
To flie as harbengers before the night,
When to th' inferiour spheare the sun gives light.
His team being come"——— enough!

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XVI. *The Touchstone of Complexions; generallye appliable, expedient and profitable for all such, as be desirous and carefull of their bodylye health. Containing most easie rules and ready tokens, whereby euery one may perfectly try, and throughly know, aswell the exacte state, habite, disposition, and constitution, of his owne body outwardly: as also the inclinations, affections, motions, and desires of his mind inwardly. First written in Latine, by Leuine Lemnie,* and now Englished by Thomas Newton. Nosce teipsum. Imprinted at London, in Fleete-streete, by Thomas Marsh, Anno* 1576. *Cum Priuilegio. Small* 8vo. 157 *leaves, without dedication, &c. b. l. Herbert* 865.

Dedicated "to the Right Honorable, his singuler good Lorde, Sir William Brooke, Knighte, Baron Cobham, and Lorde Warden of the Cinque Portes; Thomas Newton, his humble orator, wisheth long life, encrease of honor, with prosperous health, and eternall felicitye." Dated Butley, in Cheshire, 21 Sept. 1756.

The work is divided into two books; the first containing ten, and the second six chapters, discussing various maladies attending human life, interspersed with apposite anecdotes, proverbs, and translations, from Horace, Juvenal, &c.

In giving advice as to mitigating the heat of the dog days, the author relates his visit to England; he says, "It shall be verye good to sprinckle on the pavements and coole the floores of our houses or chambers wyth springing water, and then to strew them over with sedge, and to trimme up our parlours with greene

* Lævinius Lemnius, an eminent physician and divine, was born at Zirie-Zee in Zealand, 1504, where he died in 1568. *Editor.*

boughes,

boughes, freshe herbes or vyne leaves; which thing although in the Low Countrey it be usually frequented, yet no nation more decently, more trymmely, nor more sightly then they do in Englande. For, not long agone traveylinge into that flourishinge islande, partly to see the fashions of that wealthy countrey, wyth men of fame and worthynesse so bruited and renowmed, and partlye to visite William Lemnie, in whose company and weldoing, I greatly reioyce (as a father can not but doe) and take singuler contentation inwardly, even at my first arryval at Dover, and so along my iourney toward London, which I dispatched partly uppon horsebacke, and partly by water, I sawe and noted manye thinges able to ravishe and allure any man in the worlde, with desyre to travaile, and see that so noble a countrey. For beinge broughte by D. Lemnie (a skilfull physicion and well thoughte of there for his knowledge and experience) into the companye of honourable and worshipfull personages, everye gentleman and other woorthy person shewed unto mee (beinge a straunger borne, and one that never had beene there before) all pointes of most frendly curtesye, and taking me first by the hand, lovingly embraced and badde me righte hartely welcome.

" For they be people very civill and wel-affected to men well stryken in yeares, and to such as beare any countenance and estimation of learninge, which thing they that halfe suspect and have not had the full tryall of the maners and fashions of this countrey, wil skarcely bee perswaded to beleeve. Therefore, francklye to utter what I thincke, of the incredible curtesie, and frendlinesse in speache and affabilitie used in this famous Royalme, I muste needes confesse, it doth sur-

mount and carye away the pricke and price of al others. And besyde this, the neate cleanlines, the exquisite finenesse, the pleasaunte and delightfull furniture in every point for household, wonderfully reioyced mee; their chambers and parlours, strawed over with sweet herbes, refreshed mee; their nosegayes finelye entermingled wyth sondry sortes of fragaunte floures, in their bedchambers and privie roomes, with comfortable smell cheered mee up, and entierlye delighted all my sences; and this do I thinck to be the cause yᵗ. Englishmen, lyving by such holsome and exquisite meate, and in so holesome and healthful ayre, be so freshe and cleane coloured; their faces, eyes, and countenance, carying with it, and representing a portly grace and comelynesse, geveth out evident tokens of an honest mind; in language very smooth and allective, but yet seasoned and tempered within the limits and bonds of moderation, not bumbasted with any unseemely termes, or infarced with any clawing flatteries or allurements. At their tables they be verye sumptuous, and love to have good fare; yet neither use they to overcharge themselves wyth excesse of drincke, neither thereto greatly provoke and urge others, but suffer every man to drincke, in such measure as beste pleaseth himselfe; which drinck (being eyther ale or beere) most pleasaunt in taste and holesomely relyced, they fetch not from foreine places, but have it amonge them selves brewed.

"As touching their populous and great haunted cities, yᵉ. fruictfulnes of their ground and soyle, their lively springes and mighty rivers, their great heards and flocks of cattel, their mysteries and art of weaving

and

and clothmaking, their skilfulnes in shooting, it is needlesse here to discourse; seeing the multitude of marchaunts, exercysing the traffique and arte of marchaundize amonge them, and ambassadours also sente thyther from forraine princes, are able aboundantly to testifie, that nothing needeful and expediente for mans use and commoditie lacketh in that most noble ilande."

The exercises for strong men are nearly similar to the Cotswold games "wrestling, coytinge, tennis, bowlinge, whorlebattinge, lifting great waightes, pitching the barre, ryding, running, leapinge, shooting in gunnes, swymming, tossing y^e. pike, tyltinge, barryers and tourney." For gentler exercises, to be "caryed in wagons, rowed in boates, singinge and musicall melodie; and if thereto be used a cleare and lowde reading, of bigge tuned soundes by stoppes and certayne pauses, as our comicall fellowes now do, that measure rhetorick by their peevish rhythmes, it will bryng exceeding much good to the breast and muscles."

Certain humours in the constitution, having more power and controulling than the planets, they "breede and bring forth into the theatre of this world, some that be stout braggers and shamelesse praters, some parasites and clawbackes, some dolts and cockscombes, some selfe pleasers, which thinke more of themselves, then all the rest of the towne besyde doth; some mynstrelles and pypers, some gracelesse ruffians and spendalls, ryotously wastyng and consumyng their patrimony; some dycers and gamesters, some trenchet frends and coseners, some counterfaiters, skoffers, tumblers and gesturers, some jugglers, & legier du maine players, wyth a great rablemente of other lewde lubbers of other sorts besyde.

"*Hor. Lib. I. Epist.* 2.

" A rabling route of ydle loutes,
consuming grayne and corne,
Devoyde of thryft, cyphers to fill
up roume, and tale forlorne;
Right woers of Penelope,
stark verlettes, flattringe mates,
And belly goddes, addict too much
to cheere and dainty cates.
Who love to snort in bedde till none,
and hear the mynstrelles playe
On warbling harpes, to banish dumpes
and chase all care away."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XVII. *Notices of Salgado.*

Salgado, the author of "The Manners and Customs of the principal Nations of Europe," of which an account has been given in CENSURA LITERARIA, Vol. III. p. 209, published also the following tracts.

"The Romish Priest turned Protestant, with the Reasons of his Conversion. Wherein the True Church is exposed to the view of Christians, and derived out of the Holy Scriptures, Sound Reason, and the Ancient Fathers. Humbly presented to both Houses of Parliament. By James Salgado, a Spaniard, formerly a Priest of the Order of the Dominicans. London: Printed for Tho. Cockerill at the Three Legs in the Poultry, over against the Stocks-Market, 1679." 4to. 31 pages.

"A Conf[e]ssion of Faith, in Latine.* By James

* Or rather, translated from the Latin.

Salgado,

Salgado, a Spaniard, and sometimes a Priest in the Church of Rome. Londini: Anno Domini 1680." 4to. 11 pages. To this is affixed "An Account of my Life and Sufferings since I forsook the Romish Religion; in a letter to Dr. H. S." * 4to. 4 pages.

From this last pamphlet the following particulars may be learned respecting him. Removing from his native country into France, he was entertained by the Rev. Monsieur Drelincourt, who advised him, for safety, (having publicly renounced popery) to go into the United Provinces. He then settled at the Hague as a teacher of the Spanish language, but not succeeding, from his ignorance of Dutch, he returned to Paris. Here he concealed himself among the members of the Reformed Church, but some of his own countrymen who were attendants on the Queen of France, a Spaniard by birth, discovered him, and by their means he was taken into custody, sent back to Spain and put into the Inquisition, where he lay a year, undergoing a monthly examination, but at last made his escape. Being retaken, he was again thrown into prison, and, after a confinement of five years more, was sentenced to the galleys, for his dereliction from the church of Rome.

In the galleys he endured for twelve months "the miseries that attend slaves at the oar, chains, nakedness, stripes, thirst, hunger, vermine, and sickness," till the surgeon and other officers of the galley, wherein he was, represented him to the inquisitor-general "as a person not only useless, but noysome to them, and the other slaves." He was then sent to the hospital at Murcia, and afterwards removed to the convent.

* Qu? Sir Hans Sloane.

Escaping

Escaping thence into France, he staid at Lyons about a year; when, not finding himself safe, he sought an asylum in England, where it is likely he concluded his "eventful history." Salgado was evidently a man of ability and learning. He speaks of his knowledge of Latin, French, and Italian, in addition to his native tongue, and appears to have procured a subsistence in this country by teaching those languages.

Birmingham, August 10, 1807. WM. HAMPER.

ART. XVIII. *On the fanciful additions to the new Edition of Wells's Geography of the Old Testament.*

[CONTINUED FROM VOL. V. P. 414.]

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

It is not merely a great variety of animals which this new science, taught in the additions to Wells's Geography, proves to be on medals symbols of the origin of mankind in the neighbourhood of Mount Taurus, such as bulls, lions, eagles, goats, and serpents, but also all the imaginary animals of all nations, sphinxes, griffins, unicorns, and 'chimæras dire,' together with horned men, goddesses, and all other monsters of the human brain. Let us observe how ingeniously he demonstrates the truth of his assertions. In pl. 3, his N°. 1, exhibits a lion with a goat on its back, and the tail of the lion wreathed round like a serpent; its end being formed like a serpent's head. This represents the *chimæra*, which, according to the ancients, was compounded of a lion, serpent, and goat. Underneath

are

are the letters ΣΕ, which he conceives to mean *Seri-phion*, as he calls that island in the Egean sea, just as *Pylæ* he before named *Pylion*, because the Greek legend had πυλων, and certainly there is no material difference between a nominative and genitive case; so that his orthography is as excellent as his accuracy in quotation both here and before: for here he refers for *Seriphio* to the fourth c. of the Annals of Tacitus, yet it is difficult to find any such word there to countenance his own. However, whether right or not, in referring this medal to *Seriphos*, let us attend to his conclusions concerning it. He says "the mountain Caucasus is described as having three noticeable heads or peaks. These are symbolized in this medal, N°. 1, which shews a lion, goat, and serpent conjoined, forming the *chimæra:* it is a medal of Seriphion. Virgil calls Seriphion *serpentiferam:* it was a mere rock. Medalists acknowledge their ignorance of the reason why the chimæra has been inserted on its medals, and what can it have possibly to do with Seriphion? The reference is perfectly unnatural, and even monstrous; there is no conformity between the symbols and the place symbolized. Taking this as certain, I suggest that it was colonized from *Seripha*, a city and a mountainous district in Caucasus, placed in *our* map annexed, and well known and acknowledged: these colonists, to perpetuate the remembrance of their original station, adopted on their coins the insignia of that original station; thus all becomes easy. The lion, the goat, and the serpent, are the three most considerable heads of Caucasus—I have been particular on the type of this medal, because I think the conclusion clear, and shall not therefore so particularly examine every medal: here the

the very name Seriphion has likewise been preserved from the parent *Seripha*." p. 18. Thus we have a new explication of the chimæra, which the ancients erroneously supposed to have represented the clearance of Mount Cragus, in Cilicia, from lions, serpents, and *wild goats* (named χιμαιρασιη Greek) by the exertions of Bellerophon mounted on the winged horse Pegasus. I have read over the explications of ancient fables, by the well known Hudibrastic Alexander Ross, but never found there any thing so curious and learned, at least so novel. I do not dispute the certainty of this account of the origin of those islanders in the Egean sea from Mount Caucasus, but shall only observe, that I cannot find that well-known city the *Seripha*, of Caucasus, to be even mentioned by any one ancient whatever; and unfortunately the author himself also has forgot to insert it in his annexed map: possibly he could not find the right place for it; and, I verily believe, that Wells also has been so careless as to omit this great city, unless it be the same as *Sephar* or *Sepharvaim*; but these were certainly too far to the east for Caucasus: perhaps, it was the same as the mountain *Riphah*, for by adding *se* to it we may get *Seriphah*, and this addition is just as easy as when we before took away *O* from *O-siris*. Moreover, I never before met with the history of the three peaks of Caucasus, called lion head, goat head, and serpent head. But it seems unjust both in the author and other medalists to say that Seriphos had no concern with the chimæra; not indeed immediately; yet it had a distant connexion through the actions of its own hero, Perseus: for when he slew Medusa, her drops of blood produced not only serpents, some of which travelled

travelled into both Mount Cragus and Seriphos itself, but also the winged horse Pegasus sprung from those drops; who, flying over into Greece, was luckily caught by Bellerophon, as he was drinking at a fountain near Corinth; who directly mounted him and flew into Cilicia, where he destroyed the chimæra. So that I doubt it will be difficult to assert that Seriphos had not as near a connection with the chimæra, as with Mount Caucasus: and, possibly, the reason of its adopting for its symbol the tail of the tale instead of the head of it, Perseus himself; was, because a Perseus riding on the winged horse had been adopted by the Corinthians as their symbol, unless it be rather Bellerophon; but most certainly the serpent in the tail of the lion was well suited to the case of Seriphos, which abounded so much in serpents, as well as frogs, as required another such conquest as that over the chimæra itself, to clear the island.

The author, moreover, supports the above explication and his chief principle of such symbols, expressing the colonies derived from Noah's ark, and dispersed throughout the world, by means of another medal of Tarsus in Cilicia, at N°. 2, pl. 3, exhibiting again the chimæra under the form of a lion with the horns of the goat, &c. and a human figure with bows and arrows standing erect upon the lion's back, whom he calls a *Scythian*; and as Scythians resided near Mount Caucasus, hence he concludes, that "the reference of these emblems to Caucasus is *clear*, on the principles already explained." p. 19. Thus this pretended *Scythian* forms the *only* connexion between the chimæra and Caucasus: but why may not that human figure represent Bellerophon himself as well as a Scythian? He nevertheless

nevertheless concludes it "to be *clearly* again the head, principal, or ruler, of Mount Lion and Taurus." *i. e.* the commander of a Scythian tribe on that mountain.

These inquiries are as amusing, and almost as true, as the tales which children read in Esop's fables, where mankind are instructed by birds and beasts; and which are thus, by the author, happily extended to historic as well as moral instruction: however, he does not originate all mankind from Mount Taurus, but allows some part of the human race to have come from that storehouse of all knowledge, human and divine, India. For he had read in Genesis xi. 2, that mankind journeyed from the east to Shinar; from whence then could they come except from India? And agreeably to this he found some mention made in Greek authors, "that colonies from Ethiopia, which, he says, means India, settled in Egypt and in Syria." p. 24. Now he finds memorials even of these colonies preserved likewise by the symbols on medals; for he presents us with the types of coins, struck in several cities of Syria, having a female figure, seated on a rock, and a river flowing at her feet, with a man swimming in it. Having also observed that some of these had a temple on the brink of the river, he at first conceived that the men seen swimming were the priests of the goddess on the rock, who was worshipped in those temples, and that her priests were performing their sacred ablutions in the adjacent rivers. "I acknowledge that I was long in doubt whether the swimmer denoted one of the religious persons who bathe in the river." p. 16. But as second thoughts are often best, "he afterwards, in a medal of Tarsus, found the same goddess

goddess crowned, and at her feet the waves of a river and a man swimming as usual, but he had horns on his head." *ibid.* Now the sight of the horns staggered him much, and induced him to alter his former opinion; not that he conceived the man with the horns to be a victim of the inconstancy of his goddess, at whose feet he lays prostrate; and even seems to be peeping; no, he obtained his horns in a more honourable way: for the author had read in Indian accounts, that when the river Ganges leaves the mountains, where its sources are, and enters the adjacent plains, "it runs through some narrow rocks, which the natives call the *cow's mouth*." p. 15. Hence it occurred to the author, "that the above type alluded, *beyond all contradiction*, to the horns on the *cow's head*, through which rock the river Ganges passes." p. 16. So that the Indians, who settled in Syria, brought the cow's horns along with them, when they left India, and placed them on their own heads, as a memorial of their origin from the bank of the Ganges; and thus these symbols confirm the accounts both of scripture and profane historians. He adds, "this medal is further applicable to our purpose, as *the goddess* sits on a seat decorated with a figure of a griffin; that is, a lion and eagle united, (two mountains on our principles)." These mountains, however, are now no longer the heads of Mount Taurus, but the mountains in which the Ganges has its source—"and in combining these ideas it is impossible not to admit their perfect correspondence, though employed in distant parts of the globe, as being *repetitions* of the original emblems adopted by these colonies, which had quitted the region of their nativity, but not forgotten its memorials." So that

that here we have these symbols and the science of *bullism* only at second hand, in imitation of those invented by the earliest descendants from the ark of Noah, after it had rested on Mount Taurus; but thus the original bull's horns are now turned into a cow's horns: and as it might be still doubtful what that *goddess* has to do here, he informs us, "that it is the image of the Indian god Vistnou, in a female form, as giving birth to the river Ganges." p. 15. And why should not a god be transformed into a goddess, as well as a bull into a cow, or a cow, suckling its calf, into a bull giving suck. This is all so sublimely mystical and so wildly ingenious, concerning the antiquities of mankind, that well may we say of the author with Ovid,

> "In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
> Corpora, Dî, cœptis (nam, Dî mutastis et illas)
> Aspirate tuis, dum ab origine mundi
> Et Noah, ad hæc deducite tempora mythos."

All this far exceeds even the bright imagination of Mr. Bryant, *that the man swimming in the river represented the desolation caused by the deluge*; and how superior are both these explications of such medals to that of *Noris?* who could give no better account of the *goddess* on such medals, than the simple explication of its being "Urbis *imago turrita* monticulum insidens et habens subtus figuram fluminis, quo urbs alluitur, et vivum ex undis emergentem." p. 247 and 345: which is too suitable to the abovementioned information of Ælian to be true, that the ancients denoted rivers sometimes by male and sometimes by female figures; and sometimes also by a *vir cornutus:* but how

how the ancients came by these horns is now for the first time perfectly cleared up. "*The mural crown also on the female head is now shewn to be the high crowned diadem of Vistnou; and that Noah himself drank out of the river Ganges at the cow's mouth.*" In fine, it is not possible for me to do justice to all the good things in this new antiquarian novel; but I will exhibit one example more which proves, beyond all dispute, that three human *feet*, found sometimes impressed on medals, were symbols of the three *heads* of Mount Taurus.

S.

ART. XIX. *Andrew Stuart's Letters and Douglas Case.*

[CONTINUED FROM VOL. V. P. 299.]

I have waited thus long for a sight of the printed Case on the part of the Duke of Hamilton, before I proceeded to continue the review of this subject; but as I have not obtained it, I shall now proceed without it.

All the attention which I can give to the circumstantial and tedious *Case of Mr. Douglas* only confirms still more deeply the conviction I expresed on the first perusal of *Stuart's Letters*. I had not a particle of doubt *then*; if I had, it would *now* have vanished. A recurrence to the arguments of Mr. Stuart, and a reconsideration of them, after all that has ingeniously laboured on the other side, (for very ingenious Mr. Douglas's Case certainly is) induces me to pronounce them unanswerable. If they struck me as able and

perspicuous at first, they appear to me still more so, after escaping from the labyrinth of the other side.

Nor are they to be considered as merely applicable to a particular case. They contain an able elucidation of some of the general principles of evidence, drawn both from powerful reasoning, and a deep insight into the human character. Whoever peruses these Letters may learn some practical wisdom; and be consoled by finding that there are rules of proof, arising from the accumulated experience of acute minds, which not the ablest and most plausible judge can depart from, undetected, and with impunity.

I do not believe that there will be found a lawyer hardy enough to impugn Mr. Stuart's exposition of such parts of the laws of evidence, as he has had occasion to recur to. And as little do I believe that any one will venture to reconcile the conduct of Lord Mansfield in this case to those laws, if his arguments were such as Mr. Stuart states them to have been; which statement as I am not aware that either Lord Mansfield or his friends ever publicly denied, I must presume to be true.

I do not blame the advocates who drew up Mr. Douglas's case. It was their business to make the best of their client's cause,—with this exception, that they ought not to have fallen into the scheme of their employer's agents to sacrifice the character of Mr. Stuart for it; more especially, as it seems, as if in private most of them were convinced of his uprightness.

But in my mind their very mode of treating and labouring the case proves their consciousness of its weakness. Else why be dwelling on ten thousand minute and trifling points, and be endeavouring to puzzle

puzzle and fritter away the attention, when the whole turned on two or three leading hinges? It is the mark of little minds to be hanging upon the scent, and unravelling little intricacies, instead of striking at the main clue, of which all the minor windings must necessarily follow the course.

The truly infamous attempt to create prejudices, and destroy the fair operation of evidence by base insinuations and cruel invectives against the character and conduct of Mr. Stuart, who was the principal conductor of the Duke of Hamilton's interest, appears to me in itself to furnish insuperable presumptions against his opponents. We have, alas! had subsequent glaring proof, that this is the trick of perfidious, false, and revengeful, hired opponents, to those who have been seeking their just rights of inheritance! And, what is still more melancholy, that the trick has been again successful! Were it not that the same depravity of heart too often suggests the same expedients, I should almost suppose that the line of conduct in the last case was borrowed from the former! *

Mr. Stuart is accused not merely of uncandid conduct, but of leading witnesses, and of instituting a French process, called the Tournelle, for the purpose of manufacturing evidence. The injustice of these accusations will be proved, before I close, by the testimony of men, whose situation in life and opportunity of judging put their assertions beyond suspicion. Yet, painful as is the remark, there can be but little doubt

* It is but too apparent that some of the persons who took an active part in the case alluded to, had been poaching very industriously in Mr. Douglas's case, from a strange coincidence of a variety of singular expressions, which at the time I much wondered at, but now trace to their source.

that the decision turned upon the prejudices created in this way.

I really feel a deep depression, while I record my loss of confidence in the power of law, and the skill of sound sense, to seat justice triumphant over sophistry, false eloquence, caprice, or prejudice: "*My ideas of justice,*" says Wedderburn, "*are a little perplexed by the decision, and I consider it as a striking example that no cause is certain or desperate.*"*

The whole of Mr. Douglas's long case contains an invective of the most virulent nature from beginning to end against Andrew Stuart. Superficial judges are thus induced to take for granted that the question depends on the proof offered by him, and, therefore, on the rectitude or dishonesty of his conduct. They are thus drawn away from the main point, on which the decision ought really to rest, and with which Mr. Stuart, even if his conduct had been improper, has nothing to do.

This is the testimony and conduct of Sir John Stewart himself, coupled with the evidence produced by Mr. Douglas's agents regarding Delamarre, the pretended accoucheur! If this be coolly and impartially examined, separated from all those clouds of comparatively irrelevant circumstances, in which it has been artfully involved, I confess myself incapable of anticipating a difference of opinion, among sound and honest minds.

We know that this cause unfortunately engaged the passions of large parties, not only in Scotland, but in England. We know that it was many years in liti-

* Letter to A. Stuart, May 22, 1769.

gation,

gation, during which all those misrepresentations, which folly, malice, artifice, and interest, are so apt to generate, had an opportunity of swelling to an alarming height. We know that from the very nature of the supreme court by which it was finally decided, these evils must necessarily have their operation even in that sacred quarter.

It does really seem to me that there is no other possible mode of accounting, at this distance of time, for the following series of insuperable difficulties having been got over. 1. The omitting to obtain a proper certificate from the accoucheur; or if lost, the omitting to procure another. 2. The admitted fabrication by Sir John Stewart of pretended letters from the accoucheur. 3. The inference, that, if a real accoucheur existed, Sir John Stewart could not in this fabrication have ascribed to him striking and material circumstances which did not belong to him, such as his tour to Italy and his sojourning at Naples, unless he had an interest in concealing him from examination. 4. The inference, that Sir John Stewart could not in his deposition ascribe to him, a wrong commencement of their acquaintance, which differed not only in place, but twenty-seven years in point of time from the true; an equally erroneous age; an erroneous place of residence; and an erroneous employment, such as being surgeon to a Walloon regiment; unless for the same purpose.

Now if Sir John Stewart's account of the accoucheur was true, it is *utterly impossible* to identify him with the accoucheur, set up by Menager: if it was not true, then every tittle of evidence given by Sir John Stewart, must be completely set aside. We must then

resort to Menager's evidence standing by itself: but Menager's evidence, uncombined with Sir John's, even if it be true, is strangely incomplete. Either way therefore the difficulty is insurmountable. There is either a gross deficiency, if taken separate; or if combined, the wonderful coincidence, of which Lord Mansfield endeavoured to enforce the belief, turns out to be a striking discrepancy!

Were we to stop our remarks here, and to refrain from making any further observations on Sir John Stewart's conduct, I think we have stated objections, on which Mr. Douglas's opponents might reasonably have thought themselves safe. But a few more obvious queries will materially tend to increase our doubts, if they want increase. If Lady Jane was really brought to bed in the house of Madame Le Brun at Paris, by an accoucheur of the name of Le Marr, how came Sir John Stewart not to assist in the inquiries for these people? How came he not to recollect (even if we can suppose him to have lost the letters) some of the circumstances, which in a correspondence of years must have come out to afford him a clue for tracing out Le Marr? Did he never write answers to Le Marr? Was there no trace of him to be found at those places, to which the letters were sent? Could he not have gone to Paris himself,* and pointed out the house of Ma-

* Mr. Douglas's lawyers seem to have felt the pinch of this; and endeavour to account for it, by accusing Andrew Stuart of attempting to frighten Sir John Stewart from coming to Paris, by the Tournelle process; but, even if a man conscious of innocence could be so frightened, why did not Sir John go to Paris before this Tournelle process was begun, or thought of: and which, in the same breath, these accusers charge Mr. S. with carrying on *secretly*?

dame

dame Le Brun? Could he not have conversed with Godefroi and Michel, and brought some decisive circumstances to their memory? Could he recollect no one person, except his own household, Frenchman, or Scotchman, who could give something more than loose hear-say evidence of this extraordinary birth, which would naturally have been a subject of gossip among all his acquaintance, and of triumph and boast with himself?

These are difficulties which occur in the latter stage of the business, when the cause was under absolute litigation, and proofs were called for, and searched after with the *utmost* diligence by Mr. Douglas's agents. But it may further be asked, why from the very hour of the birth, if birth there was, Sir John did not furnish himself with powerful and undeniable certificates, which were then within his reach, at little expense or trouble? The very nature of this extraordinary delivery, his wife's age, the inheritance which was at issue, and a foreign country, were all imperious reasons against this omission! But, had he then omitted it, how can we account for his not doing it, as soon as he learned that suspicions of the birth were actually entertained in Scotland? This happened very early, and before he returned from the Continent.

In lieu of all this Mr. Douglas's advocates urge that it is not so much their business to prove that the birth was true, as it is that of their opponents to prove that it is false, by proving Mr. Douglas, by positive evidence, the son of somebody else. They insist on demanding of the Duke of Hamilton a proof of the negative. And they intermingle with it unceasing invectives against Mr. Stuart for a zeal directed by rancour,

cour, for activity in opposition to his conviction, for suppressions by which he has misled his deluded principal, and for statements contrary to his better knowledge upon the chance that they might not be detected. And all this turns out to be built upon occasional arguments, which, as they contend (but cannot always be admitted) were pushed too far; and upon what Mr. Stuart states to have been (and what in the very nature of things probably were) the variations between the first colloquial statements of witnesses, and their final depositions in courts.

But, as I have said before, not one of these objections and accusations has the smallest concern with the main points on which this cause must hinge. It betrays therefore a feeling of despair on the part of Mr. Douglas's advocates thus to attempt to mislead the mind from the real difficulties. By these means, "*the controversy*," says Stuart, "*seemed not to be one cause, but a vast collection of different causes. Those parts of it which were obvious to common sense, and which required no labour of thought to be comprehended, were lost and obscured in the multitude of others which demanded a more minute and accurate discussion*; *and the Peers, actuated by their usual integrity, but forgetting that the dispute turned merely on a question of fact*, of which they were no less able judges than the most profound lawyer, *were apt to consider the matter as on the same footing with the subtle questions of jurisprudence, where they justly have a great deference for those who are engaged by their profession to attain a more particular acquaintance with that science.*"——"Your Lordship's distinguished sagacity," continues he, "led you to perceive

ceive this disposition of mind in your audience, you took advantage of it, and availed yourself of the authority attending your station; you mustered up all that eloquence which you so readily command on every subject where you take an interest; and by wandering in that immense forest of facts and circumstances, you were able to draw off the attention of the judges from those luminous points of view, which, if considered singly, would have sufficed alone to determine that memorable cause."

I have observed, that there seems no occasion to travel further for ground on which to decide this case. A birth stated to have happened not twenty years before under very suspicious circumstances, and supported by very weak, or very discredited and inconsistent proof, does not appear satisfactory to an impartial mind. But to confirm the doubt, strong circumstantial evidence of the negative was established. It is admitted that about that time (within three months of it, as Mr. Douglas's party admit; exactly at the time as his opponents contend) the children of Mignon and Sanry were carried away. And many witnesses deposed to a variety of circumstances inconsistent with Lady Jane's delivery. An endeavour was made to discredit these witnesses, as influenced by Mr. Stuart. On this Mr. S. observes, "History and experience have shewn, that it is very possible for impostures to succeed, by reason of the extreme difficulty, with which the opposite party has to encounter, on whom the burden of proving the negative proposition lies; but no instance can be shewn of any satisfactory or successful proof brought of the *falsehood* of a *true birth*."—"In an affair which depends on the direct testimony

testimony of two or three witnesses, it may indeed happen, that the truth of a fact may be disguised or suppressed by their false testimony; but he, who grounds his cause upon a circumstantial proof, consisting of various branches, and comprehending a variety of separate and independent proofs, established by circumstances and by witnesses unconnected with each other, must be very confident indeed of the truth and justice of that cause. Witnesses may be corrupted, but circumstances cannot; nor are they so pliant as the memories or dispositions of men. From these considerations, a proof by circumstances, so incapable of being perverted, and so liable to detection if false, has ever been allowed to be not only the most free from suspicion, but the best suited for affording to the mind of man the surest indications of the truth; indications far more convincing and satisfactory than can arise from the positive testimony of a few witnesses liable to error or seduction."

I love eloquence and admire a brilliant mind: but when I see the rights of inheritance, and the laws of evidence at its mercy, I shrink with horror to reflect how little secure all that is most dear to us is from the caprice of human passions! Lord Mansfield put forth his meteor lights; and the inconsiderate public were led away by its coruscations! *

Having

* Mr. Harris, in a letter to Dr. Joseph Warton, dated March 7, 1769, says: "Great encomiums are given to Lord Chancellor, and Lord Mansfield, for their eloquent and decisive speeches in the Douglas cause, which carried the judgment in Douglas's favour without a division. Five Lords protested against this judgment, the Duke of Bedford, Earls of Sandwich, Bristol, and Dunmore, and Lord Milton." See *Wooll's Life of Dr. Warton*, 350.

In Elphinstone's *Forty Years Correspondence between Geniuses of both Sexes*,

Having myself been placed in a situation similar to that of Mr. Stuart, and having been the victim of the machinations of hired agents, who thought they could best earn the wages and the patronage to which they looked by the enormity of their falsehoods and cruelties, and whose rancour rose in proportion to their perfidy, I cannot hesitate to transcribe at length the most decisive authorities in Mr. Stuart's favour; for my statements and arguments, may, from what I have now suggested, be deemed liable to partiality. And there are those who, in the excess of their candour towards the attackers, cannot easily believe that he, who has been outrageously attacked, is entirely free from blame. They will not lightly admit, dear candid creatures! that corrupt motives can influence the bosom of the accuser! They forget that malice is a strong stimulant; and revenge of all passions the most energetic and vehement! For they, gentle judges, can imagine no impulse but the love of truth, however mistaken; and the hatred of falsehood, however wrongly suspected! I feel therefore a mixture of glory and indignation in recording the opinion of these great men,

Stuart, Vol. II. p. 589, is the following passage: "My English Grammar, &c. Mr. Drummond has coppies at Eddinburrough; hware, I suppose, yoo wil also find Mr. *Stuart's* Letters. Width these Mr. Cadel declines connexion; nay, absolutely refuses to be an instrument ov their cerculation: but my sister hoo iz now here (Kenzington) and joins my spous and self in regards, says yoo hav onely to hint yoor wish in *New-Street*, shood yoo not have dhat extraordinary work at *Eddinburrough*. Ellegance ov style must be allowed it; nor can its wrong address be denied. Lord *Mansfield* iz attacked insted of Lord *Camden*: hwich latter grait man's decisive speech in dhe *Dugglas*-cauze iz very happily extant in dhe *Scots Maggasene* ov 1769; as I can vouch, hoo herd it (and herd it with admiracion!) pronounced!".

who

who had the best opportunity of judging, with regard to an ill-fated, most able and virtuous man, thus diabolically traduced, for purposes the most infamous!

LETTERS

From the Hon. Charles Yorke to Andrew Stuart, Esq.

"DEAR SIR, Sunday, March 26, 1769. Highgate.

"Since I had the pleasure of seeing you, a friend from your country called on me, and said much of the disturbances at Edinburgh, and the insults to the President. After the example set in this part of the country, to resist the authority of Parliament, I do not wonder at the efforts to weaken the dignity of an inferior judicature, though within its limits, and for the ordinary course of justice, supreme. Let me beg of you one thing, as a friend; not to be too anxious, nor feel too much, because things impertinent or injurious are said of yourself. Can any man exert his talents and industry in public or private business without staking his good name upon it? Or at least exposing himself to the jealousy of contending parties, and even to their malice and detraction? In these consequences do you experience more than the common lot? And why should you hope to be exempt from it?

"No impartial man can read over the *papers* in the cause, with all the *private letters* and *memoranda* exhibited, and not stand convinced of the purity of your intentions, and the integrity and honour of your conduct. You could not have given evidence consistently with the rules of the law of Scotland, by which the execution

execution of the commission was regulated. If you could, some circumstances which appear to me of little weight, would have been explained.

"The council of Scotland for all parties, and the judges, who differed on the merits from one another, *all* concurred in doing justice to your character, and declaring that you had acted uprightly, as well as ably. This I am free to say every where, and say to you in this letter, merely because I think it; and because the sincere opinion of a friend, declared on such occasions so trying and important, is the genuine consolation of an honest mind.

"For myself I need not say that I would not have urged some things at the bar of the House of Lords, as I did, if I had not felt the weight of them.—In such causes, an advocate is unworthy of his profession, who does not plead with the veracity of a witness and a judge.*

I am, Dear Sir, with great regard,

Your obedient humble servant,

C. YORKE."

From Mr. Solicitor General Dunning.

Lincoln's Inn, 27 May, 1769.

"——— I cannot write to you without expressing my hopes, that you have, ere now, taught yourself to disregard the many injurious misrepresentations of

* These are sentiments worthy this great and good man, who was not only an honour to his family but to his country; and whose morbid sensibility sacrificed him a victim to his high sense of honour in the following year. No one rose at the bar for many succeeding years *aut similis, aut secundus.*

your

your conduct in the Douglas cause, which I am sorry to learn are still circulated with some industry. It is not to be doubted, but that all imputations which are not founded in truth will be forgot, as soon as the animosity which gave birth to them has subsided. In the mean while, though the best consolation is the consciousness of not having deserved them, it may perhaps be matter of some consolation to you, that those, who have had the most occasion to examine them, think of them as you would wish;—perhaps too, some of them may be referable to the want of a sufficient explanation at the bar of particular passages, which have been made the ground of censure; and if so, it is more peculiarly a debt of justice to you from the council in the cause, thinking of it as I do, to declare, that after the fullest investigation which in that character it was my duty to make into every part of the cause, it appeared to me to have been conducted on your part, in a manner not only altogether irreproachable, but distinguished throughout by a degree of candour and delicacy, of which I have met with few examples.

I am, with real esteem and regard,

Your very humble servant,

J. DUNNING."

From Mr. Wedderburn.

"MY DEAR STUART, Broomhall, 22 May, 1769.

"I have read over here the news-paper account of Lord Chancellor's speech in the Douglas cause, which, in my opinion, he has more reason to be offended

fended with than you have: it is the publication of one, who had only capacity enough to retain those parts of the speech, which, I am persuaded, the Chancellor would wish to be least remembered. Nothing ever was worse founded than any aspersions upon your conduct in that cause, which, in its whole progress, was carried on, not only with the strictest probity on your part, but with a candour and delicacy that very few men would have thought themselves bound to observe. I have more than once thought, in the course of the inquiry, that you acted with too nice a sense of honour, in a contention with people who made no scruple to take every advantage, though I respected the principle upon which it proceeded. It was impossible you could escape abuse (let your conduct be ever so correct) at a time, when, for much less interests, all characters are daily traduced, and personal invective is become a standing mode of argument.—I am sorry, upon their own account, that it should be adopted by those, who having felt what calumny is, should be cautious how they give a sanction to it. Upon your account, I feel very little anxiety; because, besides the testimony of your own mind, you have the satisfaction to know, that all those, who have been eye-witnesses of your conduct, not only justify it, but applaud it; that of the many judicious people who have studied the cause, very few indeed join in the reflections upon you; and that even your adversaries do your conduct that justice in private, which in public they have sacrificed to the interests of their cause. They have succeeded, and the decision must compel our submission; but assent can only flow from conviction; and the opinion I had entertained of the cause is not altered by any reasoning I have heard

heard upon it. — My ideas of justice are a little perplexed by the decision, and I consider it as a striking example, that no cause is certain or desperate. You will probably be gone from London before I return to it; and I could not help writing to you, as I shall not have an opportunity for some time of meeting you.

Adieu, my dear Stuart, and believe me ever,

Your's most sincerely,

AL. WEDDERBUN." *

From Sir Adam Fergusson.

"SIR,

"I cannot express the indignation I have felt at the attempts which have been made, especially since the appeal was entered in the House of Lords, to throw out aspersions on your conduct in the management of the Douglas cause. If these attempts had proceeded alone from your adversaries, or from the mere vulgar, I should have disregarded them, and thought them unworthy of notice; because in the one I should have considered them as arts made use of to support their cause; in the other, as owing to want of proper information. But when I have seen them supported by those whose situation naturally gives weight to their assertions, how void soever they may be of any foundation in evidence, or even destitute of common candour, I look upon them in a very different light. It is for this reason, Sir, that I consider it as a testimony I

* I cannot say this authority is of as much weight, as the others. The character of Lord Rosslyn was not much calculated to procure confidence in his opinions. *Editor.*

owe

owe to truth, to declare, that having had the fullest opportunity of considering every particular relative to the conduct of that cause, I have not only the most thorough conviction of the uprightness and integrity of your proceeding in every part of it, but think the whole has been conducted, not only with remarkable ability, but with a degree of candour, moderation, and temper, of which I know very few men who are capable. This is a piece of justice which I have not the smallest doubt will, sooner or later, be done you by the world. In the mean time, if a declaration of my sentiments can be of the least use to you, I chose to express them in this manner; and am, with the most real esteem, founded on those very qualities which have been so unjustifiably traduced.

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

AD. FERGUSSON."

St. James's Place, March 11, 1769.

I have now probably said enough on this subject. I will, however, neither bind myself to drop it here, nor to pursue it further.

ART. XX. *Lives of Modern Poets.*

No. VIII.

MRS. LEFROY.

I ENTER with hesitation upon a task of much delicacy; yet love and duty impel me not to throw away the opportunity of giving a memorial of one, most dear to me, whose merits deserve a lasting record.

Anne, the wife of the late Rev. George Lefroy of Ash, in Hampshire, was born at Wootton in Kent, in March 1748. She was the eldest child of Edward Brydges, Esq. of Wootton Court, who died in Nov. 1780, by Jemima, (who still survives) the youngest daughter and at length coheir of William Egerton, LL.D. Prebendary of Canterbury, Chancellor of Hereford, and Rector of Penshurst * in Kent, younger son of the Hon. Thomas Egerton of Tatton Park, in Cheshire, who was younger son of John, second Earl of Bridgewater, by Lady Elizabeth, daughter of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle.

From her earliest infancy she discovered a quickness of apprehension, and a rapidity of memory, which astonished all, who knew her. These were rendered still more attractive by a sweetness of temper; and an overflowing benevolence of heart, which was almost too exuberant for the rough world to which she was destined. Her conversation, and her command of language were as voluble and copious, as her ideas were instantaneous and brilliant. Her speaking countenance, more especially the smiling radiance of her eyes, added powerfully to her astonishing eloquence.

Thus endowed, she early displayed an insatiable love of reading—more especially works which addressed

* Here Dr. Egerton passed his time in the strictest intimacy with his cousin John Sydney, Earl of Leicester, to whom he owed the rectory; and, perhaps, it was from the groves of Penshurst, where

"The musing wanderer loves to linger near,
While History points to all its glories past," *

that that enthusiasm for literature, which has marked one or two of his descendants, was transmitted by him.

* Mrs. Smith.

themselves

themselves to the fancy, or the heart. She became so intimately acquainted with the English poets, that there was scarce one, of any eminence, of whose productions she could not repeat by memory a large portion. With a mind formed and cultivated in this manner, it is not wonderful that she had herself the pen of a ready writer. At twelve years old she composed a pleasing hymn, which would not disgrace at the same age any who have risen to the highest pinnacle of genius. Had her ambition been thus early directed to literary pre-eminence, and regularly continued, I firmly believe that there was no laurel beyond her reach. But either in the retirement of the country, or when mixing with the world among her numerous relations and acquaintance, moving in a station in life, where other (I do not say more honourable or more virtuous) objects of rivalry were encouraged, she was taught to consider literature rather as a casual amusement than a business; and this, as her faculties were naturally volatile, increased the defect (if she had a defect) of her mind.

The shades of Wootton, however, were well calculated to strengthen the colours of her fancy, and confirm the purity of her heart. She lived beloved and admired, in the bosom of a large family, amid scenes of beauty, simplicity, and virtue. The warmth of her disposition, her amiable and pious sentiments, and her ideas of earthly happiness, were cherished by example, and took habitual root.

At this period she wrote many occasional poems, which displayed great ease, elegance, and harmony of language, justness of thought, and excellence of heart. Too many of them have been scattered to the winds,

and are now irrecoverable. She never put forward her whole force. If she had, I am confident she was capable of great strength and sublimity, particularly on subjects connected with her elevated ideas of religion. Her compositions never fell into flatness; and she was perfectly free from that uncouth and encumbered style of expression, with which too many of her cotemporaries have been tinctured.

In December 1778 she married the Rev. George Lefroy,* then rector of Compton, in Surry, whom she had known from her childhood; and removed with him to Basingstoke in Hants, till the living at Ash, in that county, for which he was then waiting, should become vacant. The new neighbourhood, where she now lived, were not less delighted with her attractions, than those circles, in which she was formerly known. She was the charm of every society of her own rank; and she was equally the idol of the poor, on whom her attentions, her kind and gentle manners, and her charitable disposition, conferred daily blessings. She electrified every company: young and old, gay and grave; the virtuous and the dissipated, the high and the low, were animated by the sound of her voice.

In 1784 she removed to Ash, where Mr. Lefroy had succeeded to the living, and very handsomely rebuilt the rectorial house. The domestic cares of a growing family, who in the excess of her affection engrossed a large proportion of her thoughts, tended, in

* Son of Anthony Lefroy, Esq. a well-known merchant of Leghorn; and nephew to the late Benjamin Langlois, Esq. who in 1779 was Under-Secretary of State; and to General Langlois, well known in the Austrian service. His brother was formerly Lieut. Col. of the 13th Dragoons, and now resides at Limerick.

addition

addition to constant company, of which it was natural that she, with whom every one was delighted, should be fond, allowed her little time for the continued cultivation of those great talents, with which Providence had endowed her. She read eagerly and rapidly; but she read only for amusement. She wrote and she talked with energetic eloquence; but all that her pen produced were principally hasty letters, committed to paper, while her acquaintance or her family were talking around her, and interrupting every moment her eager and instantaneous apprehension, which darted from one subject to another with the celerity of the northern lights. Her wonderful gifts of intellect were in this manner too much frittered away; and are gone therefore without leaving behind those permanent proofs of their existence, which were so easily within her power.

When her family were struggling for the honours of their birth; when year after year, that ill-fated claim, which, like the Douglas cause, will stand a beacon in the annals of litigation, was prolonged, opposed, harrassed by treachery, overwhelmed with falsehood, surrounded by unexampled prejudice, and covered with the most cruel, undeserved, and provoking injuries; when, with every added session, she saw the gloom of her brothers increase under ill-usage irreparable, and springing from the instruments of corruption and revenge; she took a lively and active part in the contest and its sufferings; her mind became deeply occupied with the subject, and for the first time her philanthropy and universal benevolence received a shock. Her indignation now and then broke forth;

and would have made an impression on any head or heart, not depraved till they were callous as stone. She survived the unexpected blow of the final decision, not eighteen months; and, accompanied as it was by circumstances of aggravated mortification, it seemed to be constantly uppermost in her thoughts; and I believe she had by no means recovered it at her death.

Her mind, however, had sufficient occupation: for she was constantly employed in acts of goodness to all within her reach. When the important discovery of vaccination was promulgated, she eagerly caught at it; learned the process, and with her own hand extended its benefits to near eight hundred of the neighbouring poor. She persevered in defiance of interested calumny: and it was curious to see the flocks of people from the surrounding villages, resorting to her, whose complaints she patiently heard, and whose progress in the disorder she assiduously watched. Nor was any other act of kindness to the poor omitted by her. Amidst her various avocations, she every day condescended to teach a number of village children herself, not only to read and write, but to work, to make straw-hats, &c. In her walks and rides the cottages of the peasants were as much the objects of her visits as the mansions of rank, fashion, or opulence.

On December 15, 1804, having rode to pay a visit about two miles off, the horse, when she mounted him to return, set off in a canter, and increased his pace; she lost her courage, and after keeping her seat for near a mile, fell, and never spoke again. It is possible the servant might have caught the bridle, and stopt the horse; but he had been afraid to come up with her, lest

lest his own horse should increase the pace of the other. She was carried home, and lingered in a state of insensibility till the next morning, when she died* in her fifty-seventh year, an example of every thing that is attractive and virtuous in the female character.

With the most sincere and most fervent sentiments of religion, with the most tender and affectionate heart, with the most pure and undeviating rectitude of conduct, she united the most lively and captivating manners, the most amiable temper, and the most brilliant understanding. Her death, therefore, created a very widely-extended lamentation. Wherever her name was known, (and it was not confined to narrow bounds) it drew forth deep and unfeigned regret. Her relations and friends considered it an unspeakable affliction. And he, who draws this memoir, who owes to her the first direction of his mind to poetry, who spent under her fostering attentions some of the happiest moments of his life, and experienced from his earliest dawn of infancy her fond and unceasing affection and partiality, never passes a day without a deep and woful sense of her loss.

Some of her poems have been preserved in the *Poetical Register*. The following, among many others, has not been printed.

"*To her Husband.*

"O say, dear object of my soul's best love,
By what new means can I my passion prove?
Twin'd with my heart-strings are the cords that bind
This weak and fearful to thy stronger mind.

* Her husband survived till January 1806.

O that you saw with what incessant care
For thee I raise to Heaven the fervent prayer;
How past this transient scene my raptur'd soul
Blest with thy love sees endless ages roll!—
As some poor wretch, whom midnight dreams affright,
Sees horrid gulphs just opening to his sight,
While hideous fiends torment his sinking soul,
And lightnings flash, and dreadful thunders roll;
Waking he scarce believes the scene deceit,
Still his nerves tremble, and his pulses beat;
So, tho' convinc'd my foolish fears were vain,
My heart still sinks beneath ideal pain."

I will venture one more specimen.

"*To Miss D. B.* Feb. 1776.*

"Whilst you for Gaylard's† festive dance
Adorn your lovely face,
With pleasure see each charm advance,
And heighten every grace;

By Marmontel's instructive page
I strive my soul to dress,
In charms that shall defy old age;
And brighten in distress.

When Belisarius, old and blind,
To Fancy's view appears,
Soft pity overflows my mind,
And fills my eyes with tears.

Taught by his fate how vain is power,
How fickle Fortune's smiles,
I learn to prize the peaceful hour,
And scorn Ambition's toils.

* Afterwards Mrs. Maxwell, who died March 1789.
† A neighbouring family in Kent.

Surrounded

Surrounded by the pomp of war,
Had I the hero view'd,
Those chiefs attendant on his car,
His valour had subdued;

Compassion for the sufferer's fate
Had o'er my soul prevail'd,
Obscur'd the conqueror's glittering state,
And all his glories veil'd!

Despoil'd of honours, riches, power,
Bent with the weight of years,
Helpless and blind, in sorrow's hour
How glorious he appears!

Torn from his brow in life's first bloom
The warrior's crown may fade,
Or in the cold and silent tomb
Be wither'd and decay'd.

But round the good man's placid brow
Unfading wreaths shall twine;
More fresh by time those laurels grow,
Bestow'd by hands divine!'*

Her productions, like her conversation, were all rapidity; she had no ambition of authorship, and neither confidence enough in her talents, nor sufficient continued attention, to do justice to her own powers. She looked only for her fame in the angelic goodness of her character; and she had the happiness of being so almost universally beloved, that, if there were any who indulged a taint of envy or ill-will towards her, they carefully for their own credit disguised it.

Sept. 12, 1807.

* This has been printed in the Poetical Register, Vol. I. p. 32.

ART.

N°. IX.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

The following curious letter having been inserted nearly thirty years ago in one of the volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which is now, I believe, difficult to be procured, I am prompted to reprint it here.

"January 20, 1782.

"WILLIAM COLLINS, the poet, I was intimately acquainted with from the time that he came to reside at Oxford. He was the son of a tradesman in the city of Chichester; I think an hatter; and being sent very young to Winchester school, was soon distinguished for his early proficiency, and his turn for elegant composition. About the year 1740, he came off from that seminary first upon roll, * and was entered a commoner of Queen's College. There, no vacancy offering for New-College, he remained a year or two, and then was chosen demy of Magdalen College; where, I think, he took a degree. As he brought with him, for so the whole turn of his conversation discovered, too high an opinion of his school acquisitions, and a sovereign contempt for all academic studies and discipline, he never looked with any complacency on his situation in the university, but was always complaining of the dulness of a college life. In short, he threw up his demyship, and, going to London, com-

* "Mr. Joseph Warton, since Dr. Warton, Head-Master of Winton school, was at the same time second upon roll; and Mr. Meloe, afterwards Prebendary of the church of Winton, third upon roll."

menced

menced a man of the town, spending his time in all the dissipation of Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and the play-houses; and was romantic enough to suppose that his superior abilities would draw the attention of the great world, by means of whom he was to make his fortune. In this pleasurable way of life he soon wasted his little property, and a considerable legacy left him by a maternal uncle,* a colonel in the army, to whom the nephew made a visit in Flanders during the war. While on this tour he wrote several entertaining letters to his Oxford friends, some of which I saw. In London I met him often, and remember he lodged in a little house with a Miss Bundy, at the corner of King's-square Court, Soho, now a warehouse, for a long time together. When poverty overtook him, poor man, he had too much sensibility of temper to bear with his misfortunes, and so fell into a most deplorable state of mind. How he got down to Oxford I do not know, but I myself saw him under Merton wall, in a very affecting situation, struggling, and conveyed by force, in the arms of two or three men, towards the parish of St. Clement, in which was a house that took in such unhappy objects; and I always understood, that not long after he died in con-

* Dr. Johnson, and others, call him Col. Martin; Dr. Warton calls him Col. Martin *Bladen*, I suspect erroneously, as that person was uncle to Admiral Lord Hawke. But Dr. Warton adds, "Col. Martin Bladen was a man of some literature, and translated Cæsar's Commentaries. He left his estate to his nephew my dear friend, Mr. William Collins, which he did not get possession of, till his faculties were deranged, and he could not enjoy it. I remember Collins told me that Bladen had given to Voltaire, all that account of Camoens, inserted in his Essay on the Epic Poets of all nations, and that Voltaire seemed entirely ignorant of the name and character of Camoens." From Warton's Pope, V. 284. *Editor.*

finement;

finement; but when, or where* he was buried, I never knew.

"Thus was lost to the world this unfortunate person, in the prime of life, without availing himself of fine abilities, † which, properly improved, must have raised him to the top of any profession, and have rendered him a blessing to his friends, and an ornament to his country!

"Without books, or steadiness and resolution to consult them if he had been possessed of any, he was always planning schemes for elaborate publications, which were carried no further than the drawing up proposals for subscriptions, some of which were published; and in particular one for '*A History of the darker Ages.*'

"He was passionately fond of music; good-natured and affable; warm in his friendships, and visionary in his pursuits; and, as long as I knew him, very temperate in his eating and drinking. He was of moderate stature, of a light and clear complexion, with grey eyes, so very weak at times as hardly to bear a candle in the room; and often raising within him apprehensions of blindness.

* He died at Chichester, 1756. *Editor.*

† And does this writer suppose he did not avail himself of his fine abilities, when he wrote those beautiful poems, which have immortalized his name? And does he think, that he would have been more useful, if he had wasted his strength by contending with coarse and common-place talents in the vulgar career of a profession? If his career had been crowned with entire success, and he had gone to the grave ornamented with coronets, the earth would scarce have been thrown over him, before he had been forgotten! Who now thinks of Lord Thurlow, or Lord Rosslyn? Who does not pay his almost daily veneration to the names of Collins and Cowper? *Editor.*

"With

"With an anecdote respecting him, while he was at Magdalen College, I shall close my letter. It happened one afternoon, at a tea-visit, that several intelligent friends were assembled at his rooms to enjoy each other's conversation, when in comes a member * of a certain college, as remarkable at that time for his brutal disposition, as for his good scholarship; who, though he met with a circle of the most peaceable people in the world, was determined to quarrel; and, though no man said a word, lifted up his foot and kicked the tea-table, and all its contents, to the other side of the room. Our poet, though of a warm temper, was so confounded at the unexpected downfal, and so astonished at the unmerited insult, that he took no notice of the aggressor, but getting up from his chair calmly, he began picking up the slices of bread and butter, and the fragments of his china, repeating very mildly,

'Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ.'

I am your very humble servant,

V." †

It appears from Mr. Wooll's Life of Dr. Warton, that the following little poem, which appeared in *Gent. Mag.* Oct. 1739, was written and communicated by Collins, while a Winchester school-boy.

* The translator of Polybius; the Rev. James Hampton, who died 1778.

† From Gent. Mag. Vol. LI. p. 11.

"*Sonnet.*

" *Sonnet.*

" When Phœbe form'd a wanton smile,
My soul! it reach'd not here!
Strange, that thy peace, thou trembler, flies
Before a rising tear!

From 'midst the drops my love is born,
That o'er those eye-lids rove:
Thus issued from a teeming wave
The fabled Queen of Love!

DELICATULUS." *

ART. XXI. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral and sentimental Essays.*

N°. XV.

Harry Random's Second Letter to the Ruminator.

TO THE RUMINATOR.

SIR,

YOU have shewn both courage and good sense by the insertion of my former letter; and I trust you will not lose your credit with me by refusing admission to this. Though my pace is not always equally rapid, you must allow me to be excursive and superficial. I laugh sometimes in bitterness of heart; but I will never expose myself to the accusation of weeping, when I ought to laugh. I leave it to you to

* I saw in a Magazine, not long ago, a copy of a Letter from a Mr. John Ragdale, dated 1783, giving some account of Collins from personal acquaintance, corresponding in all material points with the above. It has been too lately laid before the public to be inserted again here. *Editor.*

be

be angry with those at whom you ought to smile; and to be indignant where you should despise. You remember that extraordinary passage in the epitaph which Swift wrote for himself:

" Ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit!"

But yet I will do you the justice to say, that you have not the spleen and misanthropy of Swift; witness those glowing passages of praise which often appear upon your pages; and which, in my opinion, would frequently admit of some abatement.

For me, who wander over the wide world with a determination to let nothing dwell seriously on my mind; but skimming the surface of every thing, to enjoy its sweets, and lightly reject its bitters; for me, the world appears a comedy; and, to own the truth, too much of a comedy! If it does not call forth my resentment, alas! it too little generates my love. You haters have the advantage of us there: I perceive you can love too, with violence! You remind me too acutely of the words of a common song:

" A generous friendship no cold medium knows;
Glows with one love, with one resentment glows!"

HARRY RANDOM, with all his carelessness and gaiety, and all his attempts to " set the table in a roar," knows not these gratifying extremes!

Look, however, around you on the world; or if you must confine yourself to literature, look on your brother authors, and observe how little there is worthy either of affection or disgust. I wish, therefore, you would learn to treat your subjects with a little more complacency; with a little more of that playfulness of ideas

ideas, which generates ease and cheerfulness; instead of assuming the character of

> " Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
> Immers'd in rapturous thought profound;
> And Melancholy, silent Maid,
> With leaden eye, that loves the ground!"

I had written thus far, when your two last numbers reached me; having been for some time absent from this place on a tour. Your last proves to me how little you are affected by my advice; or, perhaps, how little capable you are of variation! O Sir, do not, I beseech you, indulge so much in these dull sermonizing essays! You infect even me with your gravity! Instead of moving with my wonted elasticity, I shall become as soporific as yourself!

Why should you argue with such solemn earnestness for the privileges of poets? I do not know in what they differ from other men, unless in their imprudence and their folly! If an author makes me laugh, I am grateful to him; but I cannot forgive his troublesome eccentricities, because, forsooth, he makes not only himself, but his readers, *miserable!* It is said that *Dulce est decipere in loco*; and what is the place, in which this is not desirable?

You are told by your correspondent, Londinensis, " to unmask pretended patriotism, and detect the empiricism of ministers." Do it then with a playful hand, if you can; gently and smilingly draw off the disguise; but tear it not open with rude indignation, leaving wounds by the violence of the rent; nor probe the

the sore to the bottom with a rough and unsparing lancet. The man, who makes us smile is forgiven even while he exposes us; but severity, harshness, and insult no one ever forgets. And are you in such conscious security yourself, as undauntedly to incur the hazard of revenge? I have heard that you have enemies enough without wantonly provoking more; or whetting the appetites of those, to whose malice you have been already exposed! You have been guilty of unpardonable offences among your neighbouring squires:

" Fame in the shape of one Sir Harry
(By this time all the parish know it)
Had told, that thereabouts did tarry
A wicked imp, they call a poet:

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants." *

" For something he was heard to mutter,
How in the park beneath an old tree
(Without design to hurt the butter,
Or any malice to the poultry,)

He once or twice had pen'd a sonnet;
Yet hop'd that he might save his bacon;
Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
He ne'er was for a conjurer taken." †

* See Gray's Long Story. † Ibid.

No, Sir! Your neighbours will not forgive you, even if you can justly plead the excuse contained in this quotation! Why then urge them to load you with still heavier calumny? You trust to the rectitude of your intentions, and the openness of your conduct! Alas! what a dupe are you then to the folly which you despise! These are not the weapons with which your opponents will fight. They will never meet you in the field face to face. They will way-lay you in the dark; their poison will be concealed; but it will be sure. Your reputation will secretly moulder away; your anxieties will increase; and mortification and neglect will bring your grey hairs to the grave before their time.

"Vive la bagatelle!" but let us have no more of this "sober sadness!"

HARRY RANDOM.

Bath, Sept. 5, 1807.

N°. XVI.

Reflections arising from the Season of the Year.

I AM afraid Mr. Random will give me up as incapable of amendment, when he reads the present paper. He will find me still in my old melancholy track. Alas! though he guesses well at some of my grievances, he knows not half the causes I have for gravity.

There is something in the fall of the leaf, which always overcomes me with a pensive turn of mind. It is a cast of frame, which is most beautifully described by

by Thomson in his enchanting delineation of this season of the year. When he speaks of the "faint gleams" of the autumn, and "the fading many-coloured woods," what poet can equal him? The foliage eddying from the trees, and choaking up the forest walks, is a circumstance which touches the heart with an indescribable kind of sensation! All Mr. RANDOM's raillery cannot dissipate the sombre hue of my thoughts at such a sight. My bosom is then filled with a thousand tender and solemn reflections; and sometimes they will, in spite of me, clothe themselves in verse.

Thus it happened the other morning, when, on rising, and looking from my window, I saw that the season had already begun its devastations in the shades which surround me.

Sonnet suggested by the approach of Autumn.

Another fall of leaf! And yet am I
No nearer to those sweet rewards of toil,
The praise of Learning and the good man's smile!
Year follows year, and age approaches nigh,
But still I linger in obscurity:
My painful days no sounds of fame beguile;
But Calumny, instead, would fain defile
The rhymes I build with many a tear and sigh.
Perchance ere yet another Autumn throws
The faded foliage from the mourning trees,
My vain presumptuous hopes may find repose;
And all these empty wishes Death appease!
Beneath the turf my weary bones be prest;
And the cold earth lie on this beating breast!

Having thus transcribed this sonnet, I hesitate to let it stand here, lest it should seem ungrateful to some respected friends, from whom, within the last year, I have received unmerited encouragement. But I am sure their candour will not interpret my expressions too strictly. From their praise I have felt a chearing consolation, which, though I have little reason to be in good humour with the world, has given in my sight new colours to existence here. I know, indeed, that I am too anxious to possess, as well as to deserve, their favourable opinion. And that he who thinks me careless of a good name, or not morbidly alive even to the whispers of calumny, is marvellously ignorant of the nature of my irritable disposition.

It has been my lot, if not innocently, at least by a very pardonable indiscretion of pen, to make enemies; of whose life, it has, in return, become the future business to traduce and blacken me. Lost in my books, or in distant speculations, I live in hourly danger; unprotected, and undefended; while these wretches are always at their post, and working in the mine. In this gloom the praise of more impartial and more intelligent judges is all I have to lighten me; and to give me a chance of counteracting these deeds of darkness. I cannot conceal how anxious I am to retain this consolation.

Sept. 2;, 1807.

ART. XXII. *Literary Inscriptions.*

Literary Inscription on a blank leaf of Dr. Hunter's Sylva.

" To the memory of
John Evelyn, Esq.
A man of great learning, of sound judgment,
and of extensive benevolence.
From an early entrance into public life,
to an extreme old age,
He considered himself as living only for
the benefit of mankind.
Reader,
do justice to this illustrious character;
and be confident
that as long as there remains one page
of his voluminous writings,
and as long as virtue and science
hold their abode in this island,
The memory of the illustrious Evelyn
will be held in the highest veneration.
Ob. Feb. 27, 1705-6—Ætat. 85."

Epitaph in the Church of St. Mary-la-bonne.

" Near this place lies interred the body of
William Guthrie, Esq.
who died 9th March, 1770, aged 62:
representative of the ancient family
of Guthrie of Hankerton,
in the county of Angus, N. Britain.
Eminent for knowledge in all branches
of literature and of the British Constitution;
which his many works

historical, geographical, critical, and political,
do testify.
To whom this monument was erected,
by order of his brother, Henry Guthrie, Esq.
in the year 1777."

*Epitaph on Thomas Day, Esq. author of "The Dying Negro," "Sandford and Merton," &c. Written by himself, and designed for Dr. Small; but reserved for his own tomb.**

"Beyond the rage of Time and Fortune's pow'r,
Remain, cold stone, remain and mark the hour,
When all the noblest gifts which Heav'n e'er gave,
Were buried in a dark untimely grave.
Oh, taught on reason's boldest wings to rise,
And catch each glimmering of the opening skies!
Oh, gentle bosom! oh, unsullied mind!
Oh, friend to truth, to virtue, and mankind!
Thy dear remains we trust to this sad shrine,
Secure to feel no second loss like thine!"

On Paul Whitehead.† By Garrick.

"Here lies a man misfortune could not bend;
Prais'd as a poet, honour'd as a friend:
Though his youth kindled with the love of fame,
Within his bosom glow'd a brighter flame:
Whene'er his friends with sharp affliction bled,
And from the wounded deer the herd was fled,
Whitehead stood forth—the healing balm applied,
Nor quitted their distresses—till he died."

* Mr. Day lost his life by a fall from his horse, Sept. 28, 1789, at the age of 41.

† Ob. 30 Decem. 1774. Ætat. 64.

On

On the same. By Capt. Edw. Thompson.

"A poet rests beneath this marble hearse,
Whose friendship lives—the subject of our verse.
If cankering time his poesy devours,
And blights the beauty of his fairest flow'rs,
Yet shall his stubborn virtue nobly stand,
The praise, the envy of this generous land:
Sons yet unborn his memory shall commend,
Who gave up freedom to release his friend. *
Mild, though confin'd, as if to woe allied,
He ne'er rebuk'd, nor at his fortune sigh'd:
He serv'd his friend—and felt the conscious pride.
Let wreaths of laurel be the poet's fame;
Friendship and love were Whitehead's higher claim."

On Thomas Durfey. Ob. Feb. 26, 1723.

"Here lies the Lyric, who with tale and song
Did life to threescore years and ten prolong:
His tale was pleasant and his song was sweet,
His heart was chearful—but his thirst was great.
Grieve, reader, grieve; that he, too soon grown old,
His song has ended, and his tale has told."

ART. XXIII. *Bibliographical Catalogue.*

Art. 1. *A necessary doctrine and erudicion for any christen man, set furthe by the Kynges Majestye of Englande, &c. Psal.* 19. *Lorde preserve the Kyng, and here us whan we cal upon thee.—Psal.* 20. *Lorde in thy strengthe the Kynge shall rejoyce and be meruailous gladde through thy saluation.*

* Fleetwood the player, with whom he became joint bondsman in the sum of 3000l.

Colophon. *Imprinted at London in Fletestrete by Thomas Berthelet, Printer to the Kynges Hyghnes, the XXIX day of May, the yere of our Lorde M.D.XLIII. cvm priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.* 4*to.* 113 *leaves.* [*MS. title.*]

At the back of title "The contents of this Boke. The declaracion of Faith. The articles of our belefe called the crede. The seven sacramentes. The ten commandementes of Almyghtie God. Our Lordes Prayer, called the Pater Noster. The Salutacion of the Aungell called the Ave Maria An Article of Free Will. An Article of Justificacion. An Article of Good Workes. Of prayer for soules departed."

"Henry the Eight by the grace of God Kynge of Englande, France, and Irelande, Defendour of the Faythe, and in earthe of the churche of Englande, and also of Irelande, supreme head, unto all his faythfull and lovyng subiectes sendeth greetyng," in a preface of six pages, because the humble and holy Harry "perceivyng that in the tyme of knowlege, the devyll (who ceasseth not in all tymes to vexe the worlde) hath attented to return ageyn, (as the parable in the gospel shewith) into the hous purged and clensed, accompanied with seven worse spirites, and hypocrisie and superstition beinge excluded and put away, we fynd entered into some of our peoples hartes, an inclination to sinister under standynge of scripture, presumption, arrogancye, carnall libertie, and contention; we be therefore constrained for the reformation of theym in tyme, and for advoiding of such diversitie in opinions as by the said evill spirites might be ingendred to set furth with thadvise of our clergie such a doctrine and declaration of the true knowlage of God and his worde, with the principall articles of our relygion, as wherby all men may uniformely be ledde and taught the true understandyng of that, which is necessary for every christen man to know, for the orderyng of him

him selfe in this lyfe, agreeably to the will and plesure of Almighty God. Which doctrine also the lordes bothe spirituall and temporall with the nether house of our parliament, have both sene and lyke very wel."—" Wherfore we exhorte and desire all our loving subjectes, that they praying to God for the spirite of humilitie, do conforme themselves as good scholers and lerners ought, to here and beare awaie as afore, and wyllyngly to observe suche order, as is by us and our lawes prescribed and to reade and beare well awaie the true doctrine lately by us and our clergie sette furth for theyr erudicion wherby presumpcion and arrogance shall be withstanded, malice and contencion expelled, and carnall libertie refrayned and tempered, and disdayne clerely removed and taken awaie."

Art. 2. *The Courtier of Count Baldessar Castilio, deuided into foure bookes. Verie necessarie and profitable for young Gentlemen and Gentlewomen abiding in Court, Pallace, or Place. Done into English by Thomas Hobby. London: Printed by John Wolfe*, 1588. *4to. pp.* 616.

Second title, the contentes of the booke. The first booke, entreateth of the perfect qualities of a courtier. The second, of the use of them, and of mery jestes and prankes. The third, of the conditions and qualities of a waiting gentlewoman. The fourth, of the ende of a courtier, and of honest love.

This edition is printed in three columns, viz. Italian in italics, French in Roman, and English in black-letter. Several editions of the English part were published. Of the translator an account may be found in Wood, Vol. I. 150. He dedicated the work "To the Right Honourable the Lord Henry Hastings, sonne and heire apparant to the noble Earle of Huntington." The following sonnet by Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset, is on the back of the first title.

" Thomas

" Thomas Sackevyll in commendation of the worke.

" To the Reader.

" These royall kinges, that reare up to the skye
Their pallace tops, and deck them all with gold,
With rare and curious workes they feede the eye;
And shew what riches here great Princes hold.
A rarer worke, and richer far in worth,
Castilio's hand presenteth here to thee;
No proude, ne golden court, doth he set forth,
But what in court a courtier ought to be.
The Prince he raiseth huge and mightie walles,
Castilio frames a wight of noble fame;
The King with gorgeous tissue clads his halles,
The Count with golden vertue decks the same,
Whose passing skill, lo Hobbie's pen displaies,
To Britaine folke a worke of worthy praise."

Art. 3. *The Solace of Sion and Joy of Jerusalem, or Consolation of God's Church in the latter age: redeemed by the preaching of the Gospell vniuersallie. Becing a godly and learned exposition of the lxxxvij Psalme, of the princely prophet Dauid. Written in Latine by the Reuerend Doctor Vrbanus, Regius Pastor of Christe's Church at Zella in Saxonie,* 1536. *Translated into English first by Richard Robinson, Cittizen of London, and printed Anno* 1587 *and Anno* 1590.

Joel ii. verse 32.

" But whosoeuer shall call vpon the name of the Lorde shall be saued. For in Mount Syon and in Ierusalem shall be deliuerance as the Lord hath said, and in the remnant whom the Lord shall call."

Lastly, *Printed by Richard Iones,* 1594. *Small* 8vo. 39 *leaves.*

Back

Back of title the royal arms in a garter, eight lines of Latin poetry, and the city arms upon a shield, within a square. Dedicated "To the Honourable Sir Cuthert Buckle, Vintner, Knight, Lord Mayor of London this yeere 1594, and to the Right Worshipfull his brethern the Aldermen; with M. Paule Banning, and M. Peter Houghton, now Sherifes of the same, long life, health, and prosperity temporall, with solace and ioy in Christ Iesus eternall." Concluding "at London, in S. Bride's parish, this 17 of 1594. Your Honor's and Worship's humble orator, Richard Robinson."

Art. 4. *The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ; containing the story of his Life and Passion. The teares of Christ in the Garden, with the description of heauenly Ierusalem. London: Printed by E. Allde for William Ferbrand, dwelling neere Guild-hall-gate, at the signe of the Crowne,* 1601. *4to. pp.* 45.

In this work are six poems as follows. "The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ, containing the story of his Life and Passion," 96 7-line stanzas. "The Teares of our Saviour in the Garden," 26 6-line st. "A heavenly prayer in contempt of the world and the vanities thereof," 4 6-line st. "The description of heavenly Ierusalem," 52 4-line st. "Another on the same subject," 19 4-line st. and "A Sinner's Supplication, or the Soule's Meditation," 21 4-line st.

Art. 5. *Trayterovs Percyes & Catesbyes Prosopopeia. Written by Edward Hawes, Scholler at Westminster, a youth of sixteene yeeres old.* [Wood-cut.] *Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, dwelling in the Cloth-Fayre, at the signe of the Three Crownes.* 1606. *4to.*

Dedication in Latin, and one piece of Latin poetry, with translation, all by Hawes; then the poem, in eighty stanzas, of six lines each.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART.

ART. XXIV. *Supplement to former Lists of Literary Deaths, with brief Biographical Notices.*

[CONTINUED FROM VOL. V. P. 424.]

1755.

Isaac Kimber, author of *The History of England*, &c.

1769.

Edward Kimber, his son, Editor of the *Baronetage*, &c.

1771.

Henry Pemberton, A. M. Professor of Physic at Gresham College.

1772.

William Huddesford, D. D. Principal of Trinity College, Oxford.

Thomas Whateley, Esq. author of the Tract on *Gardening*, &c.

1773.

John Gregory, D. D. of Edinburgh, author of *A Father's Legacy to his Daughter*, &c.

1774.

Patrick Murdock, Mathematician, &c. It is presumed, the same who wrote the Life of James Thomson.

John Tottie, D. D. a celebrated Divine, author of *Sermons*, &c.

Mrs. Dorothea Du Bois, daughter to the late Earl of Anglesea.

1775.

Thomas Ashton, D. D. Rector of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, London.

William Richardson, F.A.S. aged 77.

1776.

1776.

John Ives, F.R.S. and F.A.S. Suffolk Herald Extraordinary, aged 25.

Sir Edward Barry of Dublin, Bart. and M. D.

John Ellis, F.R.S. Agent for West Florida; and for Dominica.

Edward Bentham, D. D. Professor of Divinity at Oxford, æt. 70.

1777.

Robert Dossie, Chymist.

1778.

Thomas Gent, Printer.

Benjamin Victor.

Rev. John Derby, Rector of Southfleet, Kent.

Charles Darwin, son of Dr. Darwin, died at Edinburgh, æt. 20.

1779.

Sir Francis Bernard, Bart.

1780.

Capt. Stephen Riou, Architectural Writer.

1781.

John Lind, Barrister at Law, author of *Letters on Poland.*

Sept. 1. Thomas Nevile, A. M. of Jesus College, Cambridge, author of *Imitations of Horace and Juvenal.*

Nov. 8. Rev. Tho. Crofts, A. M. *Bibliographer.*

Dec. 7. In Stafford Row, Westminster, aged 79, Mrs. Madan, poetess, daughter of Spencer Cowper.

1782.

At Abingdon, Richard Boote, Attorney, author of a *History of a Suit at Law.*

Mar.

Mar. 1. Æt. 75, John Garnet, D.D. Bishop of Clogher, author of a *Dissertation on Job*, 1750.
May 13. Daniel C. Solander, LL.D. F.R.S.
In Ireland, Keane O'Hara.
July 26 Mr. Ballowe, of the Exchequer, aged 75.
Oct. 3. Ingham Foster, Ironmonger, a great Collector.
Nov. 5. Sir James Burrow, Kt. F.A.S. and F.R.S. aged 81.

[*To be continued.*]

Art. XXV. *Literary Obituary.*

Lately, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, at his house on Merchants' Quay, Limerick, the venerable and highly-respected Sylvester O'Halloran, Esq. an eminent surgeon and man-midwife, as well as a celebrated historian, M.R.I.A. and of most of the literary and honourable societies in the United Kingdom; he studied physic and surgery in Paris and London, and made a rapid progress in his studies, as he published the first of his works before he was twenty-one years of age. He afterwards wrote different treatises, medical and political; a General History of Ireland, down to the close of the twelfth century; and in 1803, he published a second edition thereof, greatly improved. He was highly learned in the Irish language and ancient laws, and was ever remarkable for his loyalty and attachment to the House of Brunswick, a steady supporter of its constitution, and a warm advocate for the honour and interests of his native country. His remains were interred in his family vault at Killilee.

Lately, at Pembroke, Mr. John Clark, Land-Surveyor, author of *The Works of the Caledonian Bards, translated from the Gaelic*, 1778, 8vo.—*An Answer to William Shaw on the authenticity of the Poems of Ossian*, 1781, 8vo.—

The

The Agricultural Survey of the Counties of Hereford, Radnor and Brecon; and lastly, of *An Enquiry into the nature and value of Leasehold Property*.

Lately, at Margate, James Macpharlane, M. D. formerly Professor of Physic in the University of Prague.

Lately, John Jackson, Esq. author of *A Journey over Land from India*, &c.

July 29. Charles M'Cormick, LL.B. æt. 61, born in Ireland. He came to London at the age of eighteen; thence went to France to perfect himself in the French language; and, on his return, entered himself of the Middle Temple; but by the death of his father, on the eve of his being called to the bar, he was precluded from that advantage. Hence he seems to have laboured in the fields of literature for a subsistence, and compiled and translated many works, which were published anonimously. The works that bear his name are *The History of Charles II.—Reign of George III. to* 1783—*Continuation of Rapin's History—Night-Readings for Leisure-Hours—Life of Burke*, &c. &c. The last is a disgraceful piece of party virulence. He died of a dropsy, in great want; leaving not enough to bury him.*

July 30. At his seat at Hackwood Park, Hants, æt. 59, Thomas Orde Powlett, Lord Bolton, a man of very considerable talents, both literary and political. He was brought up at Eton, and afterwards Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, where he was distinguished both as a scholar, and for the ingenuity of his pencil. He then married the daughter of Charles Duke of Bolton, elder brother of Henry the last Duke, on whose death, without issue male, this lady came into possession of the large estates of the Powlett family in Hampshire, Yorkshire, &c. He was secretary to the Duke of Rutland, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland;

* See a longer memoir in the Athenæum, Vol. II. p. 299.

and

and in 1797 was created *Lord Bolton*. He was also Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, and Governor of the Isle of Wight. Latterly his health was extremely bad; and he did not much engage in public affairs; but he was capable, when necessary, of much application; and had a clear and comprehensive understanding. He shewed great talent by his very able speech in the *Chandos* cause, in which he discovered more knowledge of the case even than any of the Law Lords, except Lord Eldon; and argued the whole with great accuracy and strength, urging its strong points with a force, which was never answered, and wading through and throwing off the unaccountable loads of irrelevant matter, with which it had been artfully complicated by its opponents, with such skill and perspicuity as excited the wonder and high approbation of the bar; but after all, having expressed his own conviction and proved that conviction to have been founded on a deep and laborious investigation of the subject, he very strangely declined to vote,* from some point of etiquette, following, as it seemed, the example of Lord Eldon, who *having been counsel for the claimant*, on that account declined it, though he did not forbear to state the whole case to the House in a very long and profound speech, such as became the judge, and not the advocate. Lord Bolton's voice was not good; and his language was not very fluent; but it was well-considered, pertinent, and forcible. Had not his better fortunes withdrawn him from the bar, to which he was called, he would probably have made a figure in that profession. His paternal name was Orde, of a family long settled in Northumberland.

* The claim was continued through various hearings for nearly fourteen years. Of the few who voted against the claim, there were some, who had lately taken their seats.

T. Bensley, Printer, Bolt Court,
Fleet Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XXII.

[Being Number X. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *The names of the Balyfs, Custos, Mayres & Sherefs of y'. cite fo.* * *London from the tyme of Kynge Richard the first called cure de lyon whiche was crowned y' iii day of Septẽbre y' yere of our lorde God xi^c^Lxxxix. cap. pri'. —fol. cxviii. sm. Folio.*

THIS is the book commonly called *Arnold's Chronicle*; and is the same edition described by Herbert, III. p. 1746. The copy, from whence the present account is taken, wants the "Kalender," or Table of Contents, which, according to Herbert, begins on signature A ii. This copy belonged to Wm. Cole, and afterwards to Dr. Farmer; who has made the following note.

"*This is the first edition of this very rare book; 19 years older than Hearne, Oldys, Capel, &c. supposed it. A copy wanting the 8 first leaves is among the Archives of the University of Cambridge. See Dr. Percy's Ballads, Vol. II. p. 26.*"

* Sic.

The date of this edition seems to be 1502. The date of the edition, of which Oldys has given a full Table of Contents, in his *British Librarian, p.* 22, which I have compared with this edition, seems to be 1521. See an account also of the later edition in *Capel's Prolusions,* 1760, Sign. C. 6. The *Nut-brown Maid,* which is the article that has most distinguished *Arnold's Chronicle,* begins in both editions at Sig. N. 6.

I have carefully collated the copy in this first edition of the beautiful poem, which Prior modernized into his very exquisite composition of HENRY AND EMMA, with the reprint of it in the last edition of Percy's Ballads, * and find the variations numerous in point of spelling, and am therefore induced to reprint the whole of a production of such uncommon merit and so singularly curious, with all the care my eyes and industry will allow, from this its first edition.

The Nutbrown Maid Carefully copied from the Original Edition.

" Be it right or wrong these men among on women do complaine,
Affermyng this, how that it is a labour spent in vaine
To love them wele, for never a dele they love a man agayne;
For lete a man do what he can ther favour to attayne,
Yet yf a newe to them pursue, ther turst trew lover than
Laboureth for nought, and from her though † he is a bannished man.

I say not nay, bat that all day it is bothe writ and sayde,
That woman's fayth is as who saythe all utterly decayed;
But nev'theles right good witnes in this case might be layde,
That they love trewe and contynew recorde the Nutbrowne maide,
Whiche from her love, whan her to prove, he cam to make his mone,
Wolde not departe, for in her herte she lovyd but hym allone.

* It differs also in many minutiæ from the readings given by the laborious and accurate Capel in his Prolusions.

† Sic. Than

Than betwene us lete us discusse, what was all the maner;
Betwene them too we wyl also telle all they peyne in fere
That she was in. Now I begynne, soo that ye me answere.
Wherfore ye, that present be, I pray you geve an eare;
I am the Knyght; I cum be nyght, as secret as I can,
Sayng alas, thus stondyth the cause: I am a banisshed man.

And I your wylle for to fulfylle in this wyl not refuse,
Trusting to shewe in wordis fewe, that men have an ille use
To ther owne shame wymen to blame, and causeles them accuse.
Therfore to you I answere now alle wymen to excuse;
Myn owne hert dere, with you what chiere, I prey you telle anoon,
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you allon.

It stondeth so a dele is do, wherfore moche harme shal growe;
My desteny is for to dey a shamful dethe I trowe;
Or ellis to flee the ton must bee; none other wey I knowe,
But to withdrawe as an outlaw, and take me to my bowe;
Wherfore adew, my owne hert trewe; none other red I can;
For I muste to the grene wode goo alone a banysshed man.

O Lorde what is this worldis blisse, that chaungeth as the mone;
My somer's day in lusty May is derked before the none;
I here you saye, farwell; nay, nay, we departe not soo sone:
Why say ye so? Wheder wyl ye goo: alas, what have ye done?
Alle my welfare to sorow and care shulde chaunge yf ye were gon;
For in [my] mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

I can beleve it shal you greve, and shomwhat you distrayne;
But afyrwarde your paynes harde within a day or tweyne
Shal sone a slake; and ye shal take comfort to you agayne.
Why shuld ye nought? for to make thought your labor were in vayne;
And thus I do, and pray you, loo, as hertely as I can;
For I muste too the grene wode goo alone a banysshed man.

Now syth that ye have shewed to me the secret of your mynde,
I shal be playne to you agayne lyke as ye shal me fynde;
Syth it is so that ye wyll goo, I wol not leve behynde.
Shal never be sayd, the Nutbrowne Mayd was to her love unkind:
Make you redy, for soo am I, although it were anoon;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Yet I you rede, take good hede, whan men wyl thinke and sey;
Of yonge and olde it shal be tolde that ye be gone away
Your wanton wylle for to fulfylle, in grene wood you to play;
And that ye myght from your delyte noo lenger make delay.
Rather than ye shuld thus for me be called an ylle woman,
Yet wolde I to the grene wodde goo alone a banysshed man.

Though it be songe of olde and yonge that I shuld be to blame,
Theirs be the charge that speke so large in hurting of my name.
For I wyl prove that feythful love it is devoyd of shame,
In your distresse and hevynesse to parte wjth you the same;
And sure all thoo that doo not so trewe lovers ar they noon;
But in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

I councel yow remembre how it is noo maydens lawe
Nothing to dought, but to renne out to wod with an outlawe.
For ye must there in your hande bere a bowe to bere and drawe,
And as a theef thus must ye lyeve ever in drede and awe;
By whiche to yow gret harme myght grow: yet had I lever than
That I had too the grene wod goo alone a banysshyd man.

I thinke not nay; but, as ye saye, it is noo mayden's lore.
But love may make me for your sake, as ye have said before,
To com on fote to hunte and shote to gete us mete and store;
For soo that I your company may have I aske noo more;
From whiche to parte it makith myn herte as colde as ony ston,
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

For an outlawe this is the lawe that men hym take and binde
Wythout pytee hanged to bee, and waver with the wynde.
Yf I had neede, as God forbede, what rescous coude ye finde;
For, sothe, I trowe, you and your bowe shul' drawe for fere behynde;
And noo merveyle; for lytel avayle were in your councel than,
Wherfore I too the woode wyl goo alone a banysshd man.

Ful wel knowe ye that wymen bee ful febyl for to fyght;
Noo womanhed is it indeede to bee bolde as a Knight;
Yet in suche fere yf that ye were amonge enemys day and nyght,
I wolde wythstonde with bowe in hande to greeve them as I myght,
And you to save, as wymen have, from deth many one:
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Yet

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede that ye coude not sustein
The thorney wayes, the depe valeis, the snowe, the frost, the reyn,
The colde, the hete; for, drye or wete, we must lodge on the playn;
And us a bowe noon other rove but a brake bussh or twayne;
Whiche sone shulde greve you I beleve; and ye wolde gladly than
That I had too the grenewode goo alone a banysshyd man.

Syth I have here ben partynere with you of joy and blysse,
I must also parte of your woo endure, as reason is;
Yet am I sure of oo plesure, and shortly, it is this,
That where ye bee, meseemeth perde, I coude not fare amysse.
Wythout more speche I you beseche that we were soon a gone;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Yf ye goo thedyr, ye must consider, whan ye have lust to dyne,
Ther shal no mete be fore to gete, nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wine;
Ne shetis clene to lye betwene, made of thred and twyne:
Noon other house but levys and bowes to kever your hed and myn.
Loo, myn herte swete, this ylle dyet shuld make you pale and wan.
Wherfore I to the wood wyl goo alone a banysshid man.

Amonge the wylde dere suche an archier, as men say that ye bee
Ne may not fayle of good vitayle, where is so grete plente,
And water cleere of the ryvere shal be ful swete to me,
Wyth whiche in hele I shal right wele endure as ye shall see:
And er we goo a bed or twoo I can provide anoon,
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Loo yet before ye must doo more yf ye wyl goo with me,
As cutte your here up by your ere; your kirtel by the knee,
Wyth bowe in hande for to withstonde your enmys yf nede be;
And this same nyght before daylyght to woodward wyl I flee;
And ye wyl all this fulfylle, doo it shortely as ye can:
Ellis wil I to the grene wode goo alone a banysshyd man.

I shal as now do more for you that longeth to womanhod,
To short my here, a bowe to bere, to shote in tyme of nede:
O my swete moder, before all other, for you have I most drede:
But now adiew; I must ensue, wher fortune duth me leede.
All this make ye; now lete us flee; the day cum fast upon;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Nay, nay, not soo; ye shal not goo; and I shal telle you why;
Your appetyte is to be lyght of love, I wele aspie;
For right as ye have sayd to me, in lyke wyse hardely
Ye wolde answere, who so ever it were, in way of company.
It is sayd of olde, sone hote sone colde; and so is a woman.
Wherfore I too the woode wyl goo alone a banysshid man.

Yef ye take hede, yet is noo nede suche wordes to say bee me;
For ofte ye preyd, and longe assayed, or I you lovid perdee;
And though that I of auncestry a baron's doughter bee,
Yet have you proved how I you loved, a squyer of lowe degree,
And ever shal, what so befalle; to dey therfore anoon;
For in my mynde of al mankynde I love but you alone.

A Baron's childe to be begyled, it were a cursed dede;
To be felow with an outlawe Almyghty God forbede:
Yet bettyr were the power squyer alone to forest yede,
Than ye shal saye another day that be wyked dede
Ye were betrayed; wherfore good maide, the best red ye I can,
Is that I too the greene wode goo alone a banysshed man.

Whatsoever befalle, I never shal of this thing you upbraid;
But yf ye goo, and leve me soo, than have ye me betraied.
Remembre you wele, how that ye dele, for yf ye, as the sayde,
Be so unkynde to leve behynde your love the notbrowne maide,
Trust me truly, that I dey, sone after ye be gone,
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Yef that ye went, ye shulde repent, for in the forest now
I have purveid me of a maide, whom I love more than you.
Another fayrer than ever ye were; I dare it wel avowe;
And of you bothe eche shulde be wrothe with other as I trowe.
It were myn ease to lyve in pease; so wyl I yf I can;
Wherfore I to the wode wyl goo alone a banysshid man.

Though in the wood I understode ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remeve my thought; bat that I wil be your;
And she shal fynde me softe and kynde, and curteis every our,
Glad to fulfylle all that she wylle commaunde me to my power;
For had ye, loo, an hondred moo, yet wolde I be that one.
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Myn owne dere love, I see the prove, that ye be kynde and trewe;
Of mayde and wyf, in all my lyf, the best that ever I knewe.
Be mery and glad; be no more sad; the case is chaunged newe;
For it were ruthe that for your trouth you shuld have cause to rewe.
Be not dismayed; whatsoever I sayd to you whan I began,
I wyl not too the grene wod goo; I am noo banysshyd man.

Theis tidingis be more glad to me than to be made a Quene,
Yf I were sure they shuld endure; but it is often seen,
When men wyl breke promyse, they speke the wordis on the splene.
Ye shape some wyle me to begyle and stele fro me I wene;
Then were the case wurs than it was, and I more woo begone;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Ye shal not nede further to drede: I wyl not dispage,*
You God defende; sith you descende, of so grete a lynage,
Now understonde, to Westmerlande, whiche is my herytage,
I wyl you bringe, and wyth a rynge, be wey of maryage,
I wyl you take, and lady make, as shortly as I can,
Thus have ye wone an Erles son, and not a banysshyd man.

Here may ye see, that wymen be in love meke kinde and stable.
Late never man repreve them than, or calle them variable;
But rather prey God that we may to them be comfortable,
Whiche somtyme provyth suche as loveth, yf they be charitable.
For sith men wolde that wymen sholde be meke to them echeon,
Moche more ought they to God obey, and serve but hym alone."

ART II. *A Divine Centurie of Spirituall Sonnets.*

"Altera Musa venit, quid ni sit et alter Apollo."

London: Printed by John Windet. 1595. 4*to.* 31 *leaves.*

These sonnets have already been hinted at in CENSURA, III. 173. They are inscribed by Barnabe Barnes to his "very good Lorde, Tobie [Matthews]

* Qu? disparage?

Bishop and Comte Palatine of Duresme and Sadberge." B. Barnes, according to Wood,* was the son of Richard B. bishop of Durham, was born in Yorkshire, about 1569, and at the age of seventeen became a student of Brasen Nose College, Oxord, but left the university without a degree. In 1591 he appears to have accompanied a military expedition to France,† under the Earl of Essex, where (if satiric Nash is to be credited) he acquired no laurels as a warrior. After his return he published "Parthenophil and Parthenope;"‡ a most rare collection of sonnets, madrigals, &c. described by Mr. Beloe in his Anecdotes of Literature, II. 77;§ and he took part with Harvey against Nash, by contributing three sonnets‖ to Pierce's Supererogation,

* Athen. Oxon. I. 350.

† In the dedication to Bp. Matthews, he also speaks of "this last yeere [1594] in his late travailes had through some partes of *France*," as devoted to the daily and prescribed task of composing his spiritual poems.

‡ This work is inscribed to "M. William Percy, Esq. his dearest friend:" doubtless the same person who published Sonnets to the fairest Cælia, 1594, and closed them with a madrigal to Parthenophil. See CENSURA, III. 374.

§ The unique copy cited by Mr. Beloe, was obtained by the Bishop of Rochester for a mere trifle; and the copy of Barnes's Spiritual Sonnets, now before me, which may also be unique, was obtained from a London bookseller's catalogue, about fifteen years ago, for the sum of six *pence*. Such, however, is now the furor of competition at book-sales, that it might be struggled for at six *pounds*.

‖ One of these, addressed to Harvey, has the signature of Barnabe Barnes, and is dated from his "lodging in Holborne, June 1593." Another, signed Parthenophil, is entitled "Nash, or the confuting gentleman:" and a third, signed Parthenope, is superscribed "Harvey, or the sweet doctour:" which, from its incidental mention of contemporary writers, I am induced to extract.

"*Sidney*, sweet cignet, pride of Thamesis,
Apollo's laurel, Mars his proud prowesse;

Bodnie,

rerogation, 1593. This drew upon him, as was to be expected, the contumelious asperity of Harvey's bitter opponent, in his "Have with you to Saffron Walden," 1596: where the following sarcasm on the title-page of the present work occurs. "Of late he (Barnabe of the Barnes) hath set foorth another booke, which he entitles no lesse then *A Divine Centurie of Sonets:* and prefixeth for his posie, *Altera Musa venit, quid ni sit et alter Apollo?* As much to say as, 'Why may not my Muse be as great an Apollo, or god of poetrie, as the proudest of them?' But it comes as farre short, as Paris-Garden Cut * of the heigth of a cammell, or a cock-boate of a carricke. Such another device it is, as the godly ballet of John Carelesse, or the song of

Bodine, register of realmes happinesse,
Which Italye's and Fraunce's wonder is;
Hatcher, with silence whom I may not misse,
Nor *Lewen*, rhetorique's richest noblesse,
Nor *Wilson*, whose discretion did redresse
Our English barbarisme; adjoyne to this
Divinest morall *Spencer*; let these speake
By their sweet letters, which do best unfould
Harvey's deserved prayse; since my Muse weake,
Cannot relate so much as hath bene tould
By these forenam'd: then vaine it were to bring
New feather to his fame's swift-feathered wing."

Nash has the following gibe at this complimentary tribute, in his "Have with you," &c. a pamphlet that seems to have closed the wordy conflict between himself and Gab. Harvey. "Here is another sonet of his [B. Barnes], which he calls, 'Harvey or the sweet doctour,' consisting of Sidney, Bodine, Hatcher, Lewen, Wilson, Spencer, that all their life time have done nothing but conspire to lawd and honour poet Gabriell! Respond. *Miserum est fuisse felicem.* It is a miserable thing for a man to be said to have had friends, and now to have nere a one left."

* *Cut* seems to have been the cant term for a horse: and the Paris-Garden cut was probably a conjuring pony, or possibly Bankes's horse.

Greene

Greene Sleeves * moralized." † Wood further records of Barnes, that he published "Five Books of Offices,"‡

* Mr. Steevens has pointed out a ballad of "*Greene Sleeves moralized* to the Scriptures," as licensed to Edw. White in 1580. See Reed's Shakesp. V. 64.

† Nash thus proceeds to lampoon, not only the heroism but the honesty of Barnes:—"For his Cavaliership, it is lewder by nine score times than his poetry, since his doughty service in France five years ago: where having followed the campe for a week or two, and seeing there was no care had of keeping the Queene's peace, but a man might have his brames knockt out, and no justice or constable neere-hand to send forth precepts, and make hue and crie after the murdrers; without further tarrying or consultation, to the generall he went and told him he did not like of this quarrelling kinde of life and common occupation of murdring, wherein (without any jurie or triall, or giving them so much leave as to saye their praiers) men were run thorough and had their throats cut, both against God's lawes, her Majestie's lawes, and the lawes of all nations. Wherefore he desir'd licence to depart; for he stood everie houre in feare and dread of his person, and it was alwaies his praier—'From suddain death good Lord deliver us!' Upon this motion there were divers warlike knights and principall captaines, who rather than they would be bereaved of his pleasant companie, offered to picke out a strong guard amongst them for the safe engarrisoning and better shielding him from perill. Two stept forth and presented themselves as muskettiers before him; a third and fourth, as targatiers behinde him; a fifth and sixt vowd to trie it out at the push of the pike, before the malicious foe should invade him. But home he would (nothing could stay him) to finish 'Parthenophil and Parthenope,' and write in praise of Gabriell Harvey! He was wise; he lov'd no blowes.—One of the best articles against Barnes I have overslipt, which is, that he is in print for a braggart, in that universall applauded Latine poem of Master Campion's, where in an epigram entituled *In Barnum*, beginning thus, *Mortales decem tela inter Gallica cæsus*, he shewes how he brag'd, when he was in France he slew ten men; when (fearfull cowbaby) he never heard piece shot off, but he fell flat on his face. To this effect it is, though the words somewhat varie.

"What his Soulderiship is, I cannot judge: but if you have ever a Chaine for him to runne awaye with, as he did with a nobleman's steward's chayne, at his Lord's installing at Windsore, he is for you."

‡ Wood has not specified whether this was a translation from Cicero *De Officiis*,

in

in 1606, folio; and the Devil's Charter," a tragedy,* in 1607.† One Barnabe Barnes (he adds) of the city of Coventry, died about 1644, but whether this was our author, or what relation to him, he could not tell: nor might an examination of the parish-registers in that city enable us to ascertain; since the latter portion of his life may have been shadowed by a similar obscurity to what has long enveloped his literary remains.

With his Century of devout Sonnets it was my better hap to meet, when I first became

> "Intent to rescue some neglected rhyme,
> Lone-blooming, from the mournful waste of time."

They possess a few of the beauties and many of the defects which marked the vernacular poetry of his age, when scholars, courtiers, and soldiers, scribbled "unpremeditated verse." The quatorzains of Barnes however, were not unstudied effusions. They are written with a laborious adherence to the recurring *rima* of the Italian *sonetto*; a custom by many English poets "more honoured in the breach than the observance:" and they are frequently written also with an attention to what Mr. Warton truly considered as a beauty,—the continuance of the sense beyond the termination of the line. But diversified epithets or con-

* This tragedy, says Mr. Reed, contains the life and death of that most execrable of all human beings, pope Alexander the Sixth; in whose history the author has very closely followed Guicciardini, and seems also to have formed this play in some measure after the model of Pericles Prince of Tyre. For as the author of that piece raises up Gower, an old English bard, to be his interlocutor; so has Barnes revived Guicciardini for the very same purpose. Biogr. Dram. II. 85.

† Ritson has noticed some of Barnes's scattered reliques in his Bibliogr. Poetica, p. 125.

crete

crete appellatives are continually substituted for figurative language, and sentences are not unfrequently tortured into a forced construction, which borders on the Della Cruscan subterfuge of attracting by a glitter of words rather than thoughts. I proceed to select a few specimens that are least obnoxious to such censures. The object and tenour of these poetic aspirations cannot be regarded without respectful approval.

SON. XXIII.

" Father of pietie! by this we know
The glories greater of thy gracious love,
Than of desires which carnal fancies move:
For if we praise a mortall shape below,
By flattery their divinities we show,
Comparing them their perfectnesse above:
Their cheekes to roses, their neckes white to dove,
Their eyes to starres from whence all fortunes flow,
Their eyes effects to the meridian sunne,
Their modest thoughts to the colde virgine moone.—
Oh fooles, fooles ignorant; when this is done,
We know we flatter them:—then Muses soone
Why turne you not your numbers musicall
To God, above man's praise, which ruleth all!"

SON. LXX.

" Unto my spirite lend an angel's wing,
By which it might mount to that place of rest
Where Paradice may me relieve, opprest:
Lend to my tongue an angel's voice to sing
Thy praise, my comfort; and for ever bring
My notes thereof from the bright east to west.
Thy mercy lend unto my soule distrest,

Thy

Thy grace unto my wits; * then shall the sling
Of righteousnesse that monster Sathan kill,
Who with dispaire my deare salvation dared,
And, like the Philistine, stood breathing still
Proud threats against my soule: for heaven prepared,
At length I like an angel shall appeare
In spotlesse white, an angel's crown to weare."

SON. LXXII.

" The sunne of our soule's light thee would I call,
But for our light thou didst the bright sunne make;
Nor reason that thy Majestie should take
Thy chiefest subjects epithetes at all.
Our chief direction's starre celestiall
(But that the starres for our direction's sake
Thou fixed, and canst at thy pleasure shake)
I would thee name. The rocke substantiall
Of our assurance, I would tearme thy name;
But that all rockes by thy commaund were made.
If King of kings thy majestie became,
Monarch of monarchs, I thee would have said;
But thou gives kingdomes and makes crownes unstable:
By these I know thy name ineffable!"

This centenary of sonnets is succeeded by a "Hymne to the glorious honour of the most blessed and indivisible Trinitie," which closes thus:

" Vouchsafe, oh you perpetuall highest Powers,
Of equall vertues, yet in number odde,
These simple fruites of my repentant houres;
And, with your grace's showers,
The temper of my feeble wittes renewe,
To prosper, cherish'd with celestiall dewe."

* *Wits* are here used for *powers of mind* or *understanding*.

Then

Then "a table to find out any sonnet herein alphabetically," and after a neatly cut device * of the printer, the following colophon:—"London, printed by John Windet, dwelling at Powles Wharfe at the signe of the Crosse Keyes, and are there to be soulde. 1595." The volume is handsomely printed in the Italic letter, with borders round each page.

T. P.

ART. III. *The strange and marueilous Newes lately come from the great Kingdome of Chyna, which adioyneth to the East Indya. Translated out of the Castlyn tongue, by T. N. Imprinted at London, nigh vnto the Three Cranes in the Vintree, by Thomas Gardyner and Thomas Dawson. Small 8vo. six leaves. b. l.*

The present article may be considered as a valuable addition to one of a similar work given in the CENSURA, Vol. III. p. 351, and it is doubtless by the same translator, Thomas Nicholas. The tract appeared too curious for a brief notice, and the length not exceeding the usual limits for this work, joined to its rareness, has been the inducement for giving the reader a transcript of the whole. It is unnoticed by Herbert.

"In the moneth of March 1577, a certaine mar-

* It may not perhaps be undesirable for Mr. Dibdin to know, that this differs altogether from the device of Windet described by Herbert, p. 1223; and consists of an aged man receiving from the clouds a book in his right hand and a wheat sheaf in his left, encompassed by a motto 'Thou shalt labor for Peace and Plentie:' the latter words being stamped on two labels, rising from the beaks of two birds, within an oval; and allusive to the gifts descending from above.

chan

chant dwelling in the famous citie of Mexico, which is situated in the West India, now called New Spaine, writeth among other things to his friend dwelling in the province of Andoluzia, the particular newes, which at that instant were comen from the great dominion of Chyna, which adioyneth unto the East India, saying as followeth.

" Unto this citie of Mexico, within this moneth, is brought newes from China worthie to be published. And because the volume thereof dooth conteyne more then xx. sheetes of paper, and are nowe sent in thys caivell of advise unto the King's Maiestie, the copie remayneth onely among worshipfull personages; wherefore I can not nowe sende you the whole relation untyll the fleet depart from hence; but the substance in briefe, is as followeth.

"Two shippes came from Chyna, in one of the which came a credyble person, who as a present witnesse dooth declare, that the Spanyardes which were enhabited in certeyne ilandes which stande distant from that fyrme land, even as the Canaria ilandes standeth from Africa, having abode nere too yeeres in those ilandes, and beyng 500 persons in number, did discover more then forty leagues of coast of that fyrme land. The general of the Spanyardes was called Gandie, who had battayle with those Indians, wherein was slaine the lieftenant of the fielde, and fifty Spanyardes. And of the Indians were slayne 5000; whereuppon the Indians desired peace; and an agreement was concluded betwixt them, that guages should be given on both sides.

" The Spanyardes gave for their guage two learned men

men and four souldiours; receyving the like pawne of the Indians.

"The Indians caried their guages to a goodlie citie called Ander, which standeth more than forty leagues within the mayne lande. This citie dooth conteyne more then syxe leagues in circuite, with a double wal. The utter wall is substantial, and of three fadome of height, wrought as a gallerie, with loope holes for Hargabushe or other weapon. This wall is replenished with ordinance, and covered with pent house. The citie hath seven castels equally devided.

"In this citie ruleth for governour, a viceking, subject to the king of Chyna, with many doctors and lawiers, which weare foure cornered cappes made of heare. There are other licentiats, who use round bonettes like unto Portugall priestes. There are other magistrates of justice, who weare the heare of their head knotted, and uppon their breastes and backs golden lions sowen uppon their garmentes.

"There are also many religious persons that goe with shaven heades, saving one locke of heare hanging over eche eare. These persons are their priestes. They make their sacrifice uppon a table, using their accustomed ceremonies; they wryte and reade, and pronounce theyr orations and service unto theyr gods, with a loude voyce.

"In an abbey of these religious persons were our learned men lodged, for the space of syxe monethes; in which tyme they sawe many rich peeces of clothe of golde; and all sortes of sylke and purple; they have brought unto this citye some of those peeces, which is a thyng mervaylous to beholde.

"In this countrey they have great store of wheate, the

the which they doo myxe with ryce, and thereof make theyr bread.

"There are many horses and mares, better than the Spanishe kynde. All sortes of Spanishe fruites, and manye other fruites that grow not in Spaine. Except grapes, they have none. The people are of smal stature. Their women, when they are borne, they use to wrest one of theyr legges, whereof they ever remayne lame; because they shoulde continually kepe theyr houses: and are kept so close, that none may see them, except those of the housholde. For our learned men being there, as is sayde, syxe moneths, coulde not discrie fyftie women.

"The men use theyr nayles of theyr handes very long; for they find it a profitable thyng for the warres.

"This people dooth worshippe three gods, that is to say, the sunne, the moone, and an idol with three heades.

"They holde opinion, that in tyme past, the heaven did joyne with the earth, and that the heaven did dissever from the earth, and ascende above, where it now abydeth. But yet, say they, in time to come, it shall descend agayne, and joyne with the earth.

"They beleeve that the sunne is god of the warres, and the moone is the god of temperature, which is lesser in substance than the sunne. They also beleeve that al three gods are as one in godhead, although they rule severally every one by hym selfe.

"And having now understanding, by our learned men, of the blessed Trynitie; they allowe very well thereof, thinking that it is a similitude of their three gods.

"There hath been made within this citie of Mexico,

generall prayers and supplications, beseeching the Almightie God to lighten this strange people with the knowledge of his holy fayth and woorde.

"Whan our learned men departed from this city, the Indian rulers sent about fyve thousande Indians to accompanie them, and presented unto them many peeces of cloth of golde, and many other things.

"This garde of fyve thousande men was sent to defende our learned men from the Turkes; because at that tyme were tenne sayle of Turkes on the coast who did great hurte unto them. These Turkes gave chase to our men, and theyr company, and slewe thyrtie Christians, and many Indians. The Christians slewe of the Turkes above fyve hundred. And the next day following, our men and their Indians having refreshed themselves, set agayne upon the Turkes and slewe their king, and neare two thousande persons of his army, and drave the residue to flight.

"When the Indyans that went to accompany our men, returned with that news, all the citizens rejoyced, and chiefly the king of Chyna, w o was abyding in another citie farther within the mayne lande. And forthwith he sent a present unto them for their king, which was a stature of golde, in token of victory: and advertised him of the valiantnesse of his subjectes, which had slayne the mightie Turke king of Brazer, in remembrance whereof he sent unto him the ymage of the same god of battayle, saying that hee deserved that idoll, whiche was made at the beginning and foundation of that land, and that the keeping of that idol was onely preserved for him. And with this present he sent 10,000 Indyans, and ten vesselles of warre for wafters, to accompany them, until they should

afive

arive at their iland, laden with victual, and many riche thinges. Also fruite, as nuttes, almondes, chestnuttes, pomgranates, orenges, and lymons, with store of rice, kine, and sheepe.

"The Christians had carried, before that time, kyne for to breede; whiche cattle are lesser then ours, but better fleshe and sweeter, and the sheepe also better then ours. And with this fleete of Indians, and 300 Spaniardes, they proceeded to seeke the Turkes navy, whiche they met not; but they conquered in that returne homewards, other three ilandes, the which they left in subjection, to the king our maister.

"And when the Indyan fleete returned from the ilande towarde Chyna, two shippes departed from the newe Spayne, for those parties [parts], in the whiche went twelve learned men, to preach the gospell unto those Indyans, and to instruct them of the mystery of the holy Trinyte. I beseech God that the fruite thereof may insue, as we trust it will; and comming so to passe, it will be the richest lande that ever was knowne.

"Wee doo nowe looke for other two shippes, that the viceking pretendeth to sende for 1000 men, to attempt the conquest of Chyna; for hee sayeth, that his part serveth him to fynishe that enterprise with so many men, because the Indyans are of small courage; yea, and though they have hargabushes, and other artillarie, yet they know not howe to use them: so that now this city prepareth 1000 men to send thither. And al the citizens of Mexico are moved with desire to go thither, with love of the great quantitie of gold that is there.

"Those that are come from them, doo report, that they exchaunge more silver for golde, then waight for

waight; because those Indyans esteeme silver better then golde.

"There is now for the king's tribute, which is a fifth part of all that is wonne, 600,000 dukets, all in golde.

"They brought not the idoll of golde to pleasure the Indyans, and also that they shoulde think that Christians doo not so much esteeme golde.

"They have also brought great quantitie of cloth of golde, as fyne as the sortes of Calicute clothe, and of better workmanship then any heretofore hath bene brought. Likewise, pepper, ginger, cloves, and sinamon.

"They have brought fleeces of wooll for a moster, * but not so fyne as ours, and much rice.

"They doo also certify, that the viceking hath woorkmen making four gallies lyke unto ours, for to expulse the Turkes, and to ayde the Indyans, which thinke themselves happy to bee defended from them.

"There are many other thinges to write of; wherefore I wyll procure the copy of the whole relation, and send it you in the fleete that is in a redynesse to departe, &c."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. IV. *The First Five Bookes of Ovid's Metamorphosis. Second Edition. Imprinted for W. B.* 1621. 16*mo. pp.* 141, *besides Introduction.*

* "*Mostra, Mostranza.* A shewe, a viewe, a patron or sight of any thing." Florio's World of Words. 1598.

This

This edition of the translation of Ovid by Geo. Sandys, is unnoticed in all the lists of his works. The title is engraved on a curtain, supported by two flying Cupids; above the curtain, Venus lying on a couch of clouds, holding a burning heart, attended with doves and the god of love, and below a full assembly of the heathen deities. "Fr. Delaram, sculp." A head of Ovid in an oval, with verses beneath, as in the folios, "Ovid defended," is the only article prefixed to this edition, which has a trifling variance from the subsequent ones, as giving for "Ovid's selfe-censure," a translation of the concluding lines of lib. 15.

Ovid's Metamorphosis, Englished by G. S. Imprinted at London MDCXXVI. Cum Privilegio. Col. *London: Printed by William Stansby, 1626. pp. 326, preface, &c. Fol.*

This is the first folio edition, and contains the dedication to Prince Charles, King, &c. Marshall's head of Ovid, his life and defence, and the Metamorphosis. The title is engraved in compartments incidental to the work, and the design served for the edition of 1632, but Savery's engraving is executed in a very superior style.

The edition of 1632 has a second title as given in CENSURA, Vol. V. p. 231. "Imprinted at Oxford by John Lichfield, &c." At the back, "The minde of the frontispiece and argument of this worke," in verse. Then follows the dedication * to the King, and panegyrics on him and the Queen, as has already

* The unfortunate circumstances of Charles, afterwards made the writer's general positions seem personal. See note in CENSURA, Vol. V. p. 23.

been described; next succeeding, is an address to the reader. "Since it should be the principall end in publishing of bookes, to informe the understanding, direct the will, and temper the affections, in this *second edition* of my translation, I have attempted (with what successe I submit to the reader) to collect out of sundrie authors the philosophicall sense of these fables of Ovid; if I may call them his, when most of them are more ancient than any extant author, or perhaps than letters themselves. I have also endeavoured to cleare the historicall part, by tracing the almost worne-out steps of antiquitie; wherein the sacred stories afford the clearest direction.—To the translation I have given what perfection my pen could bestow; by polishing, altering, or restoring, the harsh, improper, or mistaken, with a nicer exactnesse then perhaps is required in so long a labour.* I have also added marginall notes, for illustration and ease of the meere English reader—And for thy farther delight, I have contracted the substance of every booke into as many figures (by the hand of a rare workman, and as rarely performed, if our judgements may be led by theirs, who are masters among us in that faculty) since there is betweene poetry and picture so great a congruitie, the one called by Simonides *a speaking picture*, and the other *a silent poesie*"

This volume is too well known to require further extracts from; it contains the fifteen books of Ovid and first of Virgil; a work he "gave over even in the first entrance," but "published this assay, in tender of obedience to soveraigne commaund."

* The alterations of the text in the first five books are very few.

A portrait

A portrait of Sandys was published in Nash's History of Worcestershire, and since copied into the Gentleman's Magazine, with "Brief Memoirs;" having the well-known initials of the respectable editor, Mr. Nichols.

Dryden pronounced him the best versifier of the age; and Mr. Pope declared, in his notes to the Iliad, that English poetry owed much of its present beauty to his translations.* His account of Turkey, Egypt, and the Holy Land, has since been amply confirmed.

Of the edition, dated 1621, I have never seen any other copy than the one above described. The date of the first edition of the five books yet remains to be ascertained. †

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. V. *The Fountaine of Ancient Fiction. Wherein is liuely depictured the Images and Statues of the gods of the Ancients; with their proper and particular expositions. Done out of Italian into English, by Richard Linche, Gent. Tempo è figliuola di verità. London: Printed by Adam Islip.* 1599. *4to.* 104 *leaves.*

Warton, (Vol. III. p. 486,) says "this book, or one of the same sort, is censured in a puritanical pamphlet written the same year, by one H. G. a painfull minister of God's word, in Kent, as the spawne of Italian gallimawfry, as tending to corrupt the pure

* Sewell, who followed Sandys in the translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, confesses that he was indebted to him for some lines which he despaired of translating better. *Editor.*

† Ovid's Metamorphosis by Geo. Sandys, eighth edit. 1690, 8vo.

and unidolatrous worship of the one God, and as one of the deadly snares of popish deception."

By a dedication "to the right vertuous and well-disposed gentleman, M. Peter Davison, Esquiere, Richard Linche wisheth all affluence of worldly prosperities and the fruition of all celestiall graces hereafter:" concluding "yours in all loiall fidelitie most assured."

The address "to the reader" says, "this matter now handled was undertaken suddainly, and dispatched hastily; for which he craveth milder constructions; and in very deed had it not by an extraordinary accident happened into the hands of a stranger, it had not now (poore father-forsaken child) endured the insupportable tyrannie of lawlesse censure.—Such as it is, either culpable in words too much affected, or in disproportion being not methodically composed, or in shallownesse in the not proper understanding of the first author's meaning, it must nowe passe, as for me it is too late to recall it, and too needlesse to repent it; for how soever it is, it once never imagined to have been now subject to the error-searching sight of a generall eye, being only pend and translated for mine owne exercises and private recreations. But herein I am something too tedious; for as it is an absurd part in an architector to frame a long and vast entry for a little house and of small receit, so for me to use many words in this place, whose substance (you will say) challengeth no worthines, they should be frivolously bestowed, and time purpose-lesse entertained. For the indifferent readers I cannot but promise equal allowance; for any venom-lipt rough-censuring satires, I keepe sorrow for their woodborne incivility and rustike imperfections;

tions; and do arm myselfe with steele-mettald patience to abide the shocke of their injurious toung-oppressions. And so in hast I leave you. Rich. Linche."

Then follows "the images, statues, and pictures of the gods of the auncients, with their severall expositions;" giving an account of the various estimation of images in different countries, extracted from Cornelius Tacitus, Pliny, &c. &c. and the work has occasionally a new head, as Saturn, Janus, Apollo, &c. with whose stories are many of those of the inf rior deities intermixed, and several pieces of poetry from Ovid, Claudian, and others.

The first is a description of eternity, "not much unlike that reported by Claudianus, which wee will endeavour (though not in his right colours) thus to compose." Eight octave stanzas.

The four seasons from Ovid in eight lines.

Seven lines of Neptune's speech from Homer.

The story of Apollo and his sisters, "which Claudianus reporteth to bee so curiously wrought in an upper garment which belonged to Proserpina. And although in the Italian it carrieth a farre more pleasing grace than in the English, yet finding it there set downe in verse, I thought it not irrequisite so to discover it." Three ten-line stanzas.

Diana's Nymphs are described in eight six-line stanzas, a portion of which follows:

"A carelesse crue of young-year'd Nimphs, despising
The joyous pleasures and delights of love,
Wasting their daies in rurall sports devising,
Which know no other, nor will other prove:
Wing'd with desire to overtake the chace,
Away they fling with unresisted pace.

Some

Some have their haire dishevel'd hanging downe,
Like to the sun's small streames, or new gold wires;
Some on their heade doe weare a flowry crowne,
Gracing the same with many curious tires;
But in their hot pursute they loose such graces,
Which makes more beautie beautifie their faces.

Their neckes and purple-vained armes are bare,
And from their yvorie shoulders to the knee
A silken vesture o're their skin they weare,
Through which a greedie eie would quickly see;
Close to their bodies is the same ingerted
With girdles, in the which are flowers inserted."

Diana's "chariot is drawn by two white hinds, as Claudianus likewise affirmeth." One six-line stanza.

The like describing Hecate from Ovid.

Pan "whose shape Silvius Italicus setteth forth," is described in three six-line stanzas.

Echo "oftentimes disuaded and reprehended him whosoever will undertake to depicture her, and Ausonius repeats it in an epigram, whose sence is thus reduced to a sonnet.

"Surcease, thou medling artist, thy endevour,
Who for thy skill hast reapt such long-liv'd fame,
Strive not to paint my bodie's shape, for never
Did any human eies behold the same:
In concave cavernes of the earth I dwell,
Daughter of th' aire, and of ech tatling voice;
In woods and hollow dales I build my cell,
Joying to re-report the least heard noice,
To greefe-opprest, and men disconsolate,
That tell ech grone their soule's vexation,
Their dying agonies I aggravate
By their plaints accents iteration,

And

And he that will describe my forme aright,
Must shape a formlesse sound or airie spright."

"Auster or Notus, predominating the southerne region of the aire, and because commonly proceed from his blasts darke showers and stormy tempests, is thus or to the like effect described.

"All gloomie-faced lookes the stormie South,
Whose ever-weeping eye drops showers of raine,
Who with his strong-breath'd all ore-turning mouth,
Kings' stone-built temples tumbles downe amaine;
Whose furious blasts the wave-tost seaman feeleth,
When up aloft his ship is hois'd to heaven,
Whose storme-cras'd sides ech churlish wave so reeleth,
That her right course she never keepeth even.
He never lookes with any cleere aspect,
His temples are adorn'd with clouds, his seat
Of terrifying thunderbolts compact,
Which when he sends, he denotates huge heat.
He never breaths or sighs with any paine,
But from the same doe issue showers of raine."

"Statius depictureth the floud Inachus, which passeth through the continent of Greece:" one stanza of six lines.

Peace as described by Tibullus; in ten lines.

Fortune is the last deity of whom the Muse aids the description, which extends to four pieces of poetry; "shee is humorous, and must be pleased by submission and acknowledgment of her power and superioritie, as certaine verses, much to the same effect, doe demonstrate and testify; which Englished are these, or much agreeing with the true meaning of the authour," 24 lines.

"In

"In another place a discontented person railing against her crueltie, sayth," in three fourteen-line stanzas, from which I shall extract the second,

"Forc'd by vile Fortune, I seeke out new waies,
And range in uncouth corners of ech wood,
Where darkenesse and sad silence spend their daies,
And melancholy lives in angrie mood;
There sit I, penning satyres 'gainst these times,
Railing 'gainst Fortune's malice in my wrongs,
Composing odes, and rage-expressing rimes,
Sad madrigalls, and heart-unburdening songs;
There, as a man all dead with discontent,
I feed on sighs, and drinke mine owne salt teares;
When senselesse trees shed sap, and doe relent,
And floures do hang their heads, as though th' had cares
To heare my plaints, and all doe seeme to say,
We waile thy hap, thou image of decay."

The next piece is where a "discontented lover unbowelled (as it were) and anatomized his heart's oppressions:" consisting of seventeen six-line stanzas; in one described as

"So blind she will advance ech low-bred groome,
To haughtie titles of a glorious place,
Lifting him up from nothing, to the roome
Where those of honours, and of vertuous race
Should seated be, and not th' illiterate:
Learning, not place, doth men nobillitate."

The last is, where "the same lover in another place further complaineth of the overmuch rigour of his ladie, preserving and continuing in hate and scorne of

of his love: which words reduced to a sonnet, are these, or to the like effect.

" Hard is his hap who never finds content,
But still must dwell with heavy-thoughted sadnesse;
Harder that heart that never will relent,
That may, and will not turne these woes to gladnesse;
Then joies adue, comfort and mirth, farewell;
For I must now exile me from all pleasure,
Seeking some uncouth cave where I may dwell,
Pensive and solitarie without measure;
There to bewaile my such untimely fortune,
That in my Aprill daies I thus should perish,
And there that steele-hard heart still still t' importune,
That it at last my bleeding soule would cherish,
If not, with greedie longing to attend,
Till pitty-moved death my woes shall end."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. VI. *The Fanatick Indulgence, granted Anno* 1679.

" Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum
Qualemcunque potest." JUVENAL, SAT. 1.

By Mr. Ninian Paterson. Edinburgh: Printed by David Lindsay and his partners, at the foot of Heriot's Bridge, 1683. *4to. pp.* 14.

A volume of Latin epigrams by this writer has been noticed in the CENSURA, Vol. I. p. 151. The present little tract denotes him to have been a heated high-churchman, who had worked up his mind to a state of fanaticism against the fanatics, and against the Shaftesbury administration. An epistle prefixed, to James Duke of Albanie [James II.] thus commences:

" Great

"Great sir, this poem still conceal'd have I,
Till Time hath christen'd it a prophesy.
Indulgence now unmasked strives to tryst *
With John of Leyden against Antichrist:
This is the Trojan horse, wherein there lies
Catsbie and Vaulx, † with new conspiracies;
This, the Shaftsburian-crockodil his blind,
To lure Scotes rogues to English commons mind," &c.

A little further on, the motive for this address seems to reveal itself.

"All my desire, great sir, is that I may
Live, like an atome, in the radiant ray
Of your life-giving heat and glorious light,
Whose crisping spires may make me warm and bright."

His principal poem (the Fanatick Indulgence) is addressed to the King (Cha. II.) and has some passages of considerable force, though expressed with little equability of style or moderation of temper. The following specimen may suffice:

"When wee, thy loyal subjects, looked for
Some Halcyonian days, the tempests roar;
And to our eyes, on every rising wave
Death sits in triumph, and presents a grave:
And in the midst of our despaires and fears,
Tears drowns our sighs, and sighs dries up our tears.
Wee are like Jobs, these nineteene years perplext,
Betwixt distractions and destructions vext:
And that, dread sir, tho' not so strange as true,
By scabbs and devils now indulg'd by you.

* To meet, or coalesce with.

† Robt. Catesby and Guy Vaux, or Fawkes, were two of the principal conspirators engaged in the Gunpowder-plot.

If

If ancient sages' saws with you have credite;
To spare a vice, it is the way to spread it.
Tame mercie is the breast that suckles vice,
Till, hydra-like, her heads she multiplies.
In sparing thieves and murderers, all see
A private favour's public injurie.
Should pitie spare, and let the gangrene spread,
Until the bodie's wholly putrified?
What surgeon would do this, but he that's mad?
He's cruel to the good who spares the bad!"

The pamphlet closes with a metrical "Welcome to his Royal Highness James Duke of Albanie to the kingdom of Scotland, Nov. 24, 1679;" but the poetical character of the author would derive no credit from any selected extract.

T. P.

ART. VII. *The Silkwormes and their Flies: lively described in verse by T. M. a Countrie Farmer, and an apprentice in physicke. For the great benefit and enriching of England. Printed at London by V. S. for Nicholas Ling, and are to be sold at his shop at the west ende of Paules,* 1599. *4to. pp.* 75.

A wood cut on the title-page represents the silk-worm in its threefold state, as a worm or caterpillar, a chrysalis in its cone, and a butterfly or moth. This early endeavour to introduce the cultivation of silk as an object of national importance, was thus metrically inscribed:

"To

"To the most renowned patroneese and noble nurse of learning, Marie Countesse of Pembrooke.

" Great envie's object, worth and wisedom's pride,
Nature's delight, Arcadia's* heire most fitte:
Vouchsafe a while to lay thy taske aside,
Let Petrarke sleepe, give rest to sacred writte;†
Or bowe or string will breake if ever tied;
Some little pawse aideth the quickest witte:
Nay, heavens themselves (though keeping still their way)
Retrogradate, and make a kind of stay.

I neither sing Achilles' baneful ire,
Nor man nor armes, nor belly-brothers' warres;
Nor Britaine-broiles, nor citties drown'd in fire,
Nor Hector's warres, nor Diomede's skarres:
Cease, country Muse, so highly to aspire!
Our plaine beholds, but cannot hold such starres.
Jove-loved wittes may write of what they will;
But meaner theams beseeme a farmer's quill.

I sing of little wormes and tender flies,
Creeping along, or basking on the ground;
Grac't once with those thy heav'nly human eyes,
Which never yet on meanest scholler frown'd;
And able are this worke to eternise
From east to west, about this lower round:
Deigne thou but breathe a sparke or little flame
Of likening, to enlife for aye the same.

Your H[onour's] ever most bounden,

T. M."

* Sidney's "Arcadia" was inscribed to this Countess of Pembroke, his sister.

† From this line it would seem that Lady Pembroke had employed her pen on the poet of Vaucluse. The latter part of it seems to allude to her Version of the Psalms, undertaken in conjunction with Sir Philip Sidney.

This

This address is followed by a table of contents, that points to various details in the œconomy and management of silkworms contained in the poem, which is of a didactic and moralizing cast. In the course of it the author describes himself to have been in Italy during the year 1579; so that he was probably a gentleman-farmer as well as a medical student. His production bespeaks him to have been a man of liberal education. The opening stanza of his first book may suffice as a specimen of its poetic structure.

"Sydneian Muse! if so thou yet remaine
In brother's bowels, or in daughter's breast,
Or art bequeath'd the 'Lady of the plaine;'
Because for her thou art the fittest guest:
Whose worth to shew no mortal can attaine,
Which with like worth is not himselfe possest:
Come, help me sing these flocks as white as milke,
That make and spinne and dye and windle silke."

T. P.

ART. VIII. *Dyets Dry Dinner: consisting of eight seueral courses.* 1. *Fruites.* 2. *Hearbes.* 3. *Flesh.* 4. *Fish.* 5. *Whitmeats.* 6. *Spice.* 7. *Sauce.* 8. *Tabacco. All serued in after the order of time vniuersall. By Henry Buttes, Maister of Artes, and Fellowe of C. C. C. in C.*

Qui miscuit vtile dulci.

Cicero.

Non nobis solum nati sumus, sed
Ortus nostri sibi vendicant.

Printed in London by Tho. Creede, for William Wood,

Wood, and are to be sold at the West end of Powles, at the signe of Tyme. 1599. *Small* 8vo.

Herbert describes this work, p. 1282; and Wood, in "an odd story that hangs at the tail," gives an account of the death of the author,* who was vice-chancellor at Cambridge. Ath. Ox. I. 559.

In the epistle dedicatory he says "I have not onely bene votary to Aesculapius, Phisicke's great grandfather, but servant also to Dyet, Health's kindest nourse" In the epistle he professes himself "a verie prevaricatour of this age's fashion: and do follow the order of universall time, by consequence and succession. Fruites. Thus much all we know, our grand parents at first fed on the fruites of Eden; and some merrily say, Adam robbed God's orchyard. Hearbes. After their exilement, they fell to hearbes and rootes, and (as secular story witnesseth) we lived a long time (like hogges) with mast or acornes, &c."

By extracting the first two pages of the work it will be sufficient specimen of the author's manner and humour.

"*Figges.*

"*Choise.* White, best; red, second; black, basest; full ripe, tender-skinned.

Use. Nourish very well, and much more then other fruits: take away the stone in the reines; resist venims; quench thirst; cleanse the breast.

Hurt. Immoderately used, engender flative humors and crudities, therfore greatly annoy such as are subject to the collicque.

Preparation and correction. Mundified and pared;

* There is a print of him in Harding's Biogr. Mirror.

then

then eaten with orenges, pomgranats, tart meates, or condite with vinegar.

Degree. Hot in the first degree, moist in the second.

Season. Age. Constitution. Alway in season, chiefly in autumne; convenient for all ages and constitutions; least for old folkes."

"*Ficus. Story for Table-Talke. A Jove principium.*

"Some good scholastique divines thinke the fruite forbidden to be bitten, was not an apple but a figge; then surely as our first parents wilfully discovered their ambitious minds by eating of the frute; so very witlesly thought and sought they to cover their shame with an apron of the leaves; this was (as the Latine proverbe speakes) *ficulneum auxilium*, a fig'sworth of help; therfore whensoever we fall to figges, we have occasion to remember our fal from God. This plant, in it selfe very bitter, yeeldeth passing sweete fruite; transfusing indeed all his sweet juyce into his frute, leaveth it selfe exhaust of sweetnesse, and so by consequence bitter."

Our caterer, after serving up his several dishes of fruit, serves up "the painter's proverbe, *manum de tabula:* that is, (as present occasion interpreteth) no more table-talke.—I am purposed to proceed in my perpetuall parallell of paraphrase. The which I desire it may be served in amongst the rest of the dishes, and be tasted also; but yet of such onely as are of eager appetite. If any be desirous to know what a man may call it; surely I can thinke of no fitter name than an hasty pudding. For I protest in so great haste I composed it, that when a friend of mine came into

my chamber, and suddenly surprising me, asked what I was *making?* I, as not minding what he ask't, or what I answerd, tolde him in my haste, that I ***made haste.***"

The first herb is sage: and "the holesomenesse of sage-ale is notoriously famous. Heywood's merry wit noted two kindes of sage, not named in our herbals: sage wise: sage foole."

"In the service of flesh is the red deer, *Cervus*; a most simple and innocent animall, howsoever nature in a mockery hath armed it most magnificently. It is the very emblem of a gull girded to a sword, being as hurtlesse as the hart is.

Of fish "Athenæus sayeth, he himselfe sawe in Arethusa of Eubœa, eeles with silver and golden earings, so tame that they would eate meate out of one's hands. The Isle of Ely, may be called the isle of eeles, for the abundance of eeles which it yeeldeth."

The whitemeates are milk, butter, cream, curds and cheese. "The Flemming, or Hollander, is thought to live so long as hee doth, onely for his excessive eating of butter:" while "they that have best leysure and love cheese best, I would wish them to write an apologie in defense of the common dislike thereof, why so many love it not."

From *Spice.* "Isidorus telleth a mad tale of pepper; that it groweth in certaine woods on the south side of Caucase mount, which woods are full of serpents; therefore the inhabitantes of those partes set the woodes on fire to scarre away the serpentes, and so the pepper comes to be blacke."

As sauce, there is salt, vinegar, mustard, and green sauce,

sauce, " described by the Italian freitagio."—" There is salt of diverse colours. In Ægypt it is red, in Sicilia purple ; in Pathmos it is most bright and splendent; in Cappadocia it is of a saffron colour. The divel loves no salt with his meat, saith Bodinus."

One of the most curious articles in this little work, is the author's attack on tobacco; by which it appears that smoking was a prevailing fashion at that period, among the frequenters of the playhouses.

" *A satiricall epigram upon the wanton and excessive use of Tabacco.*

" It chaunc'd me gazing at the Theater,
To spie a *Lock* *-Tabacco-Chevalier,
Clowding the loathing ayr with foggie fume
Of *Dock*-Tabacco; friendly foe to rume.
I wisht the Roman lawes severity:
Who smoke selleth, with smoke be done to dy. †
Being well nigh smouldred with this smokie stir,
I gan this wize bespeak my gallant sir:
' Certes, me thinketh (sir) it ill beseems,
Thus here to vapour out these reeking steams:
Like or to Maroe's steeds, whose nostrils flam'd;
Or Plinie's nosemen (mouthless men) surnam'd,
Whose breathing nose supply'd mouths absency.'
He me regreets with this profane reply:
' Nay, I resemble (sir) Iehovah dread,
From out whose nosthrils a smoake issued:
Or the mid-ayr's congealed region,
Whose stomach, with crude humors frozen on,
Sucks up, Tabacco-like, the upmost ayr,
Enkindled by fire's neighbour, candle fayr:

* Misprint for *Dock*, as " Tobacco is an *Indian weed*."

† Alex. seu. Edict.

And hence it spits out watry reums amaine,
As phleamy snow, and haile, and sheerer raine:
Anon it smoakes beneath, it flames anon.'
'Sooth then, quoth I, it's safest we be gon;
Lest there arise some ignis fatuus
From out this smoaking flame, and choken us.
On English foole: wanton Italianly;
Go Frenchly: Duchly drink: breath Indianly."

At the end are three pieces of poetry.

"*Epiposion*

Grace after Diet's dry Dinner, wherein Diet-Drinking is promised.

"Now that your barking stomacke's mouth is shut,
And hunger's rage appeas'd with choycer fare,
And murmuring bowels be to silence put;
Now that the boordes with voyder purged are;
Both thank your God, and thanke Simposiarch's paine,
That for your thankes, he may thanke you agayne.
For if you hunger yet, or if you thirst,
Both which (I weet) may Diet's Drinesse make,
A second course may hap to swage the first,
And Diet's Drinking shall the latter slake;
Accept meane while, these Cates of D. D. D.
Drest by Art's Cookery, in C. C. C.
Proficiat. Proface. Mytchgoodditchye."

Then "Ioa. Weeveri Epicrisis ad Henricum Butsum," 14 lines English: and "Ejusdem ad eundem de eodem Palinodia," 10 lines same.

Conduit-street. J. H.

ART.

ART. IX. *A New Post, with soueraigne Salue to cure the World's madnes. Expressing himselfe in sundrie excellent Essayes or wittie discourses. A Marke exceeding necessary for all men's Arrowes: whether the Great Man's Flight, the Gallant's Rover, the Wiseman's Prickeshaft, the Poore Man's Butshaft, or the Foole's Birdbolt.*

Quantus in Orbe dolus.

By Sir I. D. Knight. Printed for Iohn Mariot. No date. 12mo. *pp.* 110.

"Whether," says Anthony Wood, "Sir I. D. be the same with Sir John Davies, I cannot justly tell." Probably, the popularity which that excellent poem *Nosce Teipsum* obtained from the public, immediately on its appearance, might induce the publisher of this little moral treatise to adopt a mode too often pursued, that of affixing the initials of a favourite author for more general recommendation. The date of this work, as given by Wood, is 1620; a period when Sir John Davies was deeply engaged in his professional duties of a lawyer; nor does it bear internal evidence of his hand. The poetical numbers are not equally nervous and polished, nor is the prose written with his accustomed correctness.

The preface, which is called "a new post," is no unfavourable specimen to shew the manner and power of the writer, who has divided his work into essays, taking a philosophical view of men and manners; and, in the language of a moralist, rebuking the excess and viciousness of the world.

"A NEW POST. The world (which is the shop

or warehouse of all evills) was never since the beginning unfurnished of most wicked commodities; and as time and men's lusts hath increast the trade, so hath the trade filled up the empty places, and left no vacuity or vast corner in the world unstored and filled up, even from the bottome to the top, with mymicke and fantasticke imperfections: with sinnes of all shapes, of all fashions, of all inventions; sinnes of all proportions and all measures; the great man's creations, the meaner's imitations, the court's ambition, the citie's surfaite, and the countrie's folly. The first being grounded upon envy, the second on pride, and the last on weaknesse; so that, according to the nature of man, the old world is full of old thoughts, and being the nearest to the end is farthest from all amendement, having in it nothing but a covetous hoarding or gathering together of those vices, whose sadde waight cannot choose but shake the body into cinders. This mortall tympanie how many worthy leeches have studiously sought to cure; but their medicines have either not beene received, or else so too early cast uppe in unnaturall vomits, that the vertue hath been lost for want of retention. How hath divinity threatened, morality condemned, satyres whipped, epigrammes mocked, and all in one jointly raised up an earthquake or thunder against the vices and abuses of the times: yet still the world (as drowned in a lethargie or dead sleep) nussels and snorts in security, feeding vice to such a monstrous bignesse, that men stand in awe and dare not forsake him, and women tye him to their wastes with above a dozen points of the strongest riban. But may not this feare be taken from men, and this folly untyed from the feminine gender? Yes, questionlesse and with great

great ease, if they will either take the antidote of reason against this poison of novelty, or bath themselves in the cleare and wholsome streames of moderation and discretion. It is nothing but the want of the discourse of reason which doth breed this madnesse in mankinde; for where it raigneth there can neither be want nor superfluitie; for it boundeth all things within a meane, and governeth with justice and judgement: it hath the true measure of goodnesse, and carryeth so even the ballance which weigheth every excellence, that no grain or drop can be insufficient, but our reason may amend, alter, or correct it. Thus if either moderne phylosophers, or our living poets, had instructed the world withall; surely all vice had long since forsaken us, much gall had beene saved in their inke, lesse pepper and more salt had kept vertue in season, without corruption. Since then the knowlege and use of reason is the onely salve to cure these reasonlesse infirmities, it is not amisse in this little dispensatorie to shew the true manner of this composition; that every man knowing the ingredients and their naturall operations, each man may be his own physition, and cure those maladies which make the world run mad with toys and fantasmes. It is to be understood then, that to make this excellent balme of reason, every man must take number, place, time, use, art, things naturall, above nature, and against nature, and mixing them with example, distill them into a pure conscience; and the worke is then finished. Now for the nature and operation of these simples, thus in these essayes it followeth."

The work has for a running title "Reason's Academie;" and at the end of the volume is a poem of eleven

eleven six-line stanzas, entitled "Reason's moane," of which the first two will form a sufficient specimen.

"When I peruse heaven's auncient written storie,
part left in bookes, and part in contemplation;
I finde creation tended to God's glory;
but when I looke upon the foul evasion,
Loe! then I cry, I howle, I weepe, I moane,
and seeke for truth, but truth, alas! is gone.

Whilom of old before the earth was founded,
or hearbs, or trees, or plants, or beasts had being;
Or that the mightie canopie of heaven surrounded
these lower creatures, ere that the eye had seeing,
Then reason was within the mind of Jove,
embracing only amitie and love."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. X. *Small Poems of Divers Sorts. Written by Sir Aston Cokain. London: Printed by Wil. Godbid, 1658. Sm. 8vo. pp, 508, besides preface, and a copy of commendatory verses by Tho. Bancroft.*

The reader will find in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1797, p. 554, a memoir of Sir Aston Cokayne, drawn principally from various notices in the volume, now registered, by the present Editor. One or two new title-pages, with some variations of words and date, were afterwards affixed by the booksellers to this publication,—as *A Chain of Golden Poems*—and *Choice Poems.** Sir Aston was born at the ancient family

* See Gent. Mag. 1797, p. 737. Mr. PARK thinks the poems never reached a second impression. But Oldys mentions among his MS. notes, "Poems

family seat, Ashbourne Hall, in Derbyshire, (now Sir Brook Boothby's) in 1608, and died at Derby 1683.

The volume contains two dramatic works; each of which has a separate title-page: thus, at p. 289, *The Obstinate Lady, a Comedy, written by Aston Cokain. London: Printed by William Godbid,* 1658. At p. 411, *Trappolin creduto Principe. Or Trappolin supposed a Prince. An Italian Trage-Comedy. The scene part of Italy. Written by Sir Aston Cokain. London, &c.* (as before.)

The greater part of these poems consist of a kind of doggrel rhyme; but as they contain many local and personal notices, they are at least curious to the inhabitants of Derbyshire, and its neighbourhood. But the masque* presented at Bretby Hall in Derbyshire, the seat of Lord Chesterfield, on Twelfth Night, 1639, shews talents for an higher kind of poetry.

The various pieces are called eclogues, love-elegies, funeral-elegies, songs, encomiastic verses, &c but principally epigrams, which consist of two books, and the beginning of a third.

EPIG. XXXIX. B. II.

To my Honoured Friend, Mr. Samuel Roper.

" Make Derbyshire by your most able pen
Allow you her obliging'st countreyman;
From dust and dark oblivion raise her glories,
And from old records publish all her stories.

" Poems with the Obstinate Lady, and Trappolin, supposed a Prince: by Sir Aston Cokayne, Bart. Whereunto is now added The Tragedy of Ovid, intended to be acted shortly. Printed for Phil. Stephens, &c. 8vo. 1662," with his portrait, and a poem to the author by Tho. Bancroft.

* This has been reprinted in The Topographer, Vol. IV. p. 38, as well as some of the epigrams, p. 112.

So

So you, with Mr. Dugdale, shall remain,
Your country's honour; other country's stain."

EPIG. LIV.

To my honoured Cousin, Sir Francis Burdet, Bart.

"The honest poet, Michael Drayton, I
Must ever honour for your amity:
He brought us first acquainted; which good turn
Made me to fix an elegie on 's urn:
Else I might well have spar'd my humble stuff;
His own sweet Muse renowning him enough.
In Warwickshire your house and mine stand near;
I therefore wish we both were settled there;
So we might often meet, and I thereby
Your excell'nt conversation oft enjoy.
What good should you get by it? Truly none:
The profit would accrue to me alone."

B. I. EPIG. LXIII.

*To the truly noble Sir Arthur Gorges.**

"Those worthy Romans that scorn'd humble things,
Created, and obliged after-kings,
Amidst their thoughts of highest honour, ne'er
Conceiv'd imaginations 'bove your sphere.
The Babylonian Euphrates may
For ever run, and Tybris never stay;
The plenteous Rhine continually speed on,
And Danubie, each to its ocean;
And not outgo your fair and high repute,
Which doth amuse the world, and strike me mute."

I guess my readers by this time have had enough; and that it becomes me to stop my pen.†

* I presume, the translator of Lucan.

† He published also "Dianea, an excellent new Romance, writ in Italian by Giovanni Francisco Loredano, a noble Venetian, in four books, translated into English by Sir Aston Cokaine, 8vo. 1643. 1654."

ART.

ART. XI. *Vox Borealis, or the Northern Discoverie: by way of Dialogue between Jamie and Willie. Amidst the Babylonians, printed, by Margery Mar-Prelat, in Thwackcoat-Lane, at the signe of the Crab-tree Cudgell; without any priviledge of the Cater-Caps, the yeare coming on,* 1641. *4to. fourteen leaves.*

"The Epistle. Most kind and courteous countreymen, being at Berwicke, it was my chance to meet with two of my countrey-men there, the one of them being lately come from London, and the other had been in the Camp; where, after salutations past among us, they desired me to write down their severall collections of passages, which I confesse are not such as they would have been, if mischances had not happened; for it seems the one was forced to burn his notes at London, and the others were spoyled with water at Berwick; and therefore they are but fragments, not whole relations, &c."

"The Printer to the Reader," an address of thirty lines, begins

"Martin Mar-Prelat was a bonny lad,
His brave adventures made the prelats mad;
Though he be dead, yet he hath left behind
A generation of the Martin kind.
Yea, there's a certain aged bonny lasse,
As well as he, that brings exploits to passe;
Tell not the bishops, and you know her name,
Margery Mar-Prelat, of renowned fame, &c."

Jamie, from London, having given a long account of foreign and domestic news, in which the bishops make

make considerable display, is interrupted by an exclamation of Willie against "those priests, let us heare somewhat els, for ther's no goodnesse in them."

"Then (quoth Jamie) I will tell you something of poets and players, and ye ken they are merry fellows.

"There was a poore man (and ye ken povertie is the badge of poetry) who, to get a little money, made a song of all the capps in the kingdome, and at every verse end concludes thus,

'Of all the Capps that ever I see,
Either great or small, Blew Cappe for me.'

But his mirth was quickly turned to mourning; for he was clapt up in the Clinke for his boldnesse to meddle with any such matters. One *Parker*, the prelat's poet, who made many base ballads against the Scots, sped but little better; for he, and his *antipodes* were like to have tasted of justice Long's liberalitie, and hardly he escaped the powdering tub, which the vulgar people calls a prison. But now he sweares he will never put pen to paper for the prelats againe, but betake himselfe to his pitcht kanne, and tobacco-pipe; and learne to sell his frothie pots againe, and give over poetrie.

"But ile tell thee, I met with a good fellow of that quality, that gave me a few fine verses, and when I have done I will sing them.

"In the meane time let me tell ye a lamentable tragedie, acted by the prelacie, against the poore players of the Fortune play-house, which made them sing

"Fortune my foe, why dost thou frown on me, &c.'

for they having gotten a new old play, called 'The Cardinall's Conspiracie,' whom they brought upon the stage

stage in as great state as they could, with altars, images, crosses, crucifixes, and the like, to set forth his pomp and pride. But wofull was the sight to see how, in the middest of all their mirth, the pursevants came and seazed upon the poore cardinall and all his consorts, and carried them away. And when they were questioned for it, in the High Commission Court, they pleaded ignorance, and told the archbishop, that they tooke those examples of their altars, images, and the like, from heathen authors. This did somewhat asswage his anger, that they did not bring him on the stage; but yet they were fined for it, and after a little imprisonment, gat their liberty. And having nothing left them but a few swords and bucklers, they fell to act 'The Valiant Scot,' * which they played five dayes with great applause, which vext the bishops worse than the other; insomuch, as they were forbidden playing it any more; and some of them prohibited ever playing againe."

"The few fine verses," above alluded to, serve to end this narrative. "So I will only sing my song, and conclude.

'Sir John got on a bonny browne beast
To Scotland for to ride a,
A brave buffe coat upon his back,
A short sword by his side a.
Alas, young man we Sucklings can
Pull down the Scottish pride a.
He danc'd and pranc'd, and pranckt about, †
'Till peopie him espide a.

* "The Valiant Scot, by J. W. Gent. London, printed by Thomas Harper for John Waterson, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Church-Yard, at the signe of the Crown." 1637. 4to.

† "He pranckt and danc'd, about he pranc'd," to make rhyme.

With

the skinne:' and well it might be, for there was neither care taken for huts, nor tents; but as soone as it was faire againe in the sun-shine, they went all in hunting the lousie lare, where they made good that riddle which put Homer to a stand, 'What they found, they left behind them; and what they could not find, they tooke with them.' But having done execution upon those grudge pikes, at their returnes they would bragge how many *covenanted* enemies they had killed since they went out."—

"It is thought this climate hath an extraordinary operation in altering of men's constitutions and conditions: for our *gallants* have both changed their voices and their words since they came from London; for there they used to speak as bigge as bulbeggers, that fight in barnes; and at every word sirra, rogue, rascall, and the like; but it is otherwayes now, for their words is as if they whispered, for feare the Scots should heare them; and their words are turned to honest Jacke, courage souldiers, and the like; so if we had stayed but a little while longer, we should have been all fellows at football.

"That a great many old souldiers lived by their shifts, some counterfeited fortune-tellers, some jugglers, and some morice-dancers; and indeed they sped best of all, for whilst the wives without conveighs (which ay lurking about the house) would either get a duck or a henne, or others perhaps a lamb or a pigge, and home they came to the camp often times with half a dozen of women at their heels crying 'Stoppe theef, stoppe;' but never an honest man was in the way, and it is not the fashion for one thiefe to stay another: but when they came to their huts, then there was all the

the sport to see them quarrell for dividing of it, untill the marshall or provost came, who to stint the strive, kept it to himselfe, so often times he that fet it never eat it."

A skirmish or two is described and the will of a dying soldier given; "but there was none to doe it but a poet, and he made it in verse," consisting of twenty-eight lines, in which he bequeaths his body in various portions, as

> "My legges I leave to lame men, to assist them;
> If Scots come on, here's many that will misse them."

The dissolving the army is described; "whereupon order was given in the king's camp, that every man should have a monethes pay, to carrie him home to his countrie; but the captaines and commanders did so shuffle and shirke the poore souldiers, that some of them had nothing, and the most had but foure or five shillings a piece to travell 300 miles; yet to give the devill his due, they did them a court courtesie in giving them a passe home to their countrey, with a licence to beg by the way, and a tiquet to all maiors, justices, constables, and the like, not to trouble the stocks, nor whipping posts with any such souldiers as came from the king's camp."

The loquacious orator next relates—"As soon as the armies were dissolved and the king possessed of the castles of Edenburgh, Dumbarten, &c. new cavells were raysed against the covenanters, and it was reported, that under the colour of a parle with the lords at Berwick, they should all have been detayned and sent prisoners to London; but, as good was, they went not, but excused themselves to the king, because

the appointed assemblies was then to begin, which hath since quite abolished bishops.

"The king seemed displeased, and thereupon placed generall Ruthwen governour of the castle of Edenburgh; and now he having got that by a tricke, which they never could have gotten by strength, keeps a couple of false knaves, to laugh at the lords (a foole and a fidler) and when he and they are almost drunke, then they go to singing of Scotch jigges, in a jearing manner, at the covenanters for surrendring up their castles.

"The fidler he flings out his heels, and dances and sings,

"Put up thy dagger Jamie,
And all things shall be mended,
Bishops shall fall; no not at all
When the Parliament is ended."

"Then the foole he flirts out his folly, and whilst the fidler playes he sings,

"Which never was intended,
But onely for to flam thee:
We have gotten the game,
We'll keep the same,
Put up thy dagger, Jamie."

The work concludes with the following lines as a postscript.

"Through fire and water we have past,
To bring you northern news;
And since as Scouts we travelled last,
We now that name refuse.

But

But if henceforth new broyles appeare,
And warre begin to rise,
Castiliane like, wee'll cloth oure selves,
And live like Spanish spyes."

From a part of the above extracts this satirical attack upon the times does not appear to have been hitherto known, if we except the ballad upon Sir John Suckling. Of such ephemerical publications it is difficult to explain the several allusions to names and occurrences, after a lapse of above a century and an half.

The ballad of "Blew Cap" appears to have been a political one, and now lost; at least, I have not been able to trace it in the repositories of that period, or the modern collections. * Cater-caps are mentioned in the title; and the author of the tract, speaking of continental circumstances, observes—"They say at London that the cause of this combustion proceedeth from a quarrell for superiority between black-capps

* In "The Mysteries of Love and Eloquence," 1685, is "The Song of the Caps," but of thirteen verses there is little to incur the anger of the prelates. The following lines are the most personal.

"The satin and the velvet hive,
Unto a bishoprick doth drive:
Nay when a fill of caps y'are seen in,
The square cap this, and then a linen,
This treble may [then] raise some hope,
If fortune smile, to be a pope.
Thus any cap what e're it be,
Is still the sign of some degree."

Evans's Old Ballads, Vol. IV. p. 264, has "Blew cap for me:" but it turns on the preference of a Scotch lass to her countryman If it was a Scotch song, it is not mentioned by Ritson in "A list of desiderata in Scotish Song," published in the Scot's Magazine, 1802, nor is it in his own collection of two vols. 1794.

and blew-capps; the one affirming that cater-capps keeps square dealing, and the other tells them that cater-caps are like cater-pillars, which devoure all where they may be suffered; and the round cappe tells the other, that their cappe is never out of order, turn it which way you will; and they stand stiffly to it, that blew-capps are true capps, and better than black ones."

Of Parker and his antipodes I have not been able to trace any thing explanatory.

The "Vox Borealis" could not be printed till after August 1641, that being the time when the army was disbanded; but the incident of the players of the Fortune being committed, appears rather to have happened to the company at the Cockpit in May of the year preceding; which is precisely stated in Sir Henry Herbert's MS. (See Reed's Shaksp. Vol. III. p. 292.) The play of the Cardinal's Conspiracy is a title unknown. From the description of a new old play, perhaps it was an alteration of either the first or second part of Cardinal Wolsey by Chettle, there not being any scene in Henry the Eighth for the introduction of altars, images, &c. * Sir Henry Herbert does not mention the title; he says "The play I cald for, and, forbiddinge the playing of it, keepe the booke; because it had relation to the passages of the king's journey into the northe, and was complaynd of by his majestye to mee, withe commande to punishe the offenders;" which seems conclusive, that the same circumstance is alluded to in both places, and the account of the allowance of plays continues to the commencement of the

* "The Cardinal," by Shirley, was not licensed till Nov. 25, 1641.

war

war in August 1642, without any similar incident happening.

The ballad upon Sir John Suckling appears to be printed very incorrectly in many instances, and the first twenty-four lines seem originally designed for quatrains. There must have been some other reason than "the coarseness of the thread" for not concluding the second ballad, as the same circumstance is recorded in the first; but the whole of the second may be found as "Sir John Suckling's Campaigne,"* in Percy's Reliques (Vol. II. p. 326. Edit. 1794,) where it is said "this humorous pasquil has been generally supposed to have been written by Sir John, as a banter upon himself. Some of his cotemporaries, however, attributed it to Sir John Mennis, a wit of those times, among whose poems it was printed" in 1656. The similarity of the two copies make them appear nearer than parodies, and the coincidence of

* I shall give the first and last stanzas of this ballad from a collection of songs, as they differ from the copy here referred to.

"Then as it fell out on a holiday,
'Twas on a holiday tide-a
Sir John he got on his ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride a;
With an hundred or more of his own, he swore,
To guard him on ev'ry side-a.

\- - - - -

To ease him of fear, he plac'd him in the rear,
At miles back half a score a; *
Sir John he did play at trip and away,
And ne'er saw the enemy more-a."

* This line is preferable to the one in Dr. Percy's copy, as it prevents the recurrence of the same rhime. There it stands;

"Some ten miles back, and more-a."

ideas and words is too general to be the offspring of accident. Had there not been the part given as *second* above, the other would only have appeared an altered copy of the one in Percy's Reliques; as it is, the priority of the two is not distinguishable; that in Sir John Mennis's poems is more correctly given, but the slovenly appearance of the other might be the inattention of the pamphlet-writer or his printer.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XII. *Essayes by Sir William Cornwallyes the Younger, Knight. Newlie corrected. London: Printed by Thomas Harper, for J. M. and are to be sold by Ambrose Ritherdon in Paule's Churchyard at the signe of the Bull Head,* 1632. * *Sm.* 8*vo.* This is on an engraved title-page, by T. Cecil, with the figures of two men in their gowns and large hats, sitting opposite each other at a table under arches, one writing, the other reading.

At Sign. L 2, (for it is not paged) is a second title-page before the Second book of Essays, with the date, 1631; and at Sign. Ii 4, a third title-page before *Discourses upon Seneca the Tragedian.*

Sir William Cornwallis the younger, (so called to distinguish him from his uncle Sir William Cornwallis, ancestor to Marquis Cornwallis) was son of Sir Charles Cornwallis, distinguished for his diplomatic abilities, which he displayed in his embassy to Spain† during the time of K James I. and afterwards in 1610 Treasurer to Henry Prince of Wales, of whose Life and

* These Essays were first printed in 1601-2, without the engraved title-page, which Granger supposes to represent the Essayist and his father.

† See Memoirs of Peers of James I. p. 196.

Death

Death he wrote an account, printed several years afterwards at London, 1641, 4vo. Sir William's mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Farnham, Esq. of Fincham, in Norfolk.

These Essays are dedicated "to the Right Vertuous and most Honorable Ladies, the Lady Sara Hastings, the Lady Theodosia Dudley, the Lady Mary Wingfield, and the Lady Mary Dyer;" three of them sisters by nature, the fourth by love.

Of these essays the first book consists of 25, and the second of 52. Of these I give a specimen from one of the shortest.

ESSAY II. B. I. *Of Discourse.*

"It is a pitiful thing at great assemblies, to see how the rich and gay will ingross their talk, and how basely they use that commodity; not a word able to profit a hackneyman. They send away Time worse apparelled than their horse-keepers; poor and naked of what is precious, but loaden with straw and dirt, good only for thatchers and daubers. At this time I suffer much, specially if I would choose rather to fill my ears than my belly. I wish for fidlers to confound them, or any noise saving theirs. I would at this time lose my memory; for she is covetous, and takes all; and with this she will pollute all, make all taste of barbarism.

"In this time my eye wandering to find a handsome cause of interruption, meets with a fellow in black: back again they come with their intelligence, and tell me they have found a scholar. I go to this vessel, and thirsting after some good liquor, hastily pierce it, when there issueth medicines, or law-terms. Alas! it is either a surgeon, or an attorney; my expectation hath broken

broken her neck. Well; these are places to grow fat in, not wise. Let us travel some whither else—to the University. Their discourse is good, but too finical; you undo them if you suffer them not to go methodically to work. *Nego majorem, aut minorem; probo; ipse dixit, &c.* I like not this; unless his adversary be a fencer too, there is no understanding one another. It is a general fault amongst the best professions; for mercenary and mechanic, it skills not: it becomes them well to discover themselves by their speech; but a gentleman should talk like a gentleman; which is like a wise man: his knowledge ought to be general; it becomes him not to talk of one thing too much, or to be weighed down with any particular profession. Herein I admire Plato his description of Socrates, who, although a soldier and a scholar, yet he discoursed still like wisdom, which commands over all. One knowlege is but one part of the house, a baywindow, or a gable-end: who builds his house so maimed? much less himself: no, be complete! If thy guests be weary of thy parlour, carry them into thy gallery: be thus; but yet, if thou meetest with a fellow, that would fain shew thee he is a mathematician, or a navigator, be content to talk with him of circles, and quadrangles; of the poles, and navigating stars.

"There is another creature that weighs every word; and will be sure to turn the verb behind; affects elegancy, and to be thought learned. This fellow is formal; he robs himself of his commendations with this premeditated course; men look for much where they discern such a preparation: besides, methinks he dresses Truth and Wisdom too gaudily. It is the

country

country fashion to sugar over what is naturally sweet; he profits not his auditory.

"I knew a country church furnished with a clock, whose hammer was stricken by an image like a man: upon the wheels stood a cat, which, when the image struck, made such haste away, as the parishioners, when they should have wept for their sins and were moved thereunto by the preacher, laughed at the cat's nimbleness. So it is with this man's hearers: they catch at some pretty sounding words, and let the matter slip without any attention. Let ape-keepers and players catch the ears of their auditors and spectators with fair bombast words and set speeches. It shall be my course, when I must discourse, (but I had rather hear) not to lose myself in my tale; to speak words, that may be understood, and to my power to mean wisely rather than to speak eloquently."

Montaigne set the example of this sort of Essays, by his publication under that name in 1580; these were much read, and, of course, brought forward many imitators: but none of them have acquired, much less retained, the celebrity of their master. Montaigne died in 1592. His Essays were written, as he tells us, to give a picture of himself, and to represent his own humours and inclinations, excellencies and infirmities, to the public.

ART. XIII. *Elizabeth Lady Cary, the Dramatic Writer.*

I have too hastily given my opinion in Vol. I. p. 153, that Elizabeth, Lady Carey, the dramatic writer, was the

the wife of Sir George Carey,* Lord Hunsdon; I am now convinced that she was the same person, to whom John Davies of Hereford dedicated his *Muse's Sacrifice* in 1612; and whom that poet calls the "wife of Sir Henry Cary," (probably the first Lord Falkland, whose lady was Elizabeth daughter of Chief Baron Tanfield.) The following words, which Davies makes use of, seem to decide the matter:

"Cary, of whom Minerva stands in fear,
Lest she from her should get Art's regency,
Of Art so moves the great all-moving sphere,
That every orb of Science moves thereby.

Thou mak'st Melpomen proud, and my heart great
Of such a pupil, who, in *buskin*† fine,
With *feet of state*† dost make thy Muse to meet
The scenes of Syracuse and Palestine.

Art, language; yea, abstruse and holy tongues
Thy wit and grace acquir'd thy fame to raise;
And still to fill thine own and other's songs;
Thine with thy parts, and others with thy praise.

Such nervy limbs of art, and strains of wit,
Times past ne'er knew the weaker sex to have;
And times to come will hardly credit it,
If thus thou give thy works both birth and grave."

* To this lady, who was daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, and sister to Alice Countess of Derby, is dedicated "The Terrors of the Night, or a Discourse of Apparitions, by Thomas Nash," 1594, 4to. a book which is in the Bridgewater library, and of which no other copy is known to exist. *See Todd's Spenser*, I. lxxiv.

† This evidently alludes to her tragedy of "Mariam, the Fair Queen of Jewry," written in alternate verse. See Vol. I. p. 153.

ART.

Art. XIV. *John Davies of Hereford.*

I copy the close of this poet's long Funeral Elegy on Mrs. Elizabeth Dutton, daughter of Sir Thomas Egerton, because it touches on some circumstances of the author's life, and is another instance of what, alas! no new instances are wanting, the poverty and difficulties to which poets are generally condemned.

"For, never had I greater cause of grief;
Sith, while she liv'd, I joy'd in painful life:
But now am left all solitary-sad,
To wail her death, whose life made sorrow glad!
O had it pleas'd the Heavens by their decree
T' have made my pupil learn'd t' have died of me,
And mine example, I had been at rest,
And she live blessed long to die as blest.
I, like a wither'd pine, no fruit produce;
Of whom there is no care, no hope, no use.
I burden but the earth, and keep a place
Of one perhaps that should have greater grace:
Opprest with cares that quite crush out the sap
That feeds my life; now thrown off Nature's lap,
I solely sit, and tell the saddest hours,
That ever yet impeached rival powers;
Obscur'd by fate, yet made a mark by fame,
Whereat fools often shoot their bolts in game.
Yet live as buried, (that I learn'd of thee,
Dear pupil!) while the world goes over me:
Praying for patience still to underlie
The heavy weight of this world's misery.
Oft have I been embosomed by lords;
But all the warmth I found there was but words.
And though I scarce did move, yet scarce they would
There let me lie, though there I lay a-cold;

But

But, as I had some biting vermine been,
Out must I, mov'd I but for warmth therein:
Or else so lie, as I were better out;
Sith there I lay as dead, yet liv'd in doubt:
In doubt, I should have nothing but a place
In th' outward room but of their idle grace.
In doubt, black mouths should blot me in their books,
That make few scholars; and in doubt my hooks
Would hold no longer to hang on (O grief!)
This hanging's worse than hanging of a thief!
An halter soon abridgeth bale and breath;
But hanging on men's sleeves is double death.
To hang in hope of that which doubt doth stay,
Is worse than hanging till the later-day.
Doubt stays that meed that merit hopes for, oft
Lest need should but make merit look aloft;
Or, quite leave working, sith it hath no need;
Therefore the great do still withhold this meed:
For, to themselves they say, if we should fill
The well-deserving empty (working still)
They would but rest: then, well wee'l them intreat,
Yet keep them hungry still to worke for meat.
Fate, but to state this privilege affords;
And but the mean, without means, worke for words.
Yet work they must, sith air the great do give:
For if they have their hate they cannot live.
Their love doth little boot; but O their breath
Blows down, in hate, a poor relict to death.
These miseries I ran through, and did try
These dear conclusions but in misery;
Hoping for that, which but my hopes deceiv'd,
And me of hope and life almost bereav'd;
Till I, to stand, from these was fain to fall
To serve two lords, that serve me now withall:
The one immortal, th' other mortal is;
Who serve my turn for what my life doth miss;

Which,

Which, for its still amiss, still misseth that,
Which makes men gracious, and, so, fortunate.
But He, who knows all, knows perhaps its best
For me to live with little in unrest:
For, never since I first could move, had I
A better life than those, that, living, die.
I never yet possess'd one day of joy
That was not lin'd or hemm'd with some annoy.
The kingly preacher in his weal found woe,
But I in thwarts; for those alone I know.
These made me old in youth: for Sol had run
Scarce thirty years before my days were done;
And to his course ere five more added were,
Black days, like nights, in grey had dyed my hair.
Yet never cross on me so sad did sit
As this dear loss; whereof this benefit
To me accrues, that now each pressing woe
Stands far without this; and this keeps them so.
I say, I greatly grieve; yet seem to feign;
For great griefs never greatly could complain:
That is, when sorrow's flood the banks doth fill,
It noiseless runs, and smoothly glideth still;
But if the current once the brim gets o'er,
'Twill roughly run; or, stopt, 'twill rage and roar.
But, O, that tyrant Time will silence me,
Before my griefs are utter'd as they be!
Farewell then, my grief's cause, who wast th' effect
Of all the joy my life did well elect!
Farewell, in *Him*, on whom who fares is well;
And while I live, I'll be the leading-bell,
That shall thy loudest peals of praises ring,
Which in the clouds shall ne'er leave echoing!
Or be the trumpet of thy fame, to fill
Th' etherial lofts with strains more lofty still!
That when Time's wings his funeral flame consumes,
Thy fame shall soar with fair unsinged plumes!"

ART.

ART. XV. *Rump: or an exact Collection of the choycest Poems and Songs relating to the late Times. By the most eminent Wits, from Anno* 1639, *to Anno* 1661. *London.* 12*mo.* 2CO *pages. Printed for Henry Brome at the Gun in Ivy-Lane, and Henry Marsh, at the Prince's Armes in Chancery Lane,* 1662. *With an engraved title and frontispiece.*

"To the Reader.

"Thou hast here a bundle of rodds; not like those of the Roman Consulls, for these are signes of a No-Government. If thou read these ballads (and not sing them) the poor ballads are undone. They came not hither all from one author (thou wilt soon perceive the same hand held not the pen), yet none but shew either wit or affection (and that's better) or both, which is best of all. The truth is, this Rump, and indeed the whole carcase, was so odious and bloody a monster, that every man has a stone or rotten egge to cast at it. Now if you ask who named it Rump? Know 'twas so stiled in an honest sheet of paper (called The Bloody Rump) written before the Tryal of our late Soveraign of glorious memory: but the word obtained not universal notice till it flew from the mouth of Major Genral Brown at a public assembly in the daies of Richard Cromwell. You have many songs here, which were never before in print: we need not tell you whose they are; but we have not subjoynned any authors names; heretofore it was unsafe, and now the gentlemen conceive it not so proper. 'Tis hoped they did his Majesty some service; 'twas for that end they

were

were scribbled. Now (thanks be to God,) we have lived to that day, that there is no cavalier, because there is nothing else, and 'tis wondrous happy to see how many are his Majestie's faithfull subjects, who were ready to hang the authors of these ballads. But he that does not blot out all that's past, and frankly embrace their new allegiance, or remembers ought but what shall preserve universal peace and charity, let him be anathema: for he were a strange man that should now be unsatisfied, when those that writ against the King do now write for him, and those who wrote for him need now write no more. Let heaven now continue these blessings on his Majesty, that no one enemy live unreconciled, nor any false friend be undiscovered, that so there be no strife, but who shall shew most duty to so excellent a King. Farewell."

"The Stationer to the Reader.

"GENTLEMEN,

"You are invited here to a feast, and if variety cloy you not, we are satisfied. It has been our care to please you; and it is our hope you will retribute an acknowledgement. These are select things, a work of time, which for your sake we publish, assuring you that your welcome will crown the entertainment.

Farewell. H. B. H. M."

The volume is divided into two parts; the first begins with The Zealous Puritan, 1639; and then follow *Pym's Juncto*, 1640.

"*Upon Mr. Pym's Picture.*

"Reader, behold the counterfeit of him
Who now controuls the land; Almighty Pym!
A man whom even the devil to fear begins,
And dares not trust him with successless sins; &c."

"*The Parliament's Pedigree.*

"No pedigrees nor projects
Of after times I tell,
Nor what strange things the Parliament
In former times befell,
Nor how an Emperour got a King
Nor how a King a Prince;
But you shall hear what progenies
Have been begotten since.

The devil he a monster got
Which was both strong and stout,
This many-headed monster
Did strait beget a rout;
This rout begat a parliament,
As Charles he well remembers,
The Parliament got monsters too,
The which begot five members.

The members five did then beget
Most of the house of peers,
The peers misunderstandings got,
All jealousies and fears;
The jealousies got horse and men,
Lest wars should have abounded,
And I dare say this horse got Pym,
And he begot a round-head, &c."

"*Upon Ambition. Occasioned by the accusation of the Earl of Strafford, in the Year* 1640.

"How uncertain is the state
Of that greatnesse we adore,
When ambitiously we sore,
And have ta'en the glorious height:
'Tis but ruine gilded o're
To enslave us to our fate,

Whose false delight is easier got, than kept,—
Content ne'er on its gaudy pillow slept.

Then how fondly do we try,
With such superstitious care,
To build fabricks in the ayr?
Or seek safety in that sky
Where no stars but meteors are,
That portend a ruine nigh?
And having reach'd the object of our aymc,
We find it but a pyramid of flame."

"*The Round-head's Race.*

"I will not say for the world's store
The world's now drunk; (for did I)
The faction which now reigns would roare;
But I will swear 'tis giddy:

And all are prone to this same fit,
That it their object make,
For every thing runs round in it,
And no form else will take.

To the round nose Pecalier is
The ruby and the rose;
The round lip gets away the kisse
And that by favour goes, &c."

The Sence of the House, or the reason why those members who are the remnant of the two families of Parliament, cannot consent to peace, or an accommodation.

To the tune of the New England Balm, Huggle Duggle, Ho! Ho! Ho! the Devil he laught aloud.

"Come, come, beloved Londoners, fy, fy, you shame us all,
Your rising up for peace, will make the close Committee fall;

I wonder you dare ask for that which they must needs deny,
There's thirty swear they'll have no peace, and bid me tell you why."

"*An Elegie on the death of Sir Bevile Granvile.*

"To build upon the merit of thy death,
And raise thy fame from thy expiring breath,
Were to steal glories from thy life, and tell
The world, that Granvile only did die well!
But all thy dayes were fair, the same sun rose,
The lustre of thy dawning, and thy close:
Thus to her urn th' Arabian wonder flyes.
She lives in perfumes, and in perfumes dyes," &c.

I shall conclude my notice of this collection with the two first stanzas of the following excellent song, styled

"*Loyalty confined.*

"Beat on proud billowes, Boreas blow,
Swell curled waves, high as Jove's roof,
Your incivility doth shew,
That innocence is tempest proof,
Though surely Nereas frown, my thoughts are calm,
Then strike affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a goale,
A private closet is to me,
Whilst a good conscience is my baile,
And innocence my liberty:
Locks, barres, and solitude together met,
Make me no prisoner but an anchorit," &c.*

I. S. C.

* This has been attributed to Lord Capel, but Mr. PARK, in the Royal and Noble Authors, has traced it to Sir Roger Le Strange. *Editor.*

ART.

ART. XVI. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral and sentimental Essays.*

N°. XVII.

TO THE RUMINATOR.

SIR,

WHEN the concurrent opinion of all ages, ancient as well as modern, concerning the merits of Homer, are considered, I trust I shall not be deemed to have merely had recourse to a schoolboy's common-place-book, in venturing to express my admiration of him. If he was in the opinion of Horace *(judice te non sordidus auctor naturæ verique)* as great in morals and philosophy, as he is universally allowed to be in poetry; if as an historian, a geographer, a soldier, and even a physician, * no succeeding writer in the most improved and polished age, has equalled his fame; and what the Roman poet said of his Jupiter may justly be applied to him, *nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum*; surely any dissertation which may tend to make him better understood, can hardly be thought foreign from the purpose of a literary work. Perhaps, therefore, you will not consider that portion of your CENSURA, which is appropriated to *rumination*, disgraced by the admission of an attempt to elucidate the meaning of a passage of the ancient bard, which still remains doubtful and obscure, though it has been explained in several different ways.

In the third volume of Harmer's "Observations on

* In the original and proper sense of the word, ἰατρος included every branch of the art of healing.

Scripture," the ingenious and learned author gives some few specimens of his manner of applying to the classics, as well as to sacred history, illustrations taken from travels into the countries where the scene of action lay. In one of these he endeavours to explain the meaning of a part of Hector's soliloquy in the twenty-second Iliad, line 126, &c.

Hector has been deliberating whether he should meet Achilles unarmed, and offer him terms of peace; but suddenly recollecting the ferocity of his temper, and his implacable hatred, he exclaims, "but why do I employ my mind upon such thoughts, for he would kill me even though unarmed."

Ου μεν πως νυν εστιν απο δρυος ουδ' απο πετρης
Τω ομιλειτον αλε παρθενος ηϊθεοϊε,
Παρθενος ηϊθεος τ' ομιλειτον αλληλοισιν.

In these lines is the difficulty; their literal translation is this. "For it is not possible now to converse with this man from an oak or from a rock, as a maiden and youth, as a maiden and youth converse with each other."

Now it is certainly not very easy to comprehend what is meant by conversing from an oak or a rock, since young men and maidens are not wont to "breathe out the tender tale" from oaks or rocks: nor does it seem to apply well to mere friendly intercourse. The Latin version is the same, and exactly literal, both in Didymus's, and in Clarke's Homer, and therefore throws no light on the subject. The old Greek scholiast in that edition which bears the name of Didymus, has a long note upon it to this effect: "There is no using such language towards Achilles, says Hector, as young men and women use in their conversation. The ancients when they found children

dren who had been exposed near oaks or rocks, thought they were produced from them, and this gave rise to that opinion. For the ancients lived chiefly in the fields, and rarely possessed houses, so that the women who brought forth their children in the mountains, lodged them in the hollows of the oaks or rocks. In them they were sometimes found, and then supposed to have been produced from them. This is the account given by Didymus."

Clarke has copied this note without making any addition to it; and Eustathius, as quoted by Pope, explains the passage in the same manner, and supposes it to have been a common proverbial expression for an idle old tale, and to have been used by Hector in this manner, "Achilles will not listen to such tales as may pass with youths and maidens."

Pope himself renders the passage with his usual diffuseness; *aut viam invenit aut facit*; where the sense is not obvious, he uses no ceremony towards poor Homer, but gives a paraphrase of what appears to him to be the general meaning. In his version he glides smoothly over the difficulty, takes no notice of the repetition of παρθενος ηιθεος .τ', translates the preposition ἀπο *at*, (a sense of which I believe it is incapable) and with the utmost sang froid, by one stroke of his magic pen levels the rock into a *plain*. *

* "What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
But womanlike to fall, and fall without a blow?
We greet not here, as man conversing man,
Met *at an oak*, or journeying *o'er a plain*;
No season now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an ev'ning walk.†" POPE'S HOMER.

† It is indeed impossible for our more contemptible verses to have proceeded from a bellman. *Editor.*

Harmer, with his accustomed copiousness of quotation, * has brought together a variety of passages from different authors, to shew, what would be sufficiently proved by common sense only, that it is usual in hot countries to sit in the shade; and that Homer therefore meant to allude to the meeting of persons *on account* of some rock or tree whose shade invites them to repose under it.

Harmer's interpretation depends upon the propriety of translating ἀπὸ under, or *on account of*. Of the former meaning I doubt if there be any example; of the latter there are many, some of which, in the New Testament, he has pointed out. Yet still the obscurity of the passage seems to me to remain the same. A young man and maiden may very naturally converse *under* an oak, but I am utterly at a loss to comprehend how they can converse *upon account* of it, or indeed how such a simile could apply to the meeting of Hector and Achilles.

But in reality it appears to me that Hector's meaning is totally different from any of these suppositions, and that the *oak* and the *rock* are mentioned only as conveying an idea of *security*. He considers his antagonist as so entirely under the government of passion, † that he would be capable of killing him though a suppliant,‡

* No disrespect is here meant to Mr. Harmer, to whose diligent researches the Christian world is much obliged, and many of whose explanations of the Scriptures, drawn from eastern manners and customs, are not only probable, but carry the most complete conviction with them.

† Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis acer,
Jura neget sibi natu, nihil non arroget armis.
Hor. de Art. Poet. f. 121, &c.

‡ Οὐ δὲ τί μ' αἰδεῖται κλαυτὸν δὲ με γοῦνον ἐείσω.

For the ancients esteemed the character of a suppliant as sacred. See the conduct of the same Achilles to Priam, in the twenty-fourth book.

and

and unarmed. Achilles is to him as a wild beast, from whom he could not be safe unless he could converse with him from the top of an *oak*, or the summit of a *rock*. "I will not take off my armour then," says he, "for he would kill me though unarmed, for there is no possibility of conversing with him from an oak or a rock (that is, in perfect safety) as a young man and maiden converse with each other," (that is, amicably and without fear.)

If this conjecture be well founded, the difficulty vanishes at once; ἀπο is translated according to its usual meaning, *from*; the sense is clear, and there is no need of having recourse to the far-fetched explanation of Eustathius, which even darkens obscurity itself. The *oak* and *rock* are ideas almost unconnected with the *youth* and *maiden*, and should be separated by a comma at least, if not by a parenthesis. Still, however, the grammatical construction must be deemed harsh and the transition too sudden; and this explanation is offered rather as an endeavour to clear up this obscure passage, than as proceeding from a complete conviction, that it has succeeded in giving the true sense of the author.*

†*†.

Additional

* There is no note upon this passage by Stephens; but in the Greek MS. notes, by Aloysius, to the Florentine Homer in 1518, appended to Didymus's edition, is the following supposition. "That the heart of Achilles seemed so hard that he must have been produced from an oak or a rock." According to this the passage may be thus rendered: "There is no possibility of conversing with him, who must have sprung from an oak or a rock, as a young man and maiden converse with each other." This is certainly a happy and ingenious conjecture; and it is much strengthened by part of the upbraiding

Additional Observations by the Editor.

The Editor has inserted with much pleasure the ingenious criticism, contained in his learned correspondent's communication. But he knows the accomplished writer's liberal mind too well, to fear that he shall displease him by frankly owning, that on the present occasion he differs very strongly from him. There appears to the Editor no difficulty in the simple and obvious construction of the passage. He conceives that it is perfectly in the spirit and letter of the Greek and Latin poetry to describe youths and maids as "breathing out the tender tale *from* oaks and rocks." He thinks, therefore, that Homer means, to make Hector say, "It is not possible now to converse with the same gentleness and carelessness, as a maiden and youth do, whose soft love-tales issue from an oak, and a rock." Cowper seems to have understood it in the same way:

> "It is no time from oak or hollow rock
> With him to parley, as a nymph and swain,
> A nymph and swain soft parley mutual hold,
> But rather to engage in combat fierce
> Incontinent."———

That this is one of the most usual senses of απο may

upbraiding speech of Patroclus to Achilles, B. xvi. l. 34 and 35, to which possibly the poet meant to allude.

> Ουδε σε τις μητηρ γλαυκη δε σε γειθε θαλασσα,
> Πετραι τ' ηλιβατοι ὁτι τοι νοος ἐστιν ατειρης.

And so Virgil, Lib. iv. l. 365, &c.

> ——————— Duri genuit te cautibus horrens
> Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera tigres.

be exemplified by innumerable passages. Thus Theocritus, in his first Idyllium, V. 7, 8.

Αδιον, ω ποιμαν, το τεον μελος, η το' καταχες
Την' απο τας πετρας καταλειζεται υψοθεν υδωρ.

Again, in the twenty-sixth Idyllium, V. 10.

Πενθευς δ' αλιζατω πετρας απο παντ' ειθεωρει.

And thus M. Green, in his GROTTO,

"While insects *from* the threshold preach."

With regard to rocks being the scenes of love-tales, the following from the same poet, Idyllium II. v. 17, 18, is decisive.

καθεζομενος δ' επι πετρας
Τψηλας, ες ποντον ορων, αειδε τοιαυτα.

And in Virgil *the rock* occurs among images the most delightful and soothing in rural scenery.

"Hinc tibi, quæ semper vicino ab limite sepes,
Hyblæis apibus florem depasta salicti,
Sæpe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro.
Hinc alta sub rupe canet frondator ad auras;
Nec tamen interea raucæ, tua cura, palumbes,
Nec gemere aeria cessabit turtur ab ulmo."

ECLOG. I. v. 54, 59.

N°. XVIII.

On the ancient English Families.

I conceive I shall give some variety to my pages, by inserting here a paper, which was lain by me for some years, and which was originally intended to be carried to a much greater length.

The

The minds of men seem to be recovering from the confusion and poison with which the shallow and vulgar doctrines of equality preached by Tom Paine and his half-witted but base followers, had overset them. It is found that from the unalterable nature of things, distinctions will exist. To modify them, therefore, in a manner most agreeable to the passions and experience of mankind, is a point of the highest wisdom, because it is essentially conducive to the peace and happiness of society.

In the beautifully-mixed constitution of this country, where the principle of privileged ranks forms an essential part, yet under such limitations, as in general to correct all the abuses to which it may be liable, the study of its practical operations in the history of the rise, prosperity, and decay of the aristocratical branches of our government, is often entertaining, and surely not altogether unimportant. Nor will cursory remarks drawn from a wide, as well as close and continued reflection upon the subject, be considered, perhaps, as totally devoid of interest.

Such remarks will probably remind us of some cautions, which ought never to be forgotten by those who have the distribution of honours. The neglect of them is said to have fomented the rising flames of revolution in France; and Sir Edward Walker testifies, that it added not a little to the cause of similar horrors in this country in the unfortunate reign of Charles I.

While the kingdom continues to grow every day more and more commercial, and sudden wealth falls to the lot of the lowest and most uneducated individuals, it becomes doubly necessary to guard the avenues of distinction, and counteract that powerful influence which

which gold will always too much command. If all respect be engrossed by riches, who will long pursue the toilsome and ungainful labours of the mind, or the dangerous and empty laurels of the field?

Records and other authentic documents tell us, that there are many families who for centuries have preserved their names in affluence and honour unsullied by any mean occupation. Have they not been preserved by the wise reverence that the custom of the country has hitherto paid to such advantages of birth? And shall we now laugh at this distinction as a prejudice in favour of a shadow?

But it seems a strange contradiction in the existing age, that while these distinctions are most scoffed at, a spirit of curiosity and inquiry regarding them peculiarly characterizes the present day. County-histories are publishing in every quarter of the kingdom. And even the gorgeous nabob, who bought his mansion but yesterday, accompanies its history with a pompous pedigree. While others, arguing from such abuses, treat every pretension to illustrious birth, as fabulous.

But they, who have examined the subject with a critical and penetrating eye, that can pierce the fabulous dresses, in which vanity or adulation have clothed too many families, must yet have discovered in every part of the kingdom, no small number, who can boast both antiquity and splendour of descent demonstrable by the clearest proofs.

Perhaps our nobility, by their elevated situation, have been more exposed to ruin, than those in a more private and retired situation.

> " Sæpius ventis agitatur ingens
> Pinus; et celsæ graviore casu
> Decidunt

Decidunt turres; feriuntque summos
Fulmina montes.*

Dugdale, in the preface to his Baronage published in 1675, says, that "of the two hundred and seventy-five families" [who had their first advancements to the peerage before the end of Henry the Third's reign] "touching which the first volume doth take notice; there will hardly be found above eight, which do to this day continue; and of those not any whose estates (compared with what their ancestors enjoyed) are not a little diminished. Nor of that number (I mean 270) above twenty-four, who are by any younger male branch descended from them, for ought I can discover."

Dugdale has not named the families to which he alluded, but the following are probably the eight, whom he considered to be remaining in the *chief-line* in his time.

I. Percy Earl of Northumberland, since extinct.
II. Vere Earl of Oxford, since extinct.
III. Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury.
IV. Grey Earl of Kent, since extinct.
V. Clinton Earl of Lincoln.
VI. Berkeley Lord Berkeley.
VII. Nevile Lord Abergavenny.
VIII Hastings Earl of Huntingdon, since extinct.

Of whom it appears that one half have already expired. The twenty-four younger branches then existing I presume to be the following.

I. Ferrers of Tamworth, and of Baddesley, Co. Warw. since extinct.

* Hor. Od. B. ii. Od. 10.

II. Courtnay

II. Courtnay of Powderham, in Devonshire, now Peers,
III. Byron of Nottinghamshire, now Peers.
IV. Astley of Patshull, in Staffordshire, since extinct; and of Norfolk, now flourishing there, Baronets.
V. Berkeley of Stoke-Gifford, Co. Glouc. and Bruton, Co. Som. both extinct; and of Cotheridge, Co. Worc. since extinct in the male line.
VI. Clavering of Northumberland, now Baronets.
VII. Clifford of Chudleigh, Co. Dev. now Lords Clifford.
VIII. Chaworth of Nottinghamshire, since extinct.
IX. Blount of Sodington, Co. Worc. now Baronets.
X. De Curcy, ancient Irish Peers.
XI. Scrope of Wiltshire, &c. now (I believe) of Castlecomb.
XII. Strange of Hunstanton in Norfolk, since extinct.
XIII. Mohun, of Boconnoc in Cornwall, now extinct.
XIV. St. John* of Bletso, Co. Bedf. and Lydiard-Tregoz, Co. Wilts, both now Peers, by the titles of St. John and Bolingbroke.
XV. Wake of Blisworth in Northamptonshire, now Baronets.
XVI. D'arcy, Earls of Holdernesse, since extinct.
XVII. Grey of Pirgo, now Earls of Stamford.
XVIII. Corbet of Shropshire; of which name there are some families still subsisting in that county, but whether genuine branches of this noble family I know not.
XIX. Gresley, now Baronets of Drakelow, in Derbyshire; descended from Nigel de Stafford,

* Descended from the St. Johns of Stanton, "*as I guess*," says Dugdale, but it seems clear they were derived from the St. Johns of Basing.

younger

younger son, as supposed, of Robert Baron Stafford, which Nigel held Drakelow at the time of Domesday-Book.

XX. Burgh, who have long been Earls of Clanrickard in Ireland.

XXI. Luttrel of Dunster-Castle, Co. Som. now extinct in the male line, but the heir of the female line has taken the name.

XXII. Warren of Poynton in Cheshire, stated by Dugdale to have been an illegitimate branch, lately extinct. *

XXIII. Stafford of Blatherwick, in Northamptonshire, soon after extinct in the male line, the coheiress marrying Lord Carberry of Ireland.

XXIV. Fitzgerald, now Duke of Leinster, derived from Robert, a younger son of Walter Fitzother, or Windsor, from which stock the Gerards of Lancashire, Gerard's Bromley, and Brandon, are also derived, and as it seems the Carews, and by a natural son the Fitzmaurices Earls of Kerry. †

Subsequent

* But Admiral Sir J. B. Warren stated to be a collateral branch.

† Dugdale in his account of the Despensers, Earls of Gloucester, &c. and the Montacutes, Earls of Salisbury, in his first volume of the Baronage, gives no hint of the Earls of Sunderland and Manchester, &c. being derived from younger branches of those great houses. I have not therefore placed them among the twenty-four in the text. Yet it would be injustice to omit the words, with which he prefaces their respective articles in his third volume; though I think this mode of treating them was a gentle intimation of his opinion, or his doubts.

XXV. Under Spenser Earl of Sunderland he says "Of this family which do derive their descent from a younger branch of the antient Barons Spenser, of whom I have in the first volume of this work already spoke, was John Spenser, Esq. (son to John Spenser of Hodenhull, in Co. Warw. as it seems) which John having purchased that great lordship of Wormleighton, situate

Subsequent investigations can add something to this list upon certain evidence; and more upon very strong probabilities. I am not sure that every younger branch of the once-illustrious family of Zouch was extinct in

situate on the southern part of that county, began the structure of a fair manor-house there in 22 Hen. VII."

XXVI. Under Lord Montague of Boughton, he says. "Touching that branch of the antient family of Mountagu, whence those who were long since Earls of Salisbury did spring; and which determined in one sole daughter and heir female, having in the first volume of this work already spoke; I come to Edward Mountagu of Hemington, Co. Northampt. Esq. a descendant of another branch thereof; for so it is generally esteemed to be." This Edward was knighted and made Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench 30 Hen. VIII.

Collins, in his Peerage, following such pedigrees as were drawn subsequent to Sir Edward's elevation, makes him the descendant of Simon, youngest brother to John the third Earl of Salisbury. But there has been no authentic proof offered of such a descent. And there is a curious passage in Thorpe's Custumale Roffense, p. 125, under the account of the church of Ludsdowne in Kent. "In the south-chancel of that church is an altar tomb of Caenstone, or brown marble, on which were the effigies and arms of James (whom Dugdale by mistake calls *John*) Montacute, natural son of Thomas the fourth and last Earl of Salisbury, to whom his father left the manor of Ludsdowne. The arms are quarterly 1st and 4th 3 lozenges in fess for Montacute; 2d and 3d an eagle displayed for Monthermer; over all, a battoon dexter. The battoon, according to Sir John Ferne, Leigh, and other old writers on heraldry, signifies a fourth part of a bend, and was the most ancient and usual mark of illegitimacy. It is even at this day borne by some of the nobility; though afterwards, from the Marshal's Court not being so strict in heraldic matters, and to palliate this mark, a border was substituted in its stead. My father once acquainted his friend John Anstis, Esq. Garter principal king at arms, who was a most excellent genealogist, at the time he was composing his History of the Order of the Garter, of the said tomb and arms; and that the then Duke of Montague could be descended from no other person of the family but the above James. Mr. Anstis was convinced of it, but said the Duke was his very good friend; therefore it would be improper of him to take notice of it in his work. The family now bear the above arms quarterly within a border."

Dugdale's time. * The Spensers, Montagues, Bruces, Finches, Herberts, Bagots, Herons, Mallets, Sackvilles, Tracys, are also deserving of notice.

But

* XXVII. The Perceval's claim to be descended from the great House of Lovel: with what truth, I know not.

XXVIII. The royal family of Bruce in Scotland sprung from the baronial family of that name in England, and it seems that the house of Clackmannan, Elgin, &c. in Scotland, are derived from this regal branch, though, according to Crawford's Peerage, antiquaries differ as to the exact mode. Sir Edward Bruce, Earl of Carrick, younger brother of Robert King of Scotland, left only a natural son, on whom the King bestowed the Earldom of Carrick; but this latter also left only a daughter and heir Helen, who married Sir William Cunningham, &c. but died S. P. Yet Crawford says that the family of Clackmannan are branched from the Earls of Carrick. Certain it is, that King David II. made a grant of the castle and barony of Clackmannan, to Robert Bruce, "dilecto consanguineo suo." There seems no sufficient evidence of the existence of John Bruce, a younger uncle of King Robert, from whom Collins deduces the present family.

XXIX. There seems to be a considerable probability that the Finches are descended from the baronial family of Fitzherbert, recorded by Dugdale, who slightly mentions the report that the Herberts, Earls of Pembroke, are also so descended.

XXX. The family of Bagot, now peers, do not come strictly within this line; but Hervei Bagot, a younger branch of this family, was of sufficient consequence in the reign of Hen. III. to have married the heiress of Robert Lord Stafford, which name his posterity took, and continued that illustrious family, who became afterwards Dukes of Buckingham, &c.

XXXI. The family of Heron of Chipchase in Northumberland, made Baronets in 1662, and but lately extinct, seem to have been an undoubted branch of the family recorded by Dugdale.

XXXII. The Mallets of Enmore in Somersetshire (whose coheiress married John Wilmot, the celebrated Earl of Rochester, in the time of Charles II.) were undoubtedly of the same family with William Mallet, Baron of Eye, Co. Suff. &c. And if Collinson, in his History of Somersetshire, be accurate, (as he appears in this case to be) from hence is derived Sir Charles Warre Mallet, lately resident in India, created a Baronet Feb. 12, 1791, being son of the Rev. Alexander Mallet, Rector of Combe-Flory, and Preby. of Gloucester, who is stated to be the direct descendant of Richard

Malet

But though so few have continued in an unbroken male succession to the present, or even to Dugdale's days, yet many more have, through heirs female, laid the foundation of that greatness which families derived from them enjoy. Thus the accumulated honours and property of the great houses of Albini, Moubray, Fitz-alan, Warren, &c. have been derived to the splendid family of Howard. Upon the vast feudal property, and noble family, of the families of Tony and Ros, are founded the ducal family of Manners. Through the Ferrerses and Greys of Groby, the great family of Devereux rose into such importance—and through the Devereuxes the Shirleys — through the Neviles, the Fanes—through the family of Chandos, that of Bridges — through the Beauchamps, the Greviles—through the Audleys, the Touchets — through the Someries, the Suttons, Dudleys, and Wards—through the St. Johns (or Ports) the Powlets of Hampshire—through the Despencers, and Neviles, Sir Thomas Stapleton, now a Peer—through the Clintons, Trefusis, now a Peer—through the Cliffords, the Southwells—through the Greys of Wilton, Sir Thomas Egerton,

Malet of St. Audries, by Joane daughter of Richard Warre of Hestercombe, grandson of Baldwin Malet of Curry-poole, solicitor to Hen. VIII. 2d son of Thomas Malet of Enmore, 1498. (Coll. Hist. Som. I. 93.)

XXXIII. According to Collins, Jordan de Sauckville, (collateral ancestor to the Dorset family) is mentioned in a charter of Rich. I. in the Cotton Collections, to be a Baron; and his brother Richard the same. They were at any rate a very considerable family at this time, as the Black Book of the Exchequer, and other cotemporary evidences prove. They occur in Ordericus Vitalis, as of consequence in Normandy, before the Conquest.

XXXIV. Tracy of Todington, Co. Glouc. who, it seems satisfactorily proved, were derived from a younger son of Sudeley of Sudeley. They were Irish Viscounts, and are very lately extinct.

now a peer, by creation. And the Stanleys were augmented by the Stranges of Knockyn—while a great proportion of the estates and some of the honours of the powerful family of Percy are inherited by the heir general, the present Duke of Northumberland: and the blood (and sometimes even part of the property) of by much the largest number of these families, whom Dugdale has recorded in his first volume, has descended by the female line among our nobility and most ancient gentry.

1799.

ART. XVII. *On the fanciful additions to the new Edition of Wells's Geography of the Old Testament.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 65.]

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

After the author of the *additions* in question had ransacked all nature, both in the heavens above and in the earth beneath, for objects, which might be considered as symbols of Mount Taurus; and even pressed into his service such objects as are not in nature, but the mere inventions of human fancy, such as those compounded and imaginary animals of antiquity, minotaurs, chimæras, and other monsters, he at last found some more pretended symbols of the same existing in the accidental embellishments impressed by some ancient artists on some of their medals; so that every part of the world is made to turn its face toward Mount Bull, and even human *legs* and *feet* are found by

by him to have been employed as symbolic expressions of the *three heads* of it in those cases where *triplicity* is implied in them.

The superstitious veneration of the Pythagoreans to the numbers *three* and *seven* is very well known, but it has been doubted as to what gave origin to those whimsical attachments; some persons have supposed, that the idolatrous adoration of the seven planets produced the current esteem for the number *seven*; but what gave rise to that for the number *three* has never been sufficiently known: our present author, however, has at last discovered the mystery, and finds it to have had a very ancient origin indeed, as having arisen from the account given by Moses of the situation of Paradise, and afterwards confirmed still more from the respect paid by the descendants of Noah to the *three heads* of Mount Bull.

Read his own words; "*Armenia alba* is one of the highest regions in the world, for it sends out rivers in contrary directions toward the *four* cardinal points in the heavens, and contains *three mountains.* Now I must remind the reader, that in coincidence with this account, Moses in Genesis specifies *three provinces,* as being adjacent to paradise; for though the number of his *rivers* be *four,* his provinces are only *three,* Ethiopia, Havilah, and Assiria; and we can scarcely doubt, that this number was hence received among the ancients. In proof of this we may refer to the well-known emblem of Caucasus, a lion, a goat, and a serpent. [*i. e. a chimæra*] *three*; or the bull, the eagle and man, *three*; or the lion, eagle, and human head, *three*; which form the *griffin,* or the *sphinx.*

"But I think there is yet a more *simple* proof of this

triplicity, in the figure called *triquetra*, which is formed on medals by a circle, or disk, in the center, from which issue *three bended legs*, as it were following one another, which are sometimes separated by ears of corn; implying *so many provinces* fertile in grain. If these *legs* be thought to hint at the *long journies*, migrations, devious ways of the travellers, and the ears of corn to signify *the provinces*, then the circle or round disk in the middle may denote *the mountain* [Taurus I presume]; and thus, it must be owned, their emblematic meaning is not undeserving of attention." *p.* 11. Et quidem eris mihi *magnus Apollo!*—"Such symbols on medals are not dubious, but direct allusions to the original country of the primitive colonists—and the most ancient cities, whose inhabitants we may reasonably conclude came directly from Mount Caucasus, adopted these emblems, at first to maintain a memorial of their origin, and in later times a proof of their antiquity." *p.* 12.

Having thus been entertained with a sample of the antedeluvian and Noarchic history of the cause of predilection for the number three, and the symbolic meaning of the *triquetra* on medals, that is, three bended legs and feet, let us next attend to the modern history of them. Pliny informs us, that Sicily was by many called *Trinacria aut Triquetra a triangula specie* (lib iii. 8). At each of the three angles are three considerable promontories of rock, which say to the boisterous sea, hitherto shalt thou come and no further. Hence the Sicilians, at first adopted *three bent horns*, as a symbol of their island, which horns were joined together at one end like the spokes of a wheel: now horns were always in ancient times considered a significative of

power,

power, strength, and firmness, as is well known. This symbol was both simple and readily understood, as alluding to the three promontories of their triangular island. Of these some examples may be seen in plate 4, fig. 6, 7, and 12: the two first have only *kol,* inscribed on them, which seems to mean *Colonia*; the third has apparently the name of some unknown city, so that it cannot be determined hence that these were cities of Sicily; but we shall see afterwards a more clear proof of this. For as mankind are soon tired of what is simple and intelligible, some whimsical artist, in later times, changed this symbol, under pretence probably of proposed embellishment merely, and substituted for the three *bent horns,* a more mysterious one of *three bent human legs and feet* joined together at the thigh, like the spokes of a wheel, in imitation of the former symbol: of these, examples may be seen in the author's pl. 3, fig. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and pl. 4, fig. 8; and in such incongruous whimsies as these of ancient medalic artists, he has discovered mystical allusions to the pretended *three heads* of Mount Taurus, and also the three fertile provinces contiguous to paradise; although the *ears of corn* intermixed with the legs probably only alluded to the fertility of Sicily in grain, and the *legs* themselves were only a fanciful variation of the three *horns,* expressive of Sicily; not any allusion to the *long journeys, migrations,* and *devious ways* of the Noarchic travellers from Mount Taurus.

But one of the types on the above medals, fig. 9, contains a further and important information, which fixes these symbols to the cities in Sicily, for it has on it the legend Συρακοσιον thus proving it to belong to

Syracuse, as the others therefore probably did to other cities there: one of them also, fig. 7, has inscribed *A. Florus triumvir*, 3, which at least proves them not to belong to more ancient times, than the Roman republic, therefore certainly a few years later than the age of Noah and his issue.

But if any readers prefer mystical romance and the sublimity of inventive fancy to the simplicity of history, I have no desire to interrupt their entertainment, but wish them a safe journey to the top of Mount Caucasus and its three heads. I only wonder at the strange turn, which the ingenuity of man sometimes takes, and expect, that before the author has finished his work, he will find the history of Noah in the figures formed by the clouds, and compute the number of years since his death by the contents in a paper of pins! Throughout the whole there is indeed such an extraordinary intermixture of erudition with extravagant suppositions, that it appears like a connected dream by a man not quite awake, and in his learned rather than sober senses.

One observation, however, I may still add, as it seems to have been misrepresented by the author. In pl. 4, fig. 7 and 8, he presents two medals, having on them two bull's heads joined together at the neck, with the Sicilian symbol of the *triquetra* on the reverse in both; on which he remarks "This double bull I take to be a Persian emblem, and therefore have added, in N°. 9, a similar figure from the tomb of *Naxi Rustan* in Persia; but this peculiarity struck me in these bulls, that they have but *one horn*. N°. 10 also is given at large by *Lebruyn*, in which there is also a *single* horn—this proves the figure to be emblematical."

matical." But there is another peculiarity, which he has omitted; the form of the nose of these pretended bulls is too sharp and pointed for that animal, being more like the nose of a dog; and the figure in all those numbers seem to be the very same as one of those two fictitious animals, which Niebuhr delineated from the walls of Persepolis. At p. 175 I gave an account of one of them, which we may call the Persian *sphinx*; the other Niebuhr calls the Persian *unicorn*; it has, indeed, lost its head, but the form of it may be supplied from his pl. 23, where it is perfect and seized by a lion, of which he gives an account in his p. 109; and adds in 110, "that one meets with this figure, which I call an unicorn, frequently among those ruins, so that it seems to have been a very remarkable emblem with the ancient Persians."

At his pl. 25, fig. *e*, Niebuhr presents a third fictitious animal, having but one horn also, which we may call the Persian *griffin*, and this seems to be the same as that copied by our author at fig. 10, from Lebruyn, therefore different from the *unicorn* at N°. 7 and 9.

What these three animals were meant to represent is quite unknown, but thus far is evident, that our author had no pretence to call any of them *bulls*; for in all of them the heads approach nearer to those of a deer or a dog. It is, however, very extraordinary, that these Persian fictitious animals should be found upon medals formed in Sicily, as the *triquetra* on N°. 6, 7, 8, and 12, indicate.

I will mention a conjecture, which has occurred to me concerning the origin of this, but which I give only as an uncertain hint for others to confirm or refute

refute by future examples of the same kind, which may present themselves. We know, that Mount Cragus in Cilicia, which was the scene of Bellerophon's exploits, afterwards denoted by the *chimæra*, was a burning mountain; hence possibly some city at the foot of Mount Ætna in Sicily might have adopted likewise the *chimæra* for its symbol; and, in imitation of that, yet at the same time in order to be distinguished from it, other cities near Mount Ætna might have adopted other foreign and fictitious animals of a compounded nature, like the chimæra, to denote their situation being in the neighbourhood of the volcano of Ætna.

But however this may be, yet thus much seems clear, that the coin with Συρακοσιον on it was struck in Sicily, therefore that the *triquetra* impressed upon it rather referred to the three promontories of *Trin-acria* than to the three heads of Mount Bull; and also that no medal with any real bull impressed upon it has been found by the author, among all those which have the Sicilian *triquetra* upon them; and so end these medalic romances concerning Mount Bull, and the several colonists who derived their origin from it.

S.

ERRATA.

P. 60. for χιμαιρασιν r. χιμαιραι.
P. 64. for vivum r. virum.

ART.

ART. XVIII. *Lives of Modern Poets.*

No. X.

DR. DARWIN.

MISS SEWARD has written Memoirs* of Dr. Darwin; but they contain few facts; and form rather a volume of criticism than of poetry. I will confess that the character of Darwin does not please me; and that I enter upon it unwillingly. The blaze of his fame was literally like that of a meteor, and has already passed away.

ERASMUS DARWIN was the fourth son of Robert Darwin, Esq. a Nottinghamshire gentleman, by Elizabeth Hill, and born at Elston near Newark, Dec. 12, 1731. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and afterwards at Edinburgh; whence in 1756 he settled at Lichfield as a physician. Here he almost immediately distinguished himself in his profession, by the skill he exercised in recovering Mr. Inge of Thorpe, a neighbouring young man of fortune and family, from a violent and dangerous illness, after he had been given over by his relations, and his medical attendant, Dr. Wilkes of Willenhall.† Extensive practice was the result.

In 1757, he married Miss Howard of the Close at Lichfield, an amiable and affectionate wife, daughter of Charles Howard, Esq. by Penelope Foley, by whom he

* See also a short memoir in Gent. Mag. Vol. LXXII. p. 473.

† See CENS. LIT. Vol. III. p. 221, for an account of Dr. Wilkes.

had

had several children; and who died at an early age in 1770. During this period, his business principally occupied his time; but his hours of retirement and leisure were secretly devoted to literature. He drew around him a select society of men of a similar turn; the Rev. Mr. Michel, well known for his scientific acquirements; Mr. Kier of West-Bromwich; the ingenious Matthew Boulton; Mr. Watt, the mechanic; Dr. Small of Birmingham, who died in 1775; the celebrated Mr. Day, and his friend Mr. Edgeworth;* and occasionally Mr. William Seward of London, the compiler of the *Anecdotes*. With Sir Brooke Boothby he had a particular intimacy; and with him and a Mr. Jackson instituted, in 1772, what they called The Botanic Society of Lichfield. He was also intimate about this time with Mr. Mundy of Marketon, near Derby, the ingenious author of that beautiful descriptive poem, entitled NEEDWOOD FOREST.

In 1768 Dr. Darwin had a fall from a whimsical carriage of his own contrivance, by which he broke the patella of his right knee. This produced a lameness, which was never perfectly cured.

When Johnson visited Lichfield, Darwin, whose own fame was not yet established, avoided his overbearing and dictatorial society with sullen aversion. He spoke of that Colossus with bitter, and perhaps affected, scorn.

About 1771 he commenced the compilation of his Zoonomia, which was not published till 1794. It is said to contain much ingenuity; but as it is so limited

* Mr. Edgeworth married first Honora Sneyd, and afterwards Elizabeth Sneyd. By the former he had Miss Edgeworth, the authoress; and Anna wife of Dr. Beddoes of Bristol.

and

and presumptuous in its views, as to ascribe every thing to *second causes*, it will ever be condemned and detested by the wise and good. All that he published at this period were communications to periodical works of observations on botany, with the signature of *The Lichfield Botanical Society*. He carefully concealed those poetical powers, which he was silently cultivating, lest the supposed incompatibility of such a pursuit with the graver studies of physic should injure him in his profession.

In 1781 he married a second time Mrs. Pole, widow of Col. Pole * of Radbourne near Derby, who died in

* She had by Col. Pole, a son, Sacheverel Pole, Esq. now of Radbourne, who lately changed his name under somewhat singular circumstances. In the reign of Henry IV. Peter De La Pole of Newborough in Staffordshire acquired *Radbourne* by marriage with Elizabeth *Lawton* sole daughter and heir of John Lawton, by Eleanor his wife, sister and coheir of Sir John *Chandos* of Radbourne, K. G. who died S. P. 1370. From that time the male descendants of Peter De La Pole, and Elizabeth Lawton, have resided in great respectability at Radbourne. After the name of Pole had thus been permanent against the shocks of time at this place for four hundred years, it seemed strange to abandon it. But Mr. Pole has been persuaded, that the name of *Chandos* sounded better, by the Herald, who was interested in the change, and he has lately obtained the King's sign manual to assume the name of CHANDOS. The family of Chandos of Radbourne were probably a *branch* of the baronial family of that name; but too far back to be connected with them; and therefore as no honours were connected with this change, but a mere matter of sound, it seems a very odd step. See *Banks's Peerage*, *I.* 260. At this rate we may expect all the modern families, who can trace their descent in the female line to the ancient baronage, to assume all the names of the Conqueror's attendants, which have expired these six hundred years! What a noble harvest for *Garter* and *Windsor!* They may collect money enough to buy at least a *bloody hand* for themselves in the next generation! But, alas! Garter has no progeny to succeed! A mortifying circumstance, after having raised his fortunes so high! Miss Pole, one of Mrs. Darwin's daughters, married Mr. John Gisborne author of "The Vales of Weaver," and younger brother to the Moralist.

1780;

1780; a lady for whom, it seems, from some verses printed by Miss Seward, he had long conceived a warm admiration. By this lady's desire he quitted Lichfield, and removed to Derby; a hazardous attempt to leave a neighbourhood, where he was established for one in which he was to make his way anew! But it succeeded. He was solicited by many to remove to London; but he was firm in withstanding every solicitation of that kind.

Miss Seward says, that Dr. Darwin commenced his poem, *The Botanic Garden*, in 1779. "It consists," to use her words, "of two parts; the first contains the Economy of Vegetation; the second, the Loves of the Plants. Each is enriched by a number of philosophical notes. They state a great variety of theories and experiments in botany, chemistry, electricity, mechanics, and in the various species of air, salubrious, noxious, and deadly. The discoveries of the modern professors in all those sciences, are frequently mentioned, with praise highly gratifying to them. In these notes, explanations are found of every personified plant, its generic history, its local situation, and the nature of the soil and climate, to which it is indigenous; its botanic and its common name. The verse corrected, polished, and modulated with the most sedulous attention; the notes involving such great diversity of matter relating to natural history; and the composition going forward in the short recesses of professional attendance, but chiefly in his chaise, as he travelled from one place to another, the Botanic Garden could not be the work of one, two, or three years; it was *ten* from its primal lines to its first publication."

The second part was published first. It was printed at Lichfield; and came out in 1789. It instantaneously seized

seized the public attention. The novelty of the design, and manner; the splendour of the imagery; and the point and harmony of the versification, dazzled almost every reader. Every line was wrought with such a polish, as the public since the days of Pope had been utterly unaccustomed to. Every sentence was so rounded, that the most careless, or ignorant reader could not mangle, or mismanage it. But, alas! every person of true taste soon perceived, that it

Play'd round the head but came not to the heart.

It abounded in all the *matter* of poetry; but it wanted the *soul*. It was like an exquisitely beautiful picture, or statue: its form was perfect; but it never reflected the nicer or more hidden movements of the heart or the head. But it is apparent, from Dr. Darwin's prose Interludes, that his theory of poetical excellence accorded with his practice. Such a narrow view of this art would deprive it of its best and most essential qualities. It would degrade it to a level with painting and sculpture; or, perhaps, to a degree below them. Imagery and ornamented language are not necessary ingredients of poetry. Some of the most poetical passages of Shakspeare and Milton are totally without either of these. Sublimity and pathos more particularly result from grandeur or tenderness of *thought*, such as is best conveyed by the simplest expressions; and which it is neither requisite nor possible to illustrate by *material* allusions.

The poem has many minor faults. To an ear of moderate sensibility, the unvaried monotony of the verse soon becomes intolerable: the incessant repetition of personified plants and flowers nauseates; and

many

many of the groups of figures, though sketched and finished with the highest skill, are almost childish; and at least unworthy of a manly imagination.

Still it must be owned, that some of the descriptions, taken separately, are exquisitely beautiful: witness the following;

" Weak with nice sense, the chaste Mimosa stands,
From each rude touch withdraws her timid hands;
Oft as light clouds o'erpass the summer glade,
Alarm'd she trembles at the moving shade;
And feels, alive, through all her tender form,
The whisper'd murmurs of the gathering storm;
Shuts her sweet eye-lids to approaching night;
And hails with freshen'd charms the rising light.
Veil'd with gay decency and modest pride,
Slow to the mosque she moves, an eastern bride;
There her soft vows unceasing love record,
Queen of the bright seraglio of her lord.—
So sinks, or rises with the changeful hour
The liquid silver in its glassy tower.
So turns the needle to the pole it loves,
With fine vibrations quivering, as it moves."

The description of Mongulfier's flight in the balloon, in the second canto of Part II. excites unqualified admiration.

" The calm philosopher in ether sails,
Views broader stars, and breathes in purer gales!
Sees, like a map, in many a waving line
Round earth's blue plains her lucid waters shine;
Sees at his feet the forky lightnings glow,
And hears innocuous thunders roar below.
Rise, great Mongulfier! urge thy venturous flight
High o'er the moon's pale ice-reflected light!" &c. &c.

But

But perhaps his happiest painting is that of the Night-Mare.

" So on his NIGHTMARE through the evening fog
Flits the squab fiend o'er fen, and lake, and bog;
Seeks some love-wilder'd maid with sleep opprest,
Alights, and grinning sits upon her breast.
—Such as, of late, amid the murky sky
Was mark'd by Fuseli's poetic eye;
Whose daring tints, with Shakspeare's happiest grace,
Gave to the airy phantom form and place.—
Back o'er her pillow sinks her blushing head,
Her snow-white limbs hung helpless from the bed;
While with quick sighs, and suffocative breath,
Her interrupted heart-pulse swims in death.
—Then shrieks of captur'd towns, and widow's tears,
Pale lovers stretch'd upon their blood-stain'd biers,
The headlong precipice that thwarts her flight,
The trackless desert, the cold starless night,
And stern-eyed murderer with his knife behind,
In dread succession agonize her mind.
O'er her fair limbs convulsive tremors fleet,
Start in her hands, and struggle in her feet;
In vain to scream with quivering lips she tries,
And strains in palsy'd lids her tremulous eyes;
In vain she wills to walk, swim, run, fly, leap;
The WILL presides not in the bower of SLEEP.
O'er her fair bosom sits the Demon-Ape
Erect, and balances his bloated shape;
Rolls in their marble orbs his gorgon-eyes,
And drinks with leathern ears her tender cries."

In 1791 Dr. Darwin brought forth the First Part of the Botanic Garden, containing the Economy of Vegetation. Miss Seward thinks he did not consider it of

so popular a nature as the Second Part; and on that account, and not for the reason he assigned, reserved it till the other had established his fame.

In 1799 Dr. Darwin was visited by a most afflicting domestic loss. His eldest surviving son, an attorney of Derby, an amiable young man, in good circumstances, being seized with a fit of melancholy, left his house of a cold and stormy December evening, and drowned himself in the river Derwent, which ran at the bottom of his garden. The doctor is reported not to have exhibited those feelings on the occasion, which would have become a father and a poet. His own dissolution was not far remote.

On Sunday, April 18, 1802, having risen in his usual health, he sat down to write a letter; but was suddenly seized with the pangs of death; and expired before his apothecary could arrive, in his seventy-first year. *

Doctor Darwin is said to have exhibited in his life the same excellencies and the same deficiencies as characterized his poetry. † His head was brilliant, but to the quiverings of sensibility he was a stranger. He was conversant with matter, rather than intellect: to "the shadowy tribes of mind" he was inattentive. I cannot think therefore that with all his merits he is to be placed either in the first or second class of poets.

I believe that rules of criticism, for one person that they have taught to compose or to judge rightly, have misled twenty. They have taught people to mistake

* He left a posthumous poem, entitled "The Shrine of Nature."

† His poetry is well characterized by Mr. D'Israeli in the Curiosities of Literature, II. 70, 71.

the

the mechanical incidents of poetry for its essence. Some they have taught to require her to be dressed and ornamented till

——————pars minima est ipsa puella sui.

Others they have taught to demand at least a considerable portion of ornament; whereas an ornamented dress is, as I have already said, so far from being a necessary ingredient, that the *highest* poetry is absolutely without it. When therefore Dr. Warton proposes to apply to Pope's Essay on Man the test of dropping the measures and numbers, and transposing the order of the words into prose, and then examining if it be still poetry; he cannot mean that the question should be determined merely by the richness or the plainness of the language, but by the presence or absence of "the poetical spirit," which principally depends on the thought. If many large portions of that celebrated writer, when thus tried, are found not to be of the true stamp, it is not merely because the diction is plain and deficient in figures, but because the sentiments want grandeur or pathos. How different is the pathetic solemnity of his Dedication of Parnell's Poems to Lord Oxford; a most noble composition, and one of his finest poems. *

* Dr. Warton seems to have felt the same, and for the same reason when he says, that in it, "there is a weight of sentiment, and majesty of diction, which our author has no where surpassed. His genius seems to have been invigorated and exalted by the high opinion he had justly conceived of the person to whom he was writing."—Pope's heart was commonly cold; but wherever it was touched, he wrote almost with the pen of inspiration. Witness his Eloisa to Abelard; his Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady; his lines on his Mother; and his occasional apostrophes to Bolingbroke. What a complete proof that the heart must furnish the main ingredients of poetry!

If these remarks be just, we have discovered the secret, why Darwin in the exuberation of all the ingredients which ordinary critics have inculcated on the world as the infallible tests of the highest poetical talents, has failed to retain the public favour; or ever to have impressed those of the best taste with superior delight. *

Oct. 12, 1807.

ART. XIX. *Short Biographical Notices.*

REV. JAMES HURDIS.

James Hurdis was born about 1763; he was a native of Sussex, and educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he took the degree of A. M. 1787; and obtained a Fellowship. In 1788 he published a poem in blank verse entitled *The Village Curate*; and in 1790 Adriano, or the First of

* Description is among the charms of real poetry. Mrs. Charlotte Smith is very generally and very justly praised for the descriptive excellences exhibited in her Sonnets. But many writers might be named, more exuberant in description; and perhaps in exact and original description. In what then does the charm of her poetry consist? In a tone of exquisite pathos; in those moral and touching epithets, which associate the imagery with the movements of the heart! This is a charm, which no brilliance of fancy, no intellectual effort, no mechanical toil, can give. It is literally the inspiration of an involuntary frame of the soul. Thus in a different and more philosophic tone do the poems of Mrs. Carter seize upon our admiration. The charm is not in their imagery; or their nicer or more pathetic touches; but in their exalted sentiments; in the strains of a mind carried by religion, and intellectual cultivation, above all earthly passions! All Gray's best poems were written under the immediate effects of a predominant melancholy, occasioned by the death of his friend Richard West.

Even where descriptions and imagery are required as the chief merits of a poem, they nauseate, if heaped together in any other order, than the natural combinations of the mind. Here imitators always fail.

June.* These poems immediately brought him into notice; and I heard them spoken of in terms of the warmest praise by an eminent Oxford scholar at the time of their first appearance; while others equally condemned them. They are too much an echo of Cowper; but still they possess considerable merit; and by no means deserve the contemptuous terms, in which Miss Seward has spoken of them in her Memoirs of Darwin. In 1790 he published *A short Critical Disquisition on the true meaning of a passage in Genesis*, i. 21. In 1793, when he was curate of Burwash in Sussex, he addressed to the inhabitants of that parish *Reflections on the Commencement of the New Year*. In that year he had the honour of being elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford, against the competition of Mr. Kett. I have heard Oxford men say, with what truth I know not, that his scholarship was not equal to the situation. Perhaps the soreness of the contest had not then subsided. In point of natural endowments he was far superior to some, who have filled that office. He published also *A volume of Poems*, 1791, including the Play of Sir Thomas More,—*Cursory Remarks upon the Arrangement of Shakspeare's Plays, occasioned by reading Mr. Malone's Essay on the Chronological order of those celebrated pieces*, 1792; *and Select Critical Remarks upon the English Version of the ten first chapters of Genesis*, 1794. He likewise gave a new edition of *Drayton's Heroical Epistles*. He was a correspondent of Cowper, several of whose letters to him are in Hayley's Life of that poet. He died at Blackbourn, Co. Lancaster, Dec. 22, 1801, aged 38; leaving a character of uncommon gentleness and purity of mind and conduct.

REV. HENRY MOORE.

This ingenious man was, I believe, a dissenting minister in the West of England, where he wasted a long life in obscurity. He was a flower

> ——————born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

After his death some fruits of his genius however were given to the public, by Dr. Aikin, under the title of *Poems Lyrical and Miscellaneous of the late Rev. Henry Moore.* Dr. Aikin says, "They will not, perhaps, rank among the more original poems of the language; but I am mistaken if they will not maintain a permanent place among the most splendid, the most melodious, the most elevated in sentiment and diction. The versification of the Odes is perhaps too void of regularity, but it abounds in strains exquisitely musical, and often happily adapted to the subject. The imagery is singularly grand, elegant, and rich, and both the sublime and the pathetic are touched with a master hand. Above all, these pieces are characterized by that expansive glow of benevolence, that ardour of pure and rational devotion, which, when allied to genuine poetry, exert the noblest influence on the soul." * He died Feb. 2, 1802. æt. 71.

THOMAS DERMODY.

A young man, whose vicious excesses, and total want of principle and conduct in every action of life, consigned him to a premature grave in Oct. 1802, after his genius blazing through obscurity of birth in Ireland, and almost incredible distresses, created by his own infatuated misbehaviour, had led him into the paths of distinction and patronage. He published a volume of poems the year in which he died. It exhibits many proofs of wonderful powers, when the circumstances of low dissipation, and debauchery, under which it was written, are considered. It shews the strangest and most unaccountable inconsistency between a mind, which could feel all the delicacies of sentiment, and all the niceties of language; and a conduct which was hardened to the lowest state of vice.

The following Sonnet to Lord Moira breathes a moral pathos, which we should only expect from a virtuous heart.

* Aikin's Letters on English Poetry, p. 295.

"*To*

" To Francis Earl of Moira.

" How many with'ring years of dull despair
Have o'er my fated front relentless roll'd,
Since first beneath a Moira's partial care
My happier moments wav'd their wings of gold!
Ah me! And must I never more behold
The glorious orb of day in gladness rise?
No more salute with rapture-beaming eyes,
The glimm'ring star that shuts the shepherd's fold?
No more! If led not by thy lenient hand
To the lone hermitage of learned ease;
Where pensive joy may tenderly expand
His blooms, sore shatter'd by the blighting breeze;
And a new mental Eden by degrees
Bud forth, best patron, at thy soft command!"

It must be admitted, however, that the poems, in consequence of the attention excited by the extraordinary history of the author, have had more than their due share of praise. Mr. Raymond has written the life of this profligate but brilliant youth.

REV. RICHARD HOLE.

This poet was a native of Exeter; and educated at Exeter College, Oxford, where he took the degree of LL.B. in 1771. In early life he published a versification of Fingal in flowing and elegant rhyme. In 1781 he gave the world a translation of *Homer's Hymn to Ceres,* in 8vo. In 1789 came out, *Arthur, or the Northern Enchantment, a Poetical Romance, in Seven Books. By Richard Hole, LL.B. London printed for Robinsons,* 8vo. Upon this work his poetical fame must rest. He communicated several pieces to Polwhele's Devonshire and Cornwall Poems; and several also to the volumes of Essays published by the Literary Society of Exeter. In 1797 he published separately *Remarks on the*

Arabian Nights Entertainments, in which the origin of Sinbad's Voyages, and other Oriental fictions is particularly considered. In 1762 he was presented by the Bishop of Exeter to the rectory of Faringdon in Devonshire; and held with it by dispensation the vicarage of Buckerell, which he exchanged for the rectory of Inwardleigh. He died at Exmouth in the flower of his age after a painful illness, May 28, 1803. To his numerous friends his premature death caused the deepest regret; as they lost in him one not only of brilliant talents, and elegant and extensive learning; but of the most amiable character and greatest integrity. I will not attempt to characterize his *Arthur*; for it is long since I have read it with attention. I suspect that the tameness of the couplet is not quite consistent with the wildness of the subject; and the sort of charms with which the author wished to endue it. Romantic imagery and the combinations of enchantment seem better suited to his inclinations than his genius. But let it be remembered that this is a hasty opinion. Hole seems at least to have applied to the true fountains for inspiration.

RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE.

One of the wits of a former reign, who died at his seat at Twickenham. Sept. 17, 1802, æt. 86. He is best known by his *Scribleriad, a mock heroic poem in six books, 4to.* 1751. It is a poetical continuation of the Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus, which ridicules the errors and follies of false taste and false learning. He also wrote *An Account of the War in India, between the English and French on the Coast of Coromandel from the year 1750 to 1760, &c. 4to.* 1761, and was the author of several papers in The World. His son has since republished his works with a memoir. He was a very ingenious, learned and amiable man; but can hardly be admitted into the rank of poets.

ROBERT

ROBERT JEPHSON, ESQ.

This author is best known as a dramatic writer. His *Braganza*, 1775; *Law of Lombardy*, 1779; and *Count of Narbonne*, 1781, were all well received on the English stage; besides which he wrote a farce; an opera; and *Julia*, a tragedy, 1787. He was originally an officer in the Irish army, and being patronized by the late Lord Townshend, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, for his wit and convivial talents, was made Master of the Horse, (a place which he held for many years) and brought into the Irish Parliament. In 1794 he published *Roman Portraits, a Poem, in heroic verse, with historical remarks and illustrations, in one vol. 4to. and the same year The Confessions of James Baptiste Couteau, Citizen of France, written by himself, and translated from the original French, in 3 vols. 12mo.* a severe satire of his own on the depravity of French manners. He died at his house, Black Rock, near Dublin, May 31, 1803. His *Roman Portraits* appeared to me when published dull and prosaic; and almost every where deficient in the spirit of true poetry.

JOHN HOOLE.

This ingenious, and very laborious author scarce aspired to the merit of original composition. He was a very useful and elegant translator from the Italian in a style which, though it bore no similitude to the spirit of the originals, yet produced popular and amusing works for modern readers of no extraordinary erudition or energy. He was the son of Samuel Hoole, a London watchmaker, and was born about 1727; and was designed for his father's trade, but was too short-sighted for the business. He was therefore placed a clerk in the accountant's office of the East India Company; from whence in due time he was removed to the office of Auditor of Indian Accounts, in which office he remained till

till he retired upon an annuity not long before his death. From an early period he employed his leisure hours in the cultivation of literature; and in 1763 brought forth his translation of *Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, 2 vols. 8vo.* In 1767 he published *The Works of Metastatio, translated from the Italian, 2 vols. 12mo* —and in 1773 the first volume of a translation of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso,* which he published complete ten years afterwards, in five vols. 8vo. He also published in 1791 the ORLANDO of Ariosto reduced to 24 books, the narrative connected, and the stories disposed in a regular series, 2 vols. 8vo.—and in 1792 a translation of Tasso's RINALDO in 1 vol. 8vo. He also wrote three tragedies, *Cyrus,* 1768; *Timanthes,* 1770; and *Cleonice,* 1775.* He also edited the *Critical Essays on the English Poets* of his friend John Scott of Amwell, to which he prefixed an account of the life and writings of the author, 1785, 8vo. He retired in his latter days to Tenterden in Kent; but died at Dorking in Surry, Aug. 2, 1803, æt. 76. †

REV. RICHARD GRAVES.

This amiable, well-read, and lively old man, who died at the age of 90, at the close of 1804, was known to all the frequenters of Bath, near which he resided at his rectory of Claverton, for more than half a century. He was the friend and correspondent of Shenstone; and author of a variety of spirited and amusing publications; of which his novel, entitled *The Spiritual Quixote,* bids fairest for permanent fame. He was born at Mickleton in Gloucestershire, May 4, 1715, being second son of Richard Graves, Esq. of that place. At the age of sixteen he went to Pembroke

* His son, the Rev. Samuel Hoole, married a daughter of Arthur Young, the Secretary to the Board of Agriculture. He is author of *Edward, or the Curate,* a poem, 1787; and *Aurelia, or the Contest,* a poem, 1783.

College,

College, Oxford, where his acquaintance with Shenstone commenced. In 1736 he was elected Fellow of All-Souls' College; and in 1740 took orders. In 1750 he was presented to the rectory of Claverton, to which was added the living of Kilmersdon. His first publication was *The Festoon, or a Collection of Epigrams, with an Essay on that species of composition*; and afterwards published *Two Volumes of Poems* under the title of *Euphrosyne*, 1780. His *Spiritual Quixote* came out in 1772. His last publication was *The Invalid, with the obvious means of enjoying Life by a Nonagenarian.* In 1788 he published Recollections of some particulars in the Life of Shenstone.* His poems were rather bagatelles, than serious effusions of the Muse. It was amusing to see him on the verge of ninety, walking to Bath with the briskness of youth.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM.

A self-taught poet, died at Maglerabeg, near Dromore in Ireland, Dec. 27, 1801, æt. 24. He had been nothing more than a weaver-boy, who receiving instruction at one of the Bishop of Dromore's Sunday-schools, made such a progress as to be able to request a loan of books in a copy of such verses as instantly engaged the bishop's attention and patronage. He was then placed at the Diocesan school of Dromore, where he made a rapid progress in Latin and Greek; and qualified himself to become an assistant teacher in the academy of the Rev. Dr. Bruce of Belfast. A rapid consumption, however, soon came on, and baffled the powers of medicine, terminating in early youth a career that promised much reputation. A few of his poetical compositions are to be found in the Gentleman's Magazine.

† For a further list of his publications, see Gent. Mag. Vol. lxxiv. p. 1166.

REV.

REV. JOSEPH DACRE CARLYLE, B.D.

This very industrious and learned man was a native of Cumberland. He was educated at Queen's College, Cambridge, where he was much respected for his assiduity, regularity, and quiet manners; but I do not remember that he was considered to possess any extraordinary powers. He took a good degree, and was attentive to the studies in vogue; but he did not then display any poetical turn; or even any considerable classical attainments. He took the degree of A. B. 1779; M. A. 1783; B. D. 1793; and was about 1780 elected Fellow of his College; from whence he retired into the country, where he probably first applied himself to Oriental literature. He published I. *Mauret Allatafet Jemaleddini filii Togri Bardii, seu rerum Egypticarum Annales ab A. C.* 971, *usque ad A.* 1453. *E codice MSo. Bibliothecæ Academicæ Cantabrigiæ*, 1792, *with a Latin version and notes.* II. *History of Egypt from an inedited Arabic MS.* and accompanied by a critical and elegant commentary. III. *Specimens of Arabic poetry*, with an English poetical version, and notes. In 1785 he was chosen Arabic Professor at Cambridge on the resignation of Dr. Craven. He afterwards, in 1799, accompanied the embassy of Lord Elgin to Constantinople, for the purpose of obtaining access to the library of the Seraglio. On his return he retired to his vicarage of Newcastle upon Tyne, where he immediately fell into a dangerous state of health, which did not prevent his attempt to prepare the fruits of his labours and travels for the public. He had undertaken a correct edition of the Arabic Bible; and was composing his Dissertation on the Troad, with observations made during his tour through Lesser Asia, Syria, and Egypt, when death put an end to his designs on April 12, 1804, at the age of forty-five. His Tour has since appeared. His *Specimens of Arabic poetry*, 1796, seem to have received at least

least their due share of praise. They appear to me deficient in a true poetical spirit. The truth I suspect to be, that Carlyle was a man of more industry than genius. His acquirements were no doubt, very great, and very meritorious; and I believe him to have been a man of a virtuous and excellent disposition. Before he died, he had been appointed Chancellor of Carlisle.

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY, ESQ.

Christopher Anstey was a man of wit and a scholar; and may be called the inventor of a particular species of colloquial verse, which has been very popular; but like every thing of a popular cast has for a time probably been valued too highly. He was born about 1725; and educated at Westminster-school, as I have heard from some of his schoolfellows; but perhaps changed to Eton, as he was afterwards of King's College, Cambridge, where he was refused his degrees on account of some innocent irregularity, of which I have heard the particulars, though they have now escaped my memory.* He had a moderate patrimony at Trumpington, near Cambridge, where he resided part of his life. In 1766 came forth his *New Bath Guide, or Memoirs of the Blunderhead family.* It had a great circulation, as many well remember, and as is noticed in Gray's Letters. The next year he printed a poem *on the death of the Marquis of Tavistock.* His *Election Ball* appeared about 1774; and in 1776 his *Latin Epistle to C. IV. Bampfylde* on his designs for the *Election Ball.* In 1774 he also published *The Priest Dissected.* In 1779 came out his *Poetical Paraphrase of the Thirteenth Chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians*; and in 1780, *Speculation, or a Defence of Mankind.* He afterwards published one or two other trifles.

* I think the cause assigned in Gent. Mag. 75, p 780, is inaccurate.

The

The latter part of his life was spent at Bath, where his caustic humour constantly found food. He died at Harnage House, Wilts, the seat of his son-in-law, Henry Bosanquet, Esq. Aug. 3, 1805, æt. 81.

REV. JOHN CLARKE HUBBARD.

This poet was little known in his life. He was of Merton College, Oxford, where he took the degree of A. M. in 1769. In the latter part of his life he published a poem entitled *Jacobinism*, which appears to possess considerable merit. This drew him into notice, and he obtained from the crown the rectory of St. John's, Horsleydown, in Surrey, worth about 200l. a year. He was also the author of *The Triumph of Poetry*, and other poems. He died about the middle of the year 1805.

BRYAN EDWARDS.

This gentleman was a native of Wiltshire, but went early in life to the West Indies, where he succeeded by inheritance to a considerable fortune. He afterwards returned to England, and became a West India merchant, and set up also a bank at Southampton. His *History of the West Indies*, in 2 vols. 4to. 1793, to which he added in 1797 the history of the French colony of St. Domingo, is a work of credit. He possessed much poetical fancy, and introduced some poems in his History; but he also printed and privately distributed among his friends a separate *Volume of Poems*, about the year 1794. He married a Miss Phipps of Wiltshire, by whom he left a son; and died at his house at the Polygon, Southampton, July 16, 1800, being then M. P. for Grampound.

* See Gent. Mag. Vol. LXXVIII. p. 794.

LADY

LADY BURRELL.

Widow of Sir William Burrell, Bart. published *Poems* in 2 vols. 8vo. 1793; and in 1794 *The Thimbriad* from Xenophon's Cyropædia; and *Telemachus*, extracted from Fenelon's Story. She died June 20, 1802.

MRS. ROBINSON.

This celebrated woman once known in the annals of gallantry by the name of *Perdita*, was afterwards distinguished in the circles of fashionable literature under the signature of LAURA-MARIA.* The zeal with which in the wane of her beauty she devoted herself to the Muses did her honour; but it may candidly be doubted whether she ever drank at the true waters of Helicon. Her style both in prose and verse† was the most unchaste that ever was exhibited; and she seemed to deal more in an exuberance of glittering words than in thoughts of any kind. She paid in her latter days by neglect and poverty for the vanity and vices of her youth. She died Dec. 26, 1800, at her cottage on Englefield Green, aged about forty. Some Memoirs of her written by herself have since been published. She was a native of Bristol; her maiden name was Darby.

REV. WILLIAM COLLIER.

Was many years Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Hebrew Professor there from 1771 to 1790, whence at length pecuniary embarrassments, arising, I believe from indolence and carelessness, removed him. He fell afterwards, as I have heard, into severe distresses, and was for some time in legal confinement. He then published a Collection

* She published a small 8vo. volume of Poems as early as 1775.

† See her two volumes of Poems, 1791 and 1792; and her most absurd novel entitled, *Vancenza*.

of

of his Poems, *with Translations from Authors in various Languages*, 2 *vols.* 12*mo.* 1800, in the hope of relieving his necessities; but was most severely and most unjustly treated by periodical critics, who, in his days of prosperity would have looked up to his talents and acquirements. I will not venture to pronounce upon his poems, because the volumes never fell into my hands; but I remember the character which his abilities had acquired him at Cambridge, and his fame as an elegant classical scholar; and an inscription which I once saw written in a pure and classical style, and which I think was turned into Greek by Professor Porson when an undergraduate, confirmed me in the justness of his reputation. He died Aug. 7, 1803, æt. 61, at Newington, Surrey, being then Senior Fellow of Trinity College, and Rector of Orwell, Co. Cambridge.

JOSEPH FAWCETT.

An eccentric character, originally a dissenting minister, but afterwards a farmer, published in 1795 a poem, called *The Art of War*, 4to. and in 1803 *War Elegies*. He died at Hedgegrove, near Watford, Essex, Jan. 24, 1804.

[*To be continued.*]

ART. XX. *Literary Obituary.*

Dr. Sturges, Prebendary of Winchester, and father to Sturges Bourne, Esq. M. P.

Oct. 17, aged fifty-eight, at his seat at Wootton Court, Kent, the Rev. Edward Tymewell Brydges, late Claimant to the Barony of Chandos, of whom more will be said hereafter.

T. Bensley, Printer, Bolt Court,
Fleet Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XXIII.

[Being Number XI. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *The boke of Wisdome otherwise called the Flower of Vertue, folowing the Auctorities of auncient Doctours and Philosophers, deuiding and speaking of Vices and Vertues, wyth many goodly examples wherby a man may be praysed or dyspraysed, wyth the maner to speake well and wyselie to al folkes, of what estate so euer they bee. Translated fyrst out of Italion into French, and out of French into English by John Larke.* 1565. *Lerne my godly chyldren to eschew vyce* [Wood cut of a Philosopher pointing to the stars. A small square, between the preceding sentence] *and loke you to lerne wisdo̅e of your fore fathers.* Colophon. *Imprinted at London in Fletestreate, beneathe the Conduyte, at the sygne of S. Iohn Euangeliste by Thomas Colwell.* [Wood cut of] *S. Iohn Euangelist.* 12mo. *fol.* 107. *b. l.*

THE work commences with "these be the auctoures of thys booke," enumerating sixty-two names, the first being that of our Saviour and the last "Galyen," for "these putteth in manye goodlye examples."

John Larke claims notice as a poet by "the Prologue," consisting of sixty-six lines, from which the following extracts are certainly the most favourable specimen.

"It was of Apryll the seuentene day,
In that freshe tyme, when the Rose so gay
Hys flower begynneth to spred and spryng,
And al other herbes and trees take liking.
The byrdes do synge so mery songe,
In the florishing wodes, the" selues amo"g;
For the swetenes of y^t. time so co"fortable,
In the which al thinges be delectable;
I saye for me, whyche the sayde daye
In my bed al alone as I laye,
I thoughte in my slepe that I dyd see
A goo[d]ly medowe, not farre from me,
Wherin of goodly ladies a great co"panye
Me thought in my dreame there should be."

After an enumeration of various characters that form the subjects of the work he concludes;

"All that great companie I dyd se,
In that same medowe as semyd me,
Euerye one of them after ther nature;
Therfore I drewe me nere at auenture,
For the better to vnderstand their reason;
And vnder a bushe, in that season,
Preuelie me hyd, all thynges to marke,
Whiche incontynent was in my hearte
Imprynted, and with that I did wake,
And pen and ink then I did take,
The sayd vycyon trewly to wryte,
And in ordre euery thyng to indyte,
Which in this booke ye may rede,
And it receiue, if ye take hede;

The

The ground therof is founde in scyence,
Therfore I pray you of pacyence
And myne ignoraunce herein pardon,
For I commyt al to iust correctyon;
Now no more in ryme I wyll vse,
Take thys wyth the faultes, and me excuse
At the begynnyng, and fyrst of all
Shalbe treated of prudẽce the principall.
Thus endeth the prologue."

There are fifty-seven chapters, including the various examples, which are attached to several subjects. The titles are curious, and explain the nature of the work.

"Here the Auctour sheweth, howe a man, (or a woman) oughte to be adorned with vertues. And how that Prudence ought chiefly, and fyrste of all, rule and gouerne the creatures. The fyrste chapter. Dame Prudence speaketh. Sapience [Square wood cut of a female holding a rose branch] or Wysdome."

The titles of the following chapters are,

"How Prudence is cheefe buckler, and defence of all Vertues. And of the great goodnes, that may come of the same to all persons, after the auncyente Phylosophers.

Howe Follye is contrarie to Prudence. And how follye is deuided into manye partes of the man. Also the maner to know the folie [foole] by his dedes, and the wyse man, by hys workes.

How temperaunce is one of the flowers of Prudence. And how he that hath it in hym maye resiste and withstande many euils after the saienges of the wise men, in ye. chapter going before.

Howe distemperaunce is contrarie to temperaunce: and how it is the pryncypall cause of all euyll.

How the auctour speaketh of Love, of Beneuolence, and of deliberacion, and how of Loue he maketh foure chapters.

Howe the Loue of God, is the Loue aboue all Loues that durethe the longest; and that, withoute the whyche, the creatures cannot be satysfyed or contented.

Howe the Loue of Father and Mother with other parentes commeth, and what reuerence and honoure we oughte to geue to oure father and mother. And the maner to loue his Wife and Children, and to correct and leade them in thys world.

Of the Loue of Compaginons and fryendes, and how to entertaine it.

Howe the Loue of Concupysce[n]ce commeth to men and woomen, and of the daunger that doe chaunce and come of the same.

Howe Enuye is contrarye to the Vertue of Loue; and what Enuye is, and also of the paine, that the enuyous man beareth in himselfe.

Howe a man oughte to take gladnesse and Joye; and of what thynge, and what gladnesse or Joye is.

Howe Heuynesse is contrarye to gladnesse; and howe the wyse man oughte neuer to put any in his hearte, wherof heuynes and mellancolly may be engendred.

Howe mellancholly is daungerous, and what is mellancholye, and howe it causeth manye to fall in greate trauayle, paynes and miseryes, and conseq[u]ently, in greate pouertie.

Howe the vertue of peace oughte to be mayntayned and kepte; and of the greate goodnesse that commeth of the same, and what peace is.

Howe Ire is contrarye to peace, and what Ire is, and

and howe it dothe destroye and waste the Vertues and bodyes of them that be entangled wyth the same, and of the euyll that dothe come of it.

Of Chastytie, and howe she oughte to be wythholden, obserued and kepte, and the perylles that the wyse shoulde flye, for feare to lease such Vertue.

Howe Lecherye is contrarye to Chastytie; and in howe many sortes it is deuyded, then is shewed the daungers that come thereof, as wel to the bodyes of men, as to theyr Soules.

Of force or Strengthe, and what it is, the maners and comparysons of the same, and who maye be called Stronge, and of those also which be alwaies Stronge.

Howe Pacience causeth a man to beare easelye the Paines and Trauayles of this world, and howe many sortes there be of Pacience.

Howe that feare and Dread, be contrary to Strengthe and Vallyantnesse, and what feare is, and who those be that be fearefull, and for what cause.

Of Suertye, and howe manye maners there is thereof, and howe fear and Suertie do striue togyther by dyuers Languages.

Howe the Wyse man oughte to doubte, and howe by doubt and feare many times the men become vertuous.

Howe good fame oughte to go afore men, and of the goodnesse that commeth of the same.

Howe Glotony is a daungerous vice, and of the greate euyll that commeth therof to the bodyes of men, and howe the vertues of men be distroyed and corrupte by the same.

Howe Abstynence is that wherof Glotonye is consumed,

sumed, and by the goodnesse that is therin, and that maye come therof.

Howe Constancye and Inconstaũcye be dyfferent, and howe Constaunce is a noble vertue, and what Inconstauncye is.

Of the vertue of Noblenesse of courage of men, and how the men be ofte tymes praysed by reason of the same.

How Justyce ought to be done and howe it is that thynge that dothe measure all thynges vpon earthe.

Howe Iniustyce or wrong is contrary to Justyce, and howe manye maners there be of Iniustyce, and how Iniustice demaũdeth vengeaunee afore God.

Of Loyaltys, and by Loyaltye the person is greatlye praysed.

Of Falshed, what it is, and of the dyfference that is betweene Suspycyon and Jelousy, and Treason and Malyce.

Howe Trueth is to be compared by Reason to the Perdryche,* and how Trueth is that thynge which iustyfyeth the man afore all persons.

Howe Lyenge is an euell vyce, the maners to eschew it, and in what sort, and which is euyl Lyenge.

* This chapter commences with the following relation from natural history.

"Truethe, as Saynte Austyne saythe, is to vse Veryte or Trueth, wythoute anye shadowe or co'o ne of Lyenge. The vertue of Truethe, may be compared to lytle yeng Perdryches, for the Perdryche is of suche nature. The one wyll roble the egges of the other; and sitte vpon them as they were her owne egges, but as sone as the lytle Perdryches be brought forth, and that they here theyr owne propre mother crye and sing, they leue and forsake the olde Perdrych whiche broughte them forthe of egges, and go to their owne mother."

What

What Mercy is, and of the operacyon of the same, and howe mercye is that wherby a man obteyneth the Loue of God.

Of Crualtye, and howe manye sortes be therof, and of the great euylles and inconuenients, that bee done by Crualtie.

Of Lyberalytye, howe it is contrarye to Coueytousnesse, and howe a man ought to be liberall, and in what maner.

Howe Coueytousnesse is a grevous vyce, of the euylles that doe come therof, and of the Insasiatnes of the same.

Of Humylytye, and in howe many maners it is deuided, and of those thynges whiche dyscend of it.

Of Pryde, and of the vices that descende and come of the same, and how pryde dyspleaseth God and the world, and how the proude person dothe torment hymselfe in thys world.

Howe a manne oughte to gouerne hym selfe, as well of the tongue, as of wyt and vnderstanding, for to speake well and wiselie to all folkes, and how by wordes a man is praysed or dispraysed.

Here endeth the Booke of Wysdome, after the sayenges of auncient Phylosophers, and other notable wise me, lately translated out of French into Englishe, and here foloweth the table."

The research for black-letter books has been ridiculed upon the principle that old works have been completely gleaned by modern writers, and therefore parsimony of communication in a collector is rather to be wished than regretted. If this is fact, or if such selfishness in a collector makes him as contemptible as the glut-

ton who, whether he has sack or sage posset, never invites any one to his banquet, is not now to inquire. Title and colophon here prove insufficient. Had this volume found an attentive peruser within any recent period, the second of the following examples would not have remained unnoticed when containing, probably, the first English dress of that beautiful apologue of the Angel and Hermit, versified by Parnell, and not traced to an earlier writer than James Howell, who relates it as "an excellent passage which a noble speculative Knight (Sir P. Herbert) hath in his late conceptions to his son."*

"*Example of Vainglorye.*

"Of Vainglorye, it is red in the lyfe of the holy fathers, that an aungell, on a certayne tyme, kepte company with an heremite. And as they wente toggyther, they passed by a place where there was a deade horse, whyche dyd stynke verye sore, wherefore the heremyte dyd stoppe hys nose; but the aungell dyd not so, nor dyd not regard it. And as they went a litle further they passed by a fayre gardaine, in the which was a fayre woman, and rychelye appareled, and very full of vayneglorye; and incontinent that the aungell did se her, he dyd stop his nose. The heremyte seynge this, dyd maruayle very much therof; and sayd to the aungell, I do meruayle greatly that ye haue stopped your nose for this fayre woman, and dyd passe by the stynkyng caryon that we dyd fynde, as ye dyd not care for it, nor dyd not

* See Howell's Familiar Letters, 8th ed. 1713, p. 435, a work containing numberless anecdotes and historical narratives, and forming one of the most amusing and instructive volumes of the seventeenth century.

fela

fele no smell, which did stynke so euyll; then the aungell sayd, I will that thou knowe, that the person full of vayngloryе, stynketh more in the syght of God, of aungels and of the heuenly company, then all the caryon in the worlde. And as soone as he had sayd this, he was sodeynly vanyshed and departed out of the syght of the heremyte; and then judged he that should be an aungell; and therefore he knew well, that vainglory greatly dyspleased God."

"*Example of Justyce.*

"Of Justice it is red in the life of holye fathers, that there was an hermyte whyche long time had serued God and had done greate penaunce for hys synnes, to whom God sent afterwarde great sicknesse; and bycause that he could not recouer hys healthe agayn he began to complaine of God and to murmure in hymselfe. So it chaunced on a day that the aungell of God appered vnto hym, in lykenesse of a yonge man, and sayd vnto hym, come wyth me, for God will that I doe showe thee of hys secret Justyce; and dyd leade him into the towne, to a marchauntes house, whyche had in a coffre a great number of florences. And the aungell, in the syghte of the hermyte, did take the same florence, and did beare them into the house of another man, whych they founde in sleepe, and the aungell dyd leue the sayde florence at hys chambre dore, to the intente that when he should open the dore, that he should fynde them; and thys doone, he ledde hym to the house of another marchaunte that had a chylde, the whyche chylde the aungell dyd kyll, in the presence of the sayde heremite, and the

heremite

heremyte seinge all these thynges, thoughte that the aungell had ben a deuyll, and wolde fayne haue departed from hym. The aungell, seinge that he woulde depart from hym, sayde vnto hym, tarye yet a litle, for I wyll showe thee the reason, wherfore I haue doone these thinges in thy presence; knowe first wherfore that I haue take the florence from the burges; it is because that he had solde his herytage for the sayde florences, and was purposed to gyue them to certaine murtherers, whyche had promysed hym to kyll a man for hys sake, the whyche had dyspleased hym aforetymes; and the man which he wolde haue caused to be kylled, is a man of noble byrth, wherof shuld haue come greate inconuenyence, and therfore to resyst the euyl that might haue come therof, and also to let hym of hys euyll, and myscheuous wyll and purpose, I haue taken the sayde florence from hym; and when he shal see hym selfe pore and to haue loste hys herytage and goodes, he wyll gyue hymselfe to the seruice of God, and where he shulde haue ben dampned nowe he shalbe saued. The reason wherfore I haue born the florence to the chambre doore of the other man, is because that he was a ryche marchaunte whyche came from beyonde the sea, and had bestowed in marchaundyce all the goodes that he had, and putte it in a shyppe, the whych shyppe did peryshe vpon the sea, then he did remembre one daye howe that he had loste all hys gooddes, and had nothynge to lyue vppon, began to fall in dyspayre, and was purposed to hang hym selfe, and therfore to the intente that he shoulde not destroye bothe the bodye and the soule, I dyd beare hym the foresaid florences. The reason whereof I haue kylled the chylde, is because that afore that the

father

father had him he was a very good man, and gaue much almous, and did many good dedes for the loue of God; and sence that he had the chylde, he cared for none other thynge, but onelye to get rychesse, were it by ryghte or wronge, and therefore I haue kylled the chylde, to the intente that the father maye retourne to hys purpose; doe not meruayle nor grudge therfore, for the syckenesse that thou haste, for if it hadde not bene, thou shoulde ofte tymes haue thy mynde and courage in vanytyes wherby thou shoulde greatlye haue dys-pleased God; and be thou sure, that God doth nothyng, but by reason, but the persones haue not knowledge therof, for God hathe not promysed it them, but of two euylles he dothe allwayes take the lesse. And, this said, the aungell dyd departe from the heremyte. And from thenceforthe, the sayde heremyte dyd neuer murmure againste God, for anye maner syckenesse or aduersyty that he did send him, but rather dyd thanke God, and alwaies dyd reioyce hymselfe in his sicknes and aduersyties, consyderynge alwayes that it was of the goodnesse of God."

"*Example of Iniustyce.*

"Of Iniustice it is red in the life of holy fathers, that y^e^. deuil bethought him one daye y^t^. he wold be maried to thintent to haue doughters to marye, and that he myghte leade theyr husbands to hel, he did marye with Iniustyce, of whom he had seuen doughters. The fyrst is pride, which he maried to Lordes and noblemen, and to them whyche haue outragyous heartes by reason of pryde. The seconde is auaryce, which he gaue to the heades and chyefe of the people. The thyrd is falsenes, which he maryed to villains. The

The fourth is enuy, which he maried to minstrelles and crafts men. The fift is ipocrysye, which he maried to relygyous persones. The sixt is vaynglorye, whyche he wolde gyue to no man, for she dothe mary her selfe to all men of euerye degree and estate. The seuenthe is lecherye, whych also he dyd not marye, but lefte her common. Some men saye, that it is wryten in the boke of examples, y^t. y^e. deuyll had ten doughters, of the whyche he dyd marye but viii: that is to say, the fyrst is pryde, which he maryed to Lordes and other noblemen. The seconde sacrylege to labourers. The third vserye to cytezens. The fourthe ipocrisie, which he maryed to relygyous persones. The fifte symonye which he maryed to pryestes and clerkes. The syxte deceyte, whyche he maryed to marchauntes. The seuenthe enuy whyche he maryed to Seruantes. The eighte couetousnesse whych he maryed to olde folkes. The nynthe and the tenthe, that is to saye, vaynglorye and lecherye, he gaue no man."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. II. *A Letter sent by I. B. Gentleman, &c.* 1572.

[CONCLUDED FROM P. 26.]

"England was neuer that can be heard of, fuller of people than it is at this day, and the dissolution of abbayes hath done two things of importance heerin: it hath doubled the number of gentlemen and mariages, whereby commeth daily more increase of people; and suche yonger brothers as were wonte to be thruste into abbayes, there to liue (an idle life,) sith that is taken from

from them, must nowe seeke some other place to liue in; by thys meanes there are many lacke abode, and fewe dwellings emptie.

"With that, our lawe, which giueth all to the elder brother, furthereth much my purpose; and the excessiue expence, bothe in diet and apparell, maketh that men, which have but small portions, can not maintaine themselues in the emulation of this world, with like countenance as the grounded riche can do;* thus stand we at home."——

"They shal haue their peculiar portions in that frutefull soile, being but as a bodie to be deuided amongs them. And this shall be the quantitie which a foote man shall haue, videlicet, a plowe lande, which containeth a C and xx acres Irishe, but you will understande it better by English measure. A plowland shall containe CC and lv acres of earable grounde. Then can there not lie in any country almost, (especially so full of bottomes as that soile is) so much earable lande together, but there will lie also entermingled therewith sloppes, slips, and bottomes fitte for pasture and meading and commodious to be annexed to the same plowlande, so that the whole may amount to CCC acres in the leaste. I pray you tell me, if you had so much good grounde in Essex, would you not

* The writer afterwards observes that younger brothers will "rather saue than lose, for with lesse expe'ces, if he haue no horse in England, can he not liue for his dyet, than ten pound; if he bee a horseman, his horse and hee vnder twentie pound, yet liue he must whither he spend the time in England or Ireland, and this I am sure of, that whatsoeuer hee maye saue of his dyet in a yeer heere in England by lying in his freends house, he shal spe'd in apparaile: for that cuntrie of Ireland requireth rather lasting and warm clothes than gorgeous and deere garments."

take

take it for a pretie farme, and yet a horsse man shall haue double, videlicet sixe C. acres of ground one with an other at the least, wherof there is v. CCCCCx. acres earable, the rest medow and pasture, I believe you would call that in Essex a good manor, and yet these are the least deuisions."——

"There is no doubt but ther will great numbers of the husbandmen, which they call churles, come and offer to liue vnder vs, and to ferme our grounds: both such as are of the cuntry birth, and others, bothe out of the wilde Irishe and the Englyshe pale. For the churle of Ireland is a very simple and toylesome man, desiring nothing but that he may not be eaten out with ceasse, coyne, nor liuerie.

"Coyne and liuerie is this; there will come a Kerne or Galliglas, whiche be the Irishe Souldiours, to lie in the Churles house; whiles he is there hee wil be maister of the house, hee will not onely haue meate, but money also allowed him, and at his departure the beste things he shall see in the Churles house, be it linne cloth, a shirte, mantil, or such like. Thus is the Churle eaten vp, so that if dearth fall in the cuntry where he dwelleth, he should be the first starued, not beeing maister of his owne."

The principal arguments adduced by the writer to support the feasibility of the plan of peopling the Ardes are given in the above extracts. To the work is annexed the plan of Sir Thomas Smyth and his son, as authorised by Queen Elizabeth, which was also printed on a broadside, for general distribution, in 1572, as follows:

"The offer and order giuen forthe by Sir Thomas Smyth,

Smyth, Knt. and Thomas Smyth his sonne, vnto suche as be willing to accompanie the sayd Thomas Smyth the sonne in his voyage for inhabiting some partes of the north of Irelande.

"The Queenes Maiesties graunt made to Sir Thomas Smith Knighte, and Thomas Smyth his sonne, in Ireland, is all that is hir Maiesties by enheritãce, or other right in the countrey called the ARDES, and part of other countreys adiacent in the Erledom of VLSTER, so that they cã possesse and replenishe them with Englishe men. The which thing, that it mighte the more surely be done, the saide Sir Thomas and Thomas his sonne haue bounden themselues to hir Highnesse to distribute all the said land within the said countreys, which they shalbe able to obtaine and possesse, to suche as shall take paines to helpe thẽ to possesse the same, to haue and holde to them and to their heires for euer.

"That is to say, to eche mã who wil serue as a soldier on foote, one plowland containing a hundreth and twentie acres Irishe of earable lande, for which the said Sir Thomas and Thomas must pay to the Queenes Maiesty two pence Irish for an Irish acre, after four and twentie foote to the pole. In consideration of which rent bi thẽ to be paid vnto her Maiestie, the souldier shall paye for the saide plowlande vnto Syr Thomas Smyth and Thomas, and their heires, one penie sterling for euery Englishe acre of the said plowland, after the measure of sixtene fote and an halfe to the pole, and no more. The first paiment to begin foure yeres hence, videlicet, 1576.

"To eche man who will serue on horsebacke two plowlãds, videlicet two hundreth and fortie acres Irishe, which is at the leaste fiue hũdreth acres and more

more English, paying for euery acre English as the footeman dothe.

"And the earable lande being deuided, ech foote man and horseman shall haue also allotted vnto him pasture, medowe, and suche like necessary, as the cuntry wil serue, as reasonably as they haue arable grounde so that they may therewith be contented.

"The charges that is required of a footeman at his first settyng forth, if he be furnished of sufficient armour, for a pike, halberd or caliuer, with a conuenient liuery cloke of red colour, or carnation with black facing, is tenne poundes for his vitayling for one whole yeere after his arriual and his transportation: after. whiche yeere, there is hope to finde prouisyō inough in the cuntrie, which they shal obteine with good guidance.

"The charges of a horsemā wel horsed and armed for a light horseman wyth a staffe, and a case of dagges, is twentie poundes for vittayle of him and his horse for one whole yeere, and for his trā̄sportation. His liuery had neede be af the colour aforesayd, and of the fashyon of the ryding Dutche clokes now vsed.

"And to auoyde the flixe and suche dangerous diseases as doth many times chaunce to souldiours by reason of lying vpon the grou̇d and vncouered, and lykewyse to horses for lacke of hales: if any souldiour footman wil giue before hand ten shillings, and the horseman twentye shyllings they shal be lodged under cā̄uas and vppon beddes, vntill houses may be prouided.

"And if any will beare the charges of a souldyour, that cannot go himselfe, nor sende another in his roume, he shall haue his part of land allotted to him as wel

wel as though he went himself: but then for a footman he must pay in ready money xvj pound. xiij. s. iiijd. This is one parte. And if any wil haue two parts or more, then according to this rate to paye the money. The coronell to finde the sayd footman or men in al points for the first yere, according as the money is receiued.

" And to the intente that no man willing to aduenture in this most honorable and profitable voyage may doubt hereof, if it please him to resorte to *
there he shall see bothe the letters patents and the indentures of couenanntes betwixt the Queenes Maiestie and the sayd Sir Thomas Smith and Thomas Smith, and pay suche money as he is disposed to aduenture, and receyue his assurannce from Thomas Smith the sonne, who taketh the aduenture and voyage vppon him to go in person, or if the sayde Thomas bee not there, one of the receyuers of this voyage remayning there, shall do herein as apperteyneth, whom he hath made his deputie in this behalfe.

" Note that all suche kindes of prouision as bee necessary in this iourney, the Treasourer may receiue in lieu of money, accordyng as he shal haue neede of such prouision, be already furnished there wyth, and accordyng to the place where the sayd prouision shal lie, for the commodious transportation thereof.

¶ God sane the Queene."

As an interesting conclusion to this article, is added the following account of the establishment made in Ireland, a few years after the above period, by the city

* From this hiatus it appears to have been printed previous to the letters patent being obtained.

of London. The transcript appears to have been made several years since, and came to my possession, within these few days, with other manuscripts, belonging to a literary gentleman deceased.

"*Irish Society.*

"In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the province of Ulster, in the north of Ireland, had been greatly depopulated by the suppression of several insurrections, and, in particular, the city of Derry and town of Colrain were quite ruined.

"To prevent such insurrections for the future, it was thought proper to repeople that part of the country with protestant families; and soon after the accession of James the First to the throne, that Prince, considering this as an affair worthy of his attention, signified his pleasure to some of the Aldermen and Commoners, by means of several of his Privy Council, upon which a Court of Common Council was called; and a deputation sent over to view the place of the intended plantation. These deputies being returned, it was agreed in Dec. 1609, that 15000l. should be expended on the plantation, and 5000l. in the purchase of private interests.

"Soon after articles of agreement were entered into between the Lords of the Privy Council, and a Committee chosen by the Lord Mayor and Commonalty of the city, and it was agreed for the better managing of the plantation, there should be a company constituted in London, to consist of a Governor, and twenty-four Assistants, to direct what ought to be done on the part of the city, relating to the plantation; and in pursuance of this agreement, the King by his letters patent,

patent, changed the name of Derry to that of Londonderry, and incorporated the Committee nominated by the city, by the name of The Society of the Governor and Assistants in London of the new Plantation in Ulster within the realm of Ireland, directing that it should consist of a Governor, Deputy Governor, and twenty-four Assistants; whereof the Governor and five of the Assistants were to be Aldermen, the Recorder for the time being to be an Assistant, and the Deputy Governor, with the rest of the Assistants, to be Commoners. By this charter, the King also granted to the Society, and their successors, the city, fort, and town of Londonderry, the whole island of Derry, and all the castles, towns, villages and lands, in the county of Londonderry, particularly mentioned in the charter.

"The Society now immediately set about rebuilding Londonderry and Colerain, and improving and planting the other parts of the county. And, in order to reimburse the twelve principal companies and other inferior companies that had contributed to the expense of the plantation, the Society divided the whole county of Londonderry into thirteen parts; the first, consisting of the city of Londonderry and town of Colerain, with some of the adjoining lands, and the fisheries, was retained by the Society in their own possession, to defray the charge of the general work of the plantation, and the surplus was from time to time divided among the twelve Companies by the Society.

"The rest of the county being divided into twelve parts, as equal in value as possible, the twelve Companies drew lots for them, and each Company had the part which fell to its share. The Society then erected each lot into a manor, and obtained a charter of the

Crown to convey to each of the Companies the lands fallen to it, to hold the same in perpetuity.

"King Charles the First, however, ordered his Attorney General to prosecute the Society in the Star-chamber, under the pretence that the charter had been surreptitiously obtained; upon which it was cancelled by a decree of that court, and the lands seized into the King's hands: but the Society were reinstated in their possessions by Oliver Cromwell, who granted the city a new charter; and Charles the Second incorporated the Society anew, and the Companies have enjoyed their possessions ever since."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. III. *Sylvanus Morgan's Sphere of Gentry, &c. London:* 1661. *Fol.*

SEE CENSURA LITERARIA, VOL. III. P. 312.

Heraldry has been deemed a childish study: according to the mode in which it is generally conducted, and the use which has been too often made of it, it is so. But to the sagacious investigator of ancient manners, the lover of the private memorials of ages that are past, the fond gazer on the pomp of chivalry, it is far otherwise. Connected with traits of heroism, and habits of splendour, we are accustomed to view the symbols, recorded by this science, with some well-founded veneration, when they are really old. A coat which has adorned the standards of the Crusades, or the banners of Poictiers and Agincourt, fills the fancy with a thousand swelling images.

All

All the modes of warfare and customs of life have so completely changed, that new grants of these insignia, even exclusive of their modern date, possess none of these attractions. A hero of the present age—and greater heroes no age ever possessed—may indeed be justified, if he inherits no armorial badges from his ancestors, in procuring a legal recognition of some simple and well-designed mark of allusion to his exploits, which may be borne on those occasions where heraldry is still in use. And if he be entitled to an hereditary coat, he may well admit some judicious augmentation to distinguish his posterity from the other branches of his house. But these recent inventions, constructed since the total decease of chivalry, can never, even at any future time, exhibit the charms annexed to feudal coats.

The Heralds seem to have been originally nothing more than registrars of these insignia. But at least from the time of Hen. VI. they have been in the habit of making grants of them for money. From the reign of Hen. VIII. the grants, of which the records still exist, are very numerous. As new families were enriched by that harvest of fortunes, the dissolution of monasteries, and as commerce, which at that period made a rapid progress, also threw sudden wealth amongst the lowest of the people, full employment, and much profit accrued to the Heralds. These gentlemen do not seem to have easily obliterated their natural prejudices in favour of birth; which probably induced them, with some degree of cunning and ingenuity, to load the shields of the new grantees with full and complex charges; as if to distinguish them from the plain and simple coats of the ancient families!

Some of these purchasers soon became conscious of the distinction, and took an early occasion to simplify their grants—such as Petre, Leigh of Warwickshire, &c.

With the progress of time, the number of existing coats becomes far too great to permit simplicity to the contents of any new shield. But still there is a certain character absolutely necessary to be preserved in these symbols; and neither *landscape*, nor *sea-scape*, nor a word written in capital letters across the center, or along the chief, of a shield, bear any similitude to heraldric designs. This is unfortunate. It brings the art into unjust contempt. While there are men, so highly qualified by literature and genius, as there are at present among the members of the College, it is mortifying to see such practices prevail. But thus it always is! Modest merit

laudatur, et alget!

while "the forward and the bold" carry every thing before them.

Sylvanus Morgan's book, while it contains much pedantry and nonsense, contains also some curious matter. As the volume is not very common, I shall probably afford a curious article to a certain class of my readers by transcribing the chapter, containing CAMDEN'S *Gifts of Arms*, as it will not only exhibit the mode which that ingenious and learned antiquarian adopted in his armorial designs; but be a memorial of the origin of several families, which have *now* some pretensions to antiquity.

"*Specimen*

" *Specimen of a Patent of Arms at length, in a Grant to Peter Tryon.*

" Universis et singulis tam Nobilibus et generosis quàm exteris ad quos hæc pervenerint: Gulielmus Camden Armiger Clarencieux, Rex Armorum in Orientalibus, Occidentalibus et Australibus hujus Regni Angliæ regionibus salutem.

Here the arms are delineated. Ab heroicis usque temporibus non solùm viris rebus gestis et excellenti animi magnitudine præclaris, rerum etiam doctrina, Prudentia, rerum usu, cæterisque virtutibus ornatis, varia Honoris ornamenta gloria monumenta et laudis insignia laudatissimo majorum instituto collata fuerunt, cum ut vera virtus honore et splendore pro præmio decoretur, tum ut ejusmodi virorum memoria posteritati commendetur, et quasi consecretur; inter hæc autem ornamenta et monumenta, insignia illa in Clypeis quæ arma vulgò vocantur, quasi indicia et testimonia virtutis, præcipuum locum inter omnes Christianas gentes obtinuerunt, et in usu adhuc sunt frequentissimo. Cum autem Petrus Tryon de London à me pertinet ut diligenter in Rotulis et Tabulis officii mei perquirerem, quæ arma ille sine alicujus præjudicio gestaret: ego perspectâ viri virtute, integritate et dignitate, ejus petitione libens lubensque acquievi et perscrutatis rotulis et tabulis invenio quod ille quem Deus beavit, et sua virtus extulit, in virtutis testimonium HÆC INSIGNIA suo jure gestet, viz. *Azure une Fesse embattellée entre six etoiles de or*; PRO CRISTA AUTEM, *super tortile ex suis Coloribus caput*

ursi nativo colore septem stellulis aureis aspersum, ut planiùs in margine depicta conspiciantur; quæ quidem arma una cum Cristâ, ego Gulielmus Camden Clarencieux Rex Armorum, pro authoritate mihi sub magno Angliæ sigillo delata, eidem Petro Tryon et ejus Posteris, ut habeant, gerant et utantur, secundùm leges Armorum, sine cujuspiam impedimento, concedo et confirmo. In cujus rei testimonio, meam subscriptionem et sigillum officii mei subjunxi, primo die Julii, Anno Dom: millecimo sexcentesimo decimo, Annoque Regni Domini nostri Jacobi Dei gratiâ Angliæ, Franciæ et Hiberniæ regis, fidei defensoris, octavo: et Scotiæ quadragesimo tertio.

GULIELMUS CAMDEN
Clarencieux, Rex Armorum.

" And so having shewed you Camden's form of his patent, these that follow are their arms, who either had an exemplification, or new granted from him; and are therefore called

CLARENCIEUX CAMDEN'S GIFTS,

And blazoned after a brief manner as followeth; wherein there is only a letter put for the coulour or metal.

Devon. 1. *Edmunds de Plimouth*, 22 July, 1599. Or, chev. B. on canton B. boar's head coupee Ar. ent. 3 lis Or.

Midd. 2. *Franklin de Willesdon.* Ar. on bend B. 3 dolphins Ar.

3. *Greenwell.* Or, 2 bars B. ent. 3 crowns gu. 2 in chief, one in base.

Cantab. 4. *Cropley.* Ar. on chief gu. 3 owls ar.

London. 5. *Jaye of London.* Alderman. 4 May 1601. Gu. on Bend engr. Ar. 3 roses gu.

6. *Bullock.*

6. *Bullock.* 20 Aug. 1600. Per chevr. gu. er. 2 bulls heads caboshed in chief Arg.

7. *Atkins,* Dr. of Physick. B. 3 bars Ar. 3 bezants in chief.

8. *Bamfield.* Or, on bend gu. 3 mullets Ar. pierced, an annulet in sinister point Sa.

Berks. 9. *Organ.* Per Saltier Or. er. a cross humet over all gu.

Cantab. 10. *Martin Sir Christ.* of Barton. B. on bend Or. 3 lis B. on chief Or, 2 eaglets B.

London. 11. *Brawn Sir Hugh,* 26 Junii 1604, Ar. 3 bars Sab. on canton Or, wyvern's head erased gu.

12. *Barnsdale,* Dr. of Physick, 25 June 1604, Per salt. ar. or. ent. 4 eaglets Sab.

Kent. 13. *Southland Sir William,* June 1604. Or, wyvern* Saliant vert, on chief Gu. 3 spear heads Ar.

14. *Brook.* Gu. on chief Ar. lion passant gardant gu.

15. *Johnson* of the Tower. G. 3 spear heads Ar. 2. 1, chief er.

London. 16. *Iolls,* alias *Joyls,* July, 1604. O. cinquefoil gu. entre 3 pheons Sa.

Salop. 17. *Harris Sir Thomas,* Sarjeant at Law, July 1604. Barry of 8, erm. & B. over all three annulets, Or.

Dorset. 18. *Pit* † de Iron. Stapleton, 13. Aug. 1604. Sa. fess. cheq. Ar. B. ent. 3 besants.

* "In a visitation 'tis a dragon vert; and in a painted book," MS. note by John Gibbon, *Bluemantle.* Gibbon is right. I have seen the original patent. Sir W. S. was seated at Lee, near Canterbury.

† Ancestor of Lord Rivers.

19. *Antiochus,*

19. *Antrobus*, one of the Six Clerks, Sept. 1604. Lozengie Or. B. on pale Gu. 3 estoils Or.

London. 20. *Jones*. Sheriff of London, Sept. 1604. B. on plain cross Or. 5 estoils Gu. entre 4 pheons Or.

Surry. 21. *Turner* de Blechingley, Nov. 1604. Varry Ar. gu. on pale Or, 3 trefoils vert.

22. *Bancroft*, Archbishop of Canterbury. Or. on bend B. 3 garbs Or entre six crosslets B.

Wilts. 23. *Jordan* vel *Jourdan Sir William*, Nov. 1604. B. lion ramp. entre 7 crosslets fitchie Or, chief Or.

Kent. 24. *Cavaglero Macott*, alias Mackwith, of Reculver, 1609. Er. on canton gu. a stag passant Or.

25. *Donne Sir Daniel*, 1604. B. a wolf saliant Ar. chief Ar.

London. 26. *Clark William* Sa. on pale Ar. a Y gu. 1605.

Sussex. 27. *Walter Doobell* of Faumour, 7 Feb. 1605. Sa. a doe passant entre 3 bells Ar.

London. 28. *Sir Thomas Foster* of St. John's Street, Feb. 27, 1605. Ar. a chevr. vert entre 3 bugle horns with strings sab. crescent gu.

29. *Sir William Stone*. Or, on a pale B. 3 escallops Or.

30. *Sir Baptist Hickes*. 1 Feb. 1604. and to *Sir Michael Hickes, son of Robert Hickes* of London, Gu. a fesse wavy betw. 3 flowers de lis Or.

Cornw. & Devon. 31. *Door*. Party per pale Gu & B. 3 bees Ar. April 1605.

Kent.

Kent. 32. *Janson*, May 1605. Quarterly B and Gu. a cross patonce and chief Or.

Warw. 33. *Edmond Peirse de Alston*, 10 June 1605. B. on fesse Ar. 3 ogresses betw. 3 pelicans Or, pecking their breasts Gu.

34. *Battersby*. Feb. 1605. Or, saltier paley of 10 pieces Er. and Gu. a crescent Sa.

Lincoln. 35. *Charles Fotherby** of Burton, Feb. 28, 1605. Gu. cross fusily flowry Or.

36. *Stepneth*. March, 1606. Gu. fesse cheq. Or & B. ent. 3 owls Ar.

Devon. 37. *Peard*. May, 1606. Or, 2 foxes pass. Sa. blood dropping out of their mouths.

Kent. 38. *William Brockman*† of Bishborow, June 1606. Or a cross forme fitchy Sa. on chief Sa. 3 flowers de lis Or.

Buck. 39. *William Daye* de Eiton June 1606. Per chev. O. & B. 3 mullets counterchanged.

Derby. 40. *John Butler* de Handley, July, 1606. Ar. 3 covered cups Sa. betw. 7 crosslets fitchy Gu.

41. *Durant* de Durant, Aug. 1606. Sa. a cross Er.

Lond. 42. *Sir Thomas Coach*, 2 June 1606. O. serpent nodee in pale Sa.

43. *Austen*, Jan. 1606. Ar. on fess Sa. 3 crosslets O. ent. 2 chevronels Sa.

44. *Tho. Cowley* de Amsterdam. Feb. 1606. Sa. on chev. Ar. 3 lybarts faces swallowing 3 flowers de lis.

Berks. 45. *Daniel Bacheler* de Aston Clinton. Or, fess ent. 3 wyverns heads couped Sa.

* And of Barham Court, near Canterbury.

† Beachborough near Hythe, where the family are still resident.

Essex. 46. *Weblin* of Upthall, Feb. 1606. B. saltier flowry O. a griffin pass. in chief O.

Devon. 47. *John Bagge* de Plimouth, 1606. Lozengy, Gu. and Ar. on chief O 3 cinquefoils B.

48. *Reinolds*, Clerk of the Privy Seal. Ar chevr. cheq. Gu. & B. ent. 3 crosslets fitchy Ar.

Hertf. 49. *Philip Boreston*, Jan. 1606. Quarterly Ar. and Sa. on a bend betw. 2 cotises Gu. 3 crosses formee fitchy or.

Norf. 50. *Valentine Mortoft*, of Herengan Feb. 1606. Gu. a hart Or, lying on bank Vert, on chief O. a moorecock proper.

Lond. 51. *John Speed*, Gu. on chief O. 2 swallows volant proper.

Kent. 52. *Sir William Sidley*, exemplification. Jan. 1606. B. fess wavey ent. 3 goats heads erased Ar.

Glouc. 53. *Thomas Estcourt* of Shipton Moigne, Nov. 1606. Er. on chief indented Gu. 3 estoils Or.

Midd. 54. *Wood* de Islington, Serjeant of Arms. Ar. wolf pass. Sa. chief Gu. Feb. 1606.

55. *Sir William Bird*, Doctor of Law, March 1606. Quarterly Ar. Sa. in first quarter eagle displayed Ar.

56. *Thomas* Feb. 1606. Ar. chevr. cheq. O & S. entr. 3 fowls S.

Bedford. 57. *Langford* de Salford, Mar. 1607. Paley of 6, O & G. on bend Ar. 3 eaglets.

58. *Young*, Bishop of Rochester. The crest only—the coat before given by Sir Gilbert Dethick, Per saltier B. & G. a lion pass. gard. O.

Kent.

Kent. 59. *Robert Lewes* de Roshanden. Exemplif. Ar. chevr. Gu. Ent. 3 beavers tails proper.

60. *Sir Robert Hampson*, Alderman, 10 Oct. 1602, Ar. 3 hemp-brakes Sa.

Essex. 61. *Aylmer* de Mogelington Hall, June 9, 1607. Ar. plain cross Sa. ent. 4 cornish choughs proper.

Kent. 62. *Meriwether*,* Nov. 1607. O. 3 martlets S. on chief, the sun with his beams O.

63. *Grafton* Feb. 1605. Gyronny of 8, Er. & Sa. a lion ramp. over all, Or.

London. 64. *Halles*, Feb. 1605. B. chevr. counter batteled O. †

65. *Sir Leonard Holliday*, Lord Mayor, 23 Sept. 1605. Sa. 3 close helmets Ar. the bever O. within a bordure engrailed S.

66. *Henry Eskington*. Oct. 1608. G. 6 cross crosslets, 2, 1. 1. 2. ent. 2 flanches Ar.

67. *Sir George Coppin*, Clerk of the Crown. O chief vairy Ar. & B. Oct. 1608.

Dors. 68. *Cornwall*. Ar. on fess S. 3 plates fretted Sa.

Devon. 69. *Holman*. June 1608. Vert, on chev. Ar. 3 gulles de saingue ent. 3 pheons O.

70. *Rich Tho.* de Lincoln's Inn. 1609. O. fess dauncettee Sa. ent. 3 Cornish choughs proper.

Suff. 71. *Roger Sturgion* de Whepsted. Confirmation. B. fretty Gu. suppressing 3 sturgions in pale O.

72. *Farrar*. July 1609. Ar. on bend engr. Sa. 3 horseshoes Ar.

* Of Barfreston, and Shepherdswell in East Kent.

† This is the coat now borne by Hale of Hertfordshire.

Leic.

Leic. 73. *Gulston* Doctor of Physick; and de Wimondham. Ar. 3 bars nebulee Gu. on bend S. 3 plates.

Midd. 74. *John Harborn.* Gu. on fess O. lion pass. Sa.

75. *John Sanderson* & *to his brother, D. D.* 1 March 1603. Paley of 6, Ar. & B. a bend S.

Dors. 76. *John Foxley* de Shaftesbury. Feb. 1609. Ar. saltier cheq. O & S. entr. 3 trefoils S.

Staff. & Lond. 77. *Sir Edward Fisher.* 4 Feb. 1607. O. a King's fisher, proper.

Heref. 78. *Rading* de Reding, and *Reading* de London. Nov. 1609. Ar. pheon Gu. 3 boars heads erased S.

Hunt. 79. *Conie,* of Yaxley, Apr. 1606. Ar. saltier G. ent. 4 conies S.

Lond. 80. *John Crowch.* Ar. on pale S. 3 crosses formee, within a bordure engr. S. 1600.

Somers. 81. *Lotisham* 1609. S. chevr. vairy G. & O. ent. 3 otters pass. O.

Norf. 82. *Wattes.* May 1610. Er. on chief G. an annulet entr. 2 billets O.

83. *John Snigg.* Baron of the Exchequer. B. 3 libards faces in pale O.

84. *Sir Clement Edmonds,* Clerk of the Council, July 1610. B. a chevr. entr. 3 quadrants O.

Kent. 85. *John Winter,* Prebend of Canterbury, March 1610. Checky O. & S. on fess G. an annulet O.

Devon. 86. *Nicholas Goderidg* of Tomy. Ar. fess S. ent. 3 crosslets fitchy S.

Lond. 87. *Peter Tryon.* July 1610. B. fess batteled O. ent. 6 estoils O.

88. *Hodges*

88. *Hodges of London.* Oct. 1610 O. 2 crescents S. on canton S. a crown O.

Essex. 89. *Sir James Bourchier.* Oct. 1610. S. 3 ounces pass. in pale O. spotted S.

Lond. & Salop. 90. *Francis Jones,* Alderman. Nov. 1610. B. lion pass. O. ent. 3 crosses formeé fitchy, chief O.

91. *Stanton,* Dean of Lincoln, Nov. 1610. Vairy S. & Ar. on canton G. a cross formee fitchy O.

Norfolk. 92. *Gaius Newman* of London, son of Gabriel Newman, B. a chevr. wavy O. entr. 3 gryphons saliant O. 1610.

Bedford. 93. *Taylor* de Steventon. B. a saltier voided O. entr. 4 bucks heads caboshed O.

London. 94. *James Cullimore.* Jan. 1611. Gu. 3 crescents Ar. entr. 9 billets Ar.

95. *Richard Piott,** Sheriff of London, Feb. 1611. B. on fess O. lion pass. Gu. 3 besants in chief.

96. *Greek* Baron of the Exchequer. O. trefoil S. ent. 2 chevrons S.

97. *Alexander Prescot* of London, son of William, of Copley, Co. Lanc. March, 1611. S. a chevr. ent. 3 owls Ar.

Leicester. 98. *Wormlayton.* Mar. 1611. G. plain cross vairy Ar. B. ent. 4 eagles O.

Kent. 99. *George Buckeridge,* Bishop of Rochester, O. 2 pales S. ent. 5 crosslets fitchy in saltier S.

Bedford. 100. *Langhorn.* S. plain cross Ar. on chief Ar. 3 bugle horns S. the strings Gu. 20 Jan. 1610.

* Afterwards of Staffordshire, and last of Canterbury.

Surry,

Surry. 101. *Austen* of Surry. May 1611. Ar. on fess S. 3 crosses O. ent. 2 chevronels S.

102. *Austin*,* May 1611. O chevr. Gu. entre 3 lions paws erased S.

Sussex. 103. *Selwin* of Freston. Ar. on bend ent. 2 bendlets S. 3 annulets O. border engr. G.

104. *George Newman*, June 1611. O. fess counter-indented G. entr. 3 eaglets S.

Norf. 105. *Heyward* de Kerdiston, June 1611. Ar. on pale S. 3 crescents A.

106. *John Tindal* de Dickleborow, son of John Tindal of Banham, son of John Tindal of Bucknam, July 1611. O. 5 mascles in cross Gu. chief dented Gu.

Lond. 107. *Edward Barkham*, Alderman of London, Oct. 1611. Ar. 3 pales G. over all a chevron.

Kent. 108. *John Bargrave*, alias *Bargar*† Sept. 1611. O. on pale Gu. a dagger erected in point A. hilts O. on chief B. 3 besants.

Lond. 109. *Abraham Speckart*, Nov. 1611. Ar. on bend S. 3 boars heads coupee O. ent. 2 lions ramp. S.

Leic. 110. *None* de Walton, Nov. 1611. O. on cross engr. V. a crescent O.

Essex. 111. *Roger James*, de Upminster, Nov. 1611, Ar. chevr. S. entr. 3 mill rinds traverst.

Northumb.‡ 112. *Henry Robinson* of Cransby,‡ descended of the *Robinsons, Ebor.* Nov. 1611. V. on chevr. O. 3 lozenges Gu. entr. 3 bucks pass. O.

* Now of Godmersham, Kent, &c. &c.

† From whence came Dean Bargrave.

‡ A mistake for Northampt. and Cranley.

Midd.

Midd. 113. *Edward Forsett* de Maribane, Nov. 1611 A lion ramp. over all a bend componee Ar. G.

Ebor. 114. *John Marshal and Rd Marshal* of Cockwood, and *John* of Southwark, 1611. Ar. chevr. ent. 3 chevronels S. betw. 3 bucks heads caboshed G.

115. *Snode* O. 2 pales wavy S. entr. 3 acorns with stalks vert, Dec. 1611.

London. 116. *John Farmary* M. D. Dec. 1611. Ar. 5 roundels V. in saltier; a chief dented G.

117. *King* of London. S. on chevr. O. 3 escallops S. entr. 3 crosslets O.

Norf. 118. *Glover.* S. a fess battelee Erm. ent. 3 crescents Ar. 1611.

Lond. 119. *Bonham Norton.* O. 2 bars G. on chief B. a scutcheon er.

Sussex. 120. *Tho. Foots,* Gentleman Usher to K. James. Dec. 1611. B. 4 lozenges Ar. 1, 2, 1. chief dented Ar.

Devon. 121. *Wollacomb,* Feb. 1611. Ar. 3 bars G.

122. *Scarlet.* Chequy, O. & G. over all, lion ramp. Erm. canton. B.

123. *William Devick,* of Jarnsey, Confirm. April 1612. O. 2 cheval traps S. 2, 1. chief S.

124. *Mautby.* May, 1612. Erm. on bend G. entr. 2 coteses O. engr. G 3 garbs O.

Oxford. 125. *John Cottesford,* the crest, 1611. A. 2 bars G. border engr. 5.

Lincoln. 126. *Thomas Rands* de Holbech. 10 July 1599. B. on chevr. O. 3 roses Gu. Canton Erm.

South. 127. *Richard Love* de Basing in Faxfield, Ar. 3 bars G. in chief 3 lions heads erased G. Sept. 7, 1613.

Lond. 128. *Tho. Frear* M. D. Feb. 12. 1602. S. on chevr. Ar. 3 castles S. entr. 3 dolphins O.

129. *Montford* D. D. Feb. 1602. Ar. lion ramp. B. entr. semi-crosslets G.

Bucks. 130. *Main* Er. on bend S. 3 right hands Ar. Confirm. and the Crest given June 1604.

Somerset. 131. *Francis James* de Barrow Court. S. a a dolphin entr. 3 crosslets O. Confirm.

132. *Boyaxe.* Ar. lion ramp. ent. 3 crosslets fitchée G. on a canton. B. a garb O.

Lincoln. 133. *Sir Francis South* de Fotherby. Ar. 2 bars G. in chief a mullet pierced S.

134. *Alexander Glover* of the Exchequer. Confirm. S. fess. Erm. entr. 3 crescents Ar. a lis O. betw. the 2 crescents in chief.

Kent. 135. *Simon Smith* de Boughton Monchensie, Sept. 14. 1605, O. 3 bars S. in chief 3 cross formies fitchée S.

Lond. 136. *Nicholas Cage.* Per pale G. & B. a Saltier O. Confirm.

Kent. 137. *Richard Wilkinson* de Wattringbury. Confirm. 14 Sept. 1605. G. fess vairy Ar. & B. entr. 3 unicorns pass. Ar. horn and main Or.

Norf. 138. *Montgomery* Dean of Norwich. Confirm. 1605. B. sword and spear in saltier O entr. 4 lis O."

[*To be continued.*]

ART. IV. *Great Britans Hony Combe or Dainty Pig and Pork. Containing variety of very pleasant and delightfull storyes and jests both in proes and verse*

verse for any Reeder that shall happen to pervse the same for his divirtion. Together with the dreadfull combate between More of More Hall and the Dragon of Wantly.

Mirth with thy labour sometimes put in eure*
The better thou mayest thy labour endure.

Written by Marmaduke Merryman Gent. Anno Dom. 1712. *MS. Octavo. pp.* 304.

Marmaduke Merryman was William Warter, once a stationer in Fleet Street, and succeeded in his business by John Lenthall, who had served his apprenticeship to him, and afterwards married his daughter. Mr. Warton went to live on his independence at Hawthorn, near Windsor, where a portion of his leisure hours was probably occupied in forming this collection of above 170 various articles. The majority, if not all, have certainly been printed, and the stories are, in general, too much encumbered with prefatory matter for the poignancy of the wit to be felt, or the detail to create amusement. The following is an entire one.

" *The panyer man of the Inner Temple, London, who dyed and was buryed in the Cloysters.*

" There is a certaine diminutive officer belonging to the Inner Temple Hall, who goes by the name of the panyer man, whose office is to lay the cloths on the tables in the hall, set salt sellers, cut bread, whet the knives, and wait on the gentlemen, and fetch them beer and other necessaries when they are in commons in term time. He also blows the great horn between

* Sic.

twelve and one of the clock at noon, at most of the corners in the Temple, three times, presently, one after another, to call the gentlemen that are in commons to dinner, and after dinner to clear the tables of the napkins and table-cloths; for they use no trenchers, it is against the rules of the house; fearing least there should happen any quarrels amongst them, and throw their trenchers at one another's heads, the corners of the trenchers might strike into their skulls, and let out all the law they had been gathering up a great while and so spoil them for being made serjeants and judges; but instead of trenchers they have every one a slice of bread which they cut their meat upon. This panyer man took occasion to depart this life; the house buryed him in the cloysters where the rest of the houshold servants used to be buryed. In two or three days after this panyer man was buryed, there was somebody, that had a mind to shew the cream of his vnderstanding, writes these verses on a peece of paper, in capital letters, and paists them over the panyer man's head, which are as follows:

Here lyes a man this pavement vnder,
Who vsed to make the cloysters thunder;
Who with his horn, when that he blew it,
Cal'd many a cuckold to dinner that never knew it."

To this may be added the following abbreviations.

Charles the Second in a summer evening excursion "up the Thames to Chelsea Reach, about two miles above White-hall, which was called New Hide park, where many people resorted in boats to see him," having heard a piece of gross water wit from a turnip woman, plays it off afterwards on his brother the Duke of

of York, who hated a joke, and then demands a guinea as the price the original cost his Majesty. The Duke of York was answered by Stephen, the corn-cutter, on his inquiring the most seasonable time for that operation taking place when his Grace's stockings were off.

An old lady consulting her grand-children on the subject of her marrying again, it is thought practicable if she can see a needle stuck in the ridge of a barn; full of expectation, with the help of spectacles, she quickly proclaims a discovery of the needle, but unfortunately cannot see the barn.

The want of a nose by Sir William D'Avenant saved a fishmonger's boy, who had accidentally splashed him when passing with water, from the poet's fury, by his declaring it was done from revenge because Sir William had blown his nose upon the fish.

Such are the features of this trivial and, in many respects, exceptionable collection, described as delightful and pleasant in the title. One fourth of the quantity, consisting of literary memorandums and matter incidental to the writer's business, and which must occasionally have fallen within his own knowledge, would have been invaluable for information. The volume, in its present state, is a record of useless labour, and has long been outrivalled by the brevity of any modern jest book.

Conduit-street. J. H.

ART. V. *Certeine serious Thoughts which at severall times and upon sundry occasions have stollen themselves into verse. and now into the publike view,*

from the author [In a circle of laurel, arms on a shield bearing a crescent, vaire, or & azure; with nine cross crosslets and three cinquefoils argent.] , *Esquire. Together with a Chronologicall Table denoeting the names of such Princes as ruled the neighbor States and were con-temporary to our English Kings, observeing throughout y. number of yeares which every one of them reigned. London: Printed by F. B. for George Badger, and are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstons Church-Yard, Fleetstreet.* 1647. Title in an ornamented tablet, engraved by W. Marshall. 12mo. *pp.* 88.

The author of this little collection of religious poems received part of his education of Master Wroth of Epping, in Essex; to whom some lines are addressed, and whose pithy sermons, doubling in number the Sundays in a year, appear to be described as posthumously known. There is a trace of the author's age in another piece, the "third part of seventy years having already slipt," a period from which to expect the *Esquire* would have thought haughty dames and feats of chivalry fittest subjects to clang the Muses lyre; but the dulcet notes sound only in divine praise of the Superior Being; and of war he seems to have considered his own apparent imbecility of character at that period in some lines on Feb. 8, 1642, beginning,

"'Tis not base trembling, cowardice and fear,
That makes me in this fighting age forbear
To draw my sword———"

but he would have marched through seas of blood to serve the country, invoking curses on those who did not

not honour Charles and his princely son, yet suspecting many unsound adopted similar dialect.

> " The form—obtrudors may deform and make
> Eneruous, whilst the church of Rome doth take
> Advantage, and supplant religion,
> I'le not thrust in my hand to help them on."

The volume is inscribed briefly " to the Right Honourable and truly vertuous Lady the Lady Katharine D'Arci," who is pourtrayed in the address to the reader as " exemplarily eminent in every reall perfection." Of the work the author simply ventures to assure " it will neither wound nor defile the hand that takes it up," and with this character it will be sufficient to add specimens. The running or continuing the sense beyond the line appears an art studiously adopted.

" *On the Death of our vertuous and deare friend Mistris Dorothy Warwick at Marsk, Aug. 6th.* 1644.

> " If only light griefs find a tongue, and those
> That are extream, cannot themselves disclose
> Immur'd by stupid silence, surely then
> Nothing but flowing tears must from my pen
> Be-blur this paper: 'tis beyond the art
> Of language to express the smallest part
> Of our deep sorrows for her loss, whose age
> Scarce to the summer of her pilgrimage
> Attayned had; yet so ripe fruit, but few,
> After the autumn of their years, can shew.
> No act of hers could be esteemed less,
> Then one step forward to that place of bliss,
> Where now her faith is crowned, and we find
> Her sweet and pretious memory behinde."

"*Decemb.* 10, 1644.

"How many contradictions dayly come
Born on the wings of lying fame! By some
We hear of battles, stratagems, and sleights,
Whilst others make them victories, or flights.
All various rumors struggle for belief,
Whilst varying humours feed the present grief.
Once more, the hopefull terms of happy-peace
Salutes our greedy ears: O, may it please
The all-disposing power aboue, to frame
Our fitted hearts, to entertain the same."

"*May* 10, 1645. *Hearing the birds sing after the departure of our deare Mother.*

"And can you sing poor birds? Do you not see
A mourning countenance on every tree?
Doth not each stone in this sad fabrick, tell
What sable thoughts within these walls do dwell?
Since she who added sweetness to the spring,
To summer glory, she whose care did bring
More fruit than autumn, and from whom it was
That icy-winter undiscern'd did pass,
Hath left these habitations, my-thinks you
Should leave henceforth your warbling sonnets too,
Yet sing, but change your note and joyn with me,
Tune your loud whistles to an elegy."

There is a second title for a Chronological catalogue of such persons as ruled, &c. wherein it is described as "collected by C. W.* Esqueir." The table commences with William the Conqueror, and ends with James the First. It appears an accurate enumeration of sovereign pontiffs and monarchs that "ruled the neighbour states."

Conduit street. J. H.

* Perhaps Warwick.

ART.

ART. VI. *Greene's Arcadia, &c.* 1616.

[CONTINUED FROM P. 169]

After the address by Nash are the following lines without title.

"Delicious words, the life of wanton wit,
That doth inspire our soules with sweet content,
Why hath our father Hermes thought it fit,
Mine eyes should surfet by my heart's consent?
Full twentie summers haue I fadjng seene,
And twentie Floraes in their golden guise:
Yet never viewde I such a pleasant *Greene*,
As this whose garnisht gleades comparde, deuise.
Of all the flowers a *Lilly** once I lou'd,
Whose labouring beautie brancht it selfe abroad.
But now olde age his glory hath remou'd,
And *greener* obiects are mine eyes abroad.
No countrey to the downes of Arcadie,
Where Aganippe's euer springing wels
Doe moist the meades with bubbling melodie,
And makes me muse what more in Delos dwels.
There feeds our Menaphon's celestiall Muse,
There makes his pipe his pastorall report:
Which strained now a note aboue his vse,
Fore-tels hee'le ne're come chaunt of Thoaes sport.

* John Lilly was author of several admired pieces; particularly the romance called "Euphues," which passed through several editions, and, for a period, established a new style of writing. Webbe, in his discourse on Poetry, proclaimed him a wonderful improver of our language, but his work has been since considered a piece of affectation and nonsense. [See Berkenhout's Biog. Lit. p. 377.] Oldys characterizes him as "a man of great reading, good memory, ready faculty of application, and uncommon eloquence; but he ran into a vast excess of allusion," which, in conformity to the prevailing fashion, Greene has imitated. See CENS. LIT. I. 160.

Read

Read all that list, and read till you mislike
To' condemne who can, so Enuie be not Iudge:
No, reade who can, swell more higher, lest it shreeke,
Robin, thou hast done well, care not who grudge.

HENRY VPCHER."

The story of this work is very complexed and unnatural, and the abbreviating of it would neither afford interest or amusement. It is founded on a dark enigma of the oracle delivered by Pithia, the sacred nymph of Apollo, and finally unriddled by inconsequential trifles. The universal subject of novelists gives birth to several rhapsodical descriptions, and to those who sometimes loiter over a page in one of our early romances and feel gratified, the following specimen of Greene's prose will not be unacceptable.

"Menaphon looking ouer the champion of Arcady, to see if the continent was as full of smiles, as the seas were of fauours, saw the shrubbes as in a dreame with delightfull harmonie, and the birds that chaunted on their branches, not disturbed with the least breath of a fauourable Zephirus. Seeing thus the accord of the land and sea, casting a fresh gaze on the water-nimphes, hee beganne to consider how Venus was faigned by the poets to spring of the froth of the seas: which draue him straight into a deepe coniecture of the inconstancie of loue, that, as if Luna were his load-stone, had euery minute ebbes and tydes, sometime ouer-flowing the bankes of fortune with a gracious looke lightened from the eyes of a fauourable louer, otherwhiles ebbing to the dangerous shelfe of despaire, with the piercing frowne of a froward mistresse. Menaphon, in this browne studie, calling to minde certain

certain aphorisms that Auarreon had pen'd down as principles of loue's follies, being as deepe an enemie to fancie, as Narcissus was to affection, beganne thus to scoffe at Venus deitie.

" Menaphon, thy mindes fauours are greater than thy wealths fortunes, thy thoughts higher than thy birth, and thy priuate conceit better then thy publique esteeme. Thou art a shepheard, Menaphon, who in feeding of thy flocke findest out natures secrecie, and in preuenting thy lambes preiudice, conceitest the astronomicall motions of the heauens, holding thy sheepwalkes to yeeld as great philosophie, as the ancients discourse in their learned academies. Thou countest labour as the Indians doe their chrysocolla, wherewith they try euery metall, and thou examine euery action. Content sitteth in thy minde, as Neptune in his sea-throne, who, with his trident mace, appeaseth euery storme. When thou seest the heauens frowne, thou thinkest on thy faults, and a cleere skie putteth thee in minde of grace: the summer's glory tells thee of youth's vanitie: the winter's parched leaues, of age's declining weaknesse. Thus, in a mirrour, thou measurest thy deeds with equall and considerate motions, and, by being a shepheard, findest that which Kings want in their royalties. Enuy ouer-looketh thee, renting with the windes the pine-trees of Ida, when the Affrick shrubs waue not a leafe with the tempest. Thine eyes are vailde with content, that thou canst not gaze so high as ambition, and for loue: and with that, in naming of loue, the shepheard fell into a great laughter. Loue, Menaphon, why of all follies that euer poets fained, or men faulted with, this foolish imagination of loue is the greatest. Venus forsooth

for

for her wanton escapes must bee a goddesse, and her bastard a deitie: Cupid must bee yong and euer a boy, to prouve that loue is fond and witlesse: wings to make him inconstant, and arrowes whereby to shew him fearefull: blind (or all were not worth a pin) to prooue Cupid's leuell is both without aime and reason: thus is the god, and such are his votaries. As soone as our shepheards of Arcadie settle themselues to fancy, and weare the caracters of Venus stampt in their foreheads, straight their attire must bee quaint, their lookes full of amors, as their god's quiver is full of arrowes: their eyes holding smiles and teares, to leape out at their mistris fauours or her frownes: sighes must flie as figures of their thoughts, and euery wrinckle must be tempred with a passion: thus suted in outward proportion, and made excellent in inward constitution, they straight repaire to take view of their mistris beauty. She, as one obseruant vnto Venus principles, first tieth loue to her tresses, and wraps affection in the tramells of her haire; snaring our swaines in her lockes, as Mars in the net, holding in her forhead fortune's kalender, either to assigne dismall influence, or some fauourable aspect. If a wrinckle appeare in her brow, then our shepheard must put on his working day face, and frame nought but dolefull madrigals of sorrow; if a dimple grace her cheeke, the heauens cannot prooue fatall to our kind-hearted louers; if shee seeme coy, then poems of death mounted vpon deepe drawne sighs, flie from their master to sue for some fauour, alleadging how death at the least may date his misery; to be briefe, as vpon the shoares of Lapanthe the windes continue neuer one day in one quarter, so the thoughtes of a louer neuer continue scarce a minute

minute in one passion; but as fortune's globe, so is fancie's case, variable and inconstant."

The fluency of language and rapid succession of images that embellish the above extract leaves not a doubt of the writer occasionally assuming the bolder task of the poet. In this performance are fourteen pieces, viz. *The Oracle of Apollo*, 12 l. *Menaphon's Song*, 2 st. *Sephestia's Song to her Childe.* The burthen of this little ditty is particularly beautiful, natural, and affecting, as from a mother, immediately after escaping from a shipwreck.

" Weep not, my wanton, smile vpon my knee,
When thou art olde, there's griefe enough for thee.
Mother's wagge, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's ioy.
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and mee,
Hee was glad, I was woe,
Fortune chang'de made him so:
When he had left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his ioy.
Weepe not, my wanton, smile vpon my knee;
When thou art olde, there's griefe enough for thee.

Streaming teares that neuer stint,
Like pearle drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eyes,
That one another's place supplies;
Thus he grieued in euerie part,
Teares of bloud fell from his heart,
When he left his prettie boy,
Father's sorrow, father's ioy.
Weepe not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art olde, there's grief enough for thee.

The

The wanton smil'de, father wept,
Mother cry'de, baby lept;
More he crown'de, more he cry'de,
Nature could not sorrow hide.
He must goe, he must kisse,
Childe and mother, baby blisse:
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's ioy.'
Weepe not, my wanton, smile vpon my knee;
When thou art olde, there's griefe enough for thee."

Menaphon's roundelay, 3 10-l. st. *Doron's description of Samela*, 4 6-l. st. *Doron's Iigge*, 30 l. *Melicertus description of his Mistriss*, 5 4-l. st. *Melicertus Madrigall*, 4 6-l. st. *Menaphon's Song in his bed*, 5 6-l. st. *Menaphon's Ditty*, 24 l. *Menaphon's Eglogue, and Melicertus Eglogue*, each 17 4-l. st. *Doron's Eglogues ioyned with Carmelae's, and a Sonnetto*, 4 6 l. st.

Some of the pieces enumerated have enriched the modern collections. The following is transcribed to conclude, and as a specimen of the rustic humour with which the author describes his subordinate characters.

"*Doron's Eglogues ioyned with Carmelae's.*

"Sit downe, Carmela, heere are cubs for Kings,
Slowes blacke as iet, or like my Christmas shoes;
Sweet sidar, which my leathern bottle brings:
Sit downe, Carmela, let me kisse thy toes.

Carmela.

Ah, Doron, ah my hart, thou art as white
As is my mother's calfe, or brinded cow:
Thine eyes are like the slow-wormes in the night,
Thine haires resemble thickest of the snow.

The

The lines within thy face are deepe and cleere,
Like to the furrowes of my father's waine;
Thy sweat vpon thy face doth oft appeare,
Like to my mother's fat and kitchin gaine.
Ah, leaue my toe, and kisse my lips, my loue,
My lips are thine, for I haue giuen them thee;
Within thy cap 'tis thou shalt weare my gloue,
At foot-ball sport thou shalt my champion be.

Doron.

Carmela deare, euen as the golden ball
That Venus got, such are thy goodly eyes,
When cherries iuyce is iumbled therewithall;
Thy breath is like the steam of apple-pyes.
Thy lips resemble two cowcumbers faire,
Thy teeth like to the tusks of fattest swine,
Thy speech is like the thunder in the ayre;
Would God thy toes, and lips, and all were mine.

Carmela.

Doron, what thing doth moue this wishing griefe?

Doron.

This loue, Carmela, ah, 'tis cruell loue;
That like a slaue, and caytiue villaine theefe,
Hath cut my throat of joy for my behoue.

Carmela.

Where was he born?

Doron.

In faith I know not where;
But I haue heard much talking of his dart;
Aye me! poore man, with many a trickling teare,
I feele him wound the forehearse of my hart.
What, doe I loue? O no, I doe but talke;
What, shall I die for loue? O no, not so;
What, am I dead? O no, my tongue doth walke;
Come kisse, Carmela, and confound my woe.

Carmela.

Carmela.

Euen with this kisse, as once my father did,
I seale the sweet endentures of delight;
Before I breake my vow, the gods forbid,
No not by day, nor yet by darksome night.

Doron.

Euen with this garland made of holly-hocks,
I crosse thy browes, from euery shepherd's kisse:
Heigh ho, how glad am I to touch thy locks,
My frolicke heart euen now a free man is,

Carmela.

I thanke you Doron, and will think on you;
I loue you Doron, and will winke on you;
I seale your chapter patent with my thums;
Come kisse and part, for feare my mother comes."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. VII. *The Way to be Rich, according to the practice of the Great Audley, who begun with two hundred pound, in the year* 1605, *and dyed worth four hundred thousand pound this instant November,* 1662. *Rem, quocunque modo, rem. Psal.* xlix. 13. *Yet their posterity approve their sayings. London: Printed for E. Davis.* 1662. 4*to. pp.* 38.

This account of an usurious miser is divided into eleven sections, beginning with his carriage as a servant. Being admitted clerk in September, 1597, he contrived out of six shillings per week, allowed for diet, to save three shillings and sixpence: in apparel, "according to the fashion of those times, he wore a trunk

trunk hose, with drawers, upon all occasions, with a leather doublet, and plate buttons; and his special care was to buy good cloth, linen, and woollen, the best being best cheap, and to keep them neat and clean; for he observed that dist and dirt did cloaths more harm than wearing. Aiming at the study of the law, he resolved with himselfe to lay aside some leasure time for that purpose; the time was from ten a clock at night, to one of the clock in the morning, which was his constant hour for nine years together, and then from six till eight, when he gave himself to his usual affairs: he had an excellent way of contriving his study, without any expence, (as he learned, so he taught) he contrived the notes he gathered as he read, so that they might be usefull for publick good, and so, by writing several things then seasonable but now lost, he purchased a fair library of law, and got money to boot, for he seldome read a book for his own advantage, but he contrived a design for his own advantage." The same advantage was always pursued in money transactions; when money was borrowed of him, and the borrower, from his exactions, inquired if he did not intend to use a conscience, "Yes, I intend hereafter to use it; why, sir, we monied-men must balance accounts; if you do not pay me, you cheat me; but if you do, then I cheat you." In the last section his rules of thriving are given, in rhime, to the number of thirty-four; then follows Bishop Saunderson on Usury, the relation of the rich Antonio, and other characters of the same description. The following are among the rules for thriving, which prove the precepts better than either poetry or example.

" Never exceed thy income; youth may make
Even with the year; but age, if it well hit,
Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his state
As the day lessens, and his life with it.
Thy children, kindred, friends, upon thee call
Before thy jorney, fairly part with all."

" By no means run in debt, take thy own measure,
Who cannot live on twenty pound a year,
Cannot on forty; he is a man of pleasure,
A kind of thing that's for itself too dear,
The curious unthrift makes his cloth too wide,
And spans himself, but would the taylor chide."

" Play not for gain, but sport; who plays for more
Than he can loose with pleasure, stakes his heart,
Perhaps his wive's too, and whom she hath bore,
Servants and churches also play their part;
Only a herauld who that way doth pass,
Finds his cracked name at length in the Church-glass."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. VIII. *The Institution of a Gentleman, in Three Parts. By William Higford, Esq. Virtus verus honos. London: Printed by A. W. for William Lee at the Turk's Head in Fleetstreet.* 1660. 12*mo. pp.* 97.

As Wood's account of this author is short, I will give it entire.

" William Higford, an Esquire's son, was born at, or near to Alderton, in Gloucestershire, became a Gentleman

Gentleman Commoner of Oriel College, Oxford, in 1595, and being soon translated to that of Corpus Christi was put under the tuition of Seb. Benefield, where, by the benefit of good discipline and natural parts, he became a well-qualified gentleman. Afterwards taking a degree in arts, he retired to his father's seat, became a justice of peace, and much respected by the Lord Chandois, and other persons of quality in his country. He left behind him a large book in MS.* of his own writing entitled, *Institution, or Advice to his Grandson, in three parts*, which being epitomized, or contracted, by Clem. BARKSDALE, a minister in Gloucestershire, was by him published at London in 1658, 8vo. Other matters fit for the press he left behind him; which, being not understood by his children, were lost. He died at his house at Dixton, near to Alderton, on April 6, 1657, and in that of his age 77. His father also had been educated in Corpus Christi College, under the tuition of Will. Cole; and his grandfather, Sir John Higford, under John Jewell, both whom were afterwards zealous puritans, as the son was." †

Wood seems to have been mistaken as to the date 1658, and the 8vo. size, as appears by the words and date of the following Dedication.

"*To the most illustrious Lord Scudamore.*

"MY LORD,

"This little book being *now* to venture abroad into

* I have somewhere, among my family books, a MS. of this work, which as far as I can recollect, is fuller than this printed copy—but it is somewhere mislaid; and I have therefore had no opportunity of collating, since I purchased the little printed volume at Reed's sale.

† Athen. Oxon. II. 210. His descendant, Rev. Hen. Higford, died at Dixton, near Alderton, aged 86, March 25, 1795.

the world *(after some years privacy)* humbly taketh leave to go under the protection of your honourable name. First, because the worthy author was much devoted to you, and hath here left some memorials of your most noble family. Secondly, because the design of the Editor being to do some service to young gentlemen (especially in Glouc. and Herefordshire) he believes the book will be much the more acceptable to them, by bearing the great name of SCUDAMORE in the front. A name that is deservedly most dear and precious to all that love piety, learning, and civility, and shall be ever honoured by,

MY LORD,
Your Lordship's most humble servant,
C. BARKSDALE."

Aug. 1, 1660.

"*To the Generous Reader.*

"I present you with *The Institution of a Gentleman*, a little book collected out of the larger manuscript of the deceased author. A little book is fittest for those hands, to which it is designed, and yet it is not the least in this kind, bigger than Sir W. Rauleigh's to his son, than the L. Cecil's to his, and almost equal to K. James's *Basilicon Doron* to the Prince. Be pleased to venture one serious hour in the perusal; you will find the Grandson well born, and well bred, taught to take heed of gaming and suretyship, and to preserve his estate and his reputation with it; instructed also in the way of noble converse with friends, servants, tenants, in obedience to the church in the choice and use of good books. Lastly, furnished with vertues theological and moral, especially supported by these four

four cardinal ones, justice, prudence, fortitude, and temperance; other gallant accomplishments are added; and you, my generous reader, that have an interest in such vertues, will easily, by similitude of manners, be invited to make a friendship with the Gentleman here set forth by the care of

Your servant,

C. B."

" *Epitaphium Gulielmi Higford.*

"Hic jacet HIGFORDUS. Quis? Saxo sufficit isti
Inscriptum nomen. Cætera Fama docet.

HIGFORD lyes here: we only write his name
Upon the grave, and leave the rest to Fame."

" *Fama Loquitur.*

" Give me my trumpet that I may proclaim
With lasting sounds the noble HIGFORD's name:
That this ungrateful world may know he's gone,
And know whom they have lost. For he was one
Whom only few, that is, the wise did know,
And rightly value, while he liv'd: but now
All must lament and love. So the sun's light
We estimate by the dark shade of night.
He was a light indeed: when he drew nigh,
And with his beams shin'd on our company,
All clouded brows were clear'd, and every face
Was beautify'd with smiles; such comely grace
Appear'd in his behaviour; such true wit,
Sharp wit, but inoffensive, always fit
For the occasion and the persons, still
Mingled with his discourse; he'd wit at will.
And Learning too he had in readiness,
Such as his book contains, worthy o' th' press,

His manuscript to his son's son. O when
Will it come forth, for th' use of Gentlemen?
He was well read in books and men; both these
Study'd, made what he spake or wrote to please:
Old authors he lov'd best; and well he knew
The old religion from the late and new;
And though he read and honour'd *Bellarmine*
And great *Aquinas*, he did not decline
From th' English church; but held fast to his death
The Reformation of Queen Elizabeth,
Wherein he had been bred; ever the same;
Warping neither to Rome, nor Amsterdam.
One note of his religious minde take hence,
(Exemplar to us all) his patience.
Among his papers, gather what his Muse
Hath left us in remembrance ('twas his use)
Of honour'd persons; *Chandos*, *Dutton* do
Live in his verses still, and *Capel* too.
Let HIGFORD also live with them; his name
With lasting sounds my trumpet shall proclaim."

The book itself is a sensible little volume. The first part contains advice regarding his grandson's birth and estate. The second, regarding his company. And the third, regarding his actions.

"Nosce Teipsum," he begins, "was a document in especial esteem among the ancient philosophers, and to know your origin and birth is to know a good part of yourself," &c.

"But I beseech you (this your descent be it what it will) that you make no boasting or ostentation thereof, or comparisons with other gentlemen; than which nothing is more vile or putrid: but lay it aside by you to vindicate you from indignities and affronts, and when you find yourself disparaged, or the title of your land

land questioned, then with modesty, the comeliest ornament of youth, and with such weapons as are left unto you, defend the same. Let upstarts and buyers of honour bragg and boast!

Pervia dant vada plus murmuris, alta nihil."

At Part II. p. 26, speaking of company, he says,

"The next in order are your neighbours; (a good neighbour near is better than a brother a far off) with whom in respect of nearnesse you are to converse.

"There are two honourable neighbours, that in effect enrich your estate: 1. The Right Honourable Viscount Tracy, who hath the preheminence of all the families in these parts for antiquity. Your ancestors have from them received much honour by divers trusts and services recommended and reposed in them. Their lands at Alderton lye promiscuously with yours, and many differences have arisen between the respective Lords and tenants, which have been always composed in an amicable way. Many graces and favours I have received in my country have proceeded from this Honourable Lord, and his son Sir Robert Tracy, the true inheritor of his honour and vertues. And though I might command you, yet I had rather entreat you to assist me to pay that deep debt of duty and service, which I owe to those of that honourable family.

"The other is the Lord Chandos, nay, the Lord Butlers long before, as I am very well able to set forth. The Lord Edmund Chandos, Knight of the Garter, in much infirmity of body did adventure towards Gloucester, to do Sir John Higford honour, when he was first High Sheriff, but falling more sick in the journey, returned to his castle and died before the assizes were

ended. The Lord Giles Chandos employed Sir John Higford in the government of his estate, and in the lieutenancy of the county: and for his good service done therein, promoted him to the Queen's Majesty (a great housewife of her honour) who dignified him with the order of Knight (in those days communicable only to persons of worth and quality) 14 Sept. 1591. At which time also her said Majesty created Sir John Scudamore Knight, the goodliest personage then in the court of England, and in high favour, her Majesty using many gracious speeches to them both. The Lord Grey Chandos, truly noble both in learning and arms, brought me first into the commission of the peace, and did me many graces both in court and country. This noble Lord, with whom you are almost coetaneous, hath shewed many remarkable instances of his prowess and valour.

——— Nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant Aquilæ columbam."

ART. IX. *Memorials of Worthy Persons. Two Decads. By Cl. Barksdale.* The memory of the just is blessed. London: Printed by I. R.* 1661. 12*mo.*

A third Decad was printed at Oxford, 1662, 8vo.—and a fourth there, 1663, 8vo.—and *A Remembrance of excellent men,* Lond. 1670, 8vo. which goes for the fifth Decad.

The present is dedicated to his Honourable Friend George Mountagu, Esq.—" The whole," says Wood,

* Barksdale's Nympha Lybethris, see CENS. LIT. Vol. VI. p. 17.

" are

" are scribbled from funeral sermons, lives, and characters occasionally given of the persons in public authors."

The First Decad consists of Memorials of 1. Dr. Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, from his Funeral Sermon by Mr. John Lightfoot, 1656. 2. Dr. John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, from his Life by Iz. Walton. 3. Sir William Cokain, Alderman of London, from his Funeral Sermon by Dr. Donne. 4. Sir Thomas Bodley, from his Life printed at Oxford 1647. 5. Dr. John Jewel, Bishop of Sarum, from his Life prefixed to his Works. 6. Mr. George Herbert, from the Preface to his Poems. 7. Dr. James Usher, Archbishop of Armagh, from Dr. Bernard. 8. Mr. John Hales, from Dr. Pearson's Preface to his Golden Remains. 9. R. Evelyn, from his Father's Epistle before Chrysostome, of Education. 10. Dr. Arthur Lake, Bishop of Bath and Wells, from the Preface to his Sermons.

The Second Decad contains, 11. Edward Peyto, Esq. from his Funeral Sermon by Mr. Thomas Peirce. 12. Dr. William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, from Dr. Gauden's Suspiria, and Fuller's Church History. 13. Archbishop Usher again, from Gauden's Suspiria. 14. Thomas Brandeston, a rich clothier of Bergholt in Suffolk, from "Tradition of good hands." 15. Mr. John Dod, from Fuller's Church History. 16. Mr. Joseph Mede, from the View of his Life annexed to his Works. 17. Mr. Josias Shute, from Mr. Edward Sparke's Preface to Sarah and Hagar. 18. Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, from his Life by Dr. Rawley. 19. Thomas Jackson, D. D. from Mr. Vaughan. 20. Lady Falkland, from Mr. Dunton.

ART. X. *Saint Thomas a' Waterings,*

Mentioned in the note, at p 157, as the place of execution of Penry, is repeatedly alluded to by the early dramatic writers. In the Puritan, or Widow of Watling Street, Mary, the daughter, says, "Alas! a small matter bucks a handkerchief! and sometimes the 'spital stands too nigh Saint Thomas a Waterings." On this passage there are two notes from Mr. Malone and Mr. Steevens, the last conjecturing it to be "the name of the church which was burnt in the fire of London." See the Supplement to Shakspeare, published by Mr. Malone, 1780, Vol. II. p. 540. Upon the appearance of that work the late Mr. Whalley addressed a long letter to Mr. Steevens on various subjects incident to it, which I am not aware of having yet appeared in print. The following portion, particularly alluding to the above passage, may be considered curious.

"What Mrs. Mary intends to say, I do not perfectly understand. The spital, corrupted from hospital, is frequently taken to mean an hospital for the cure of foul patients. I believe it is to be understood so here. St. Thomas a Waterings is not the name of a church: and, indeed, there never was a church of that name in or near the city. It is the name of a watering-place, so called, from Thomas a Becket, in the Kentish road, about half way between the end of Kent Street, where stood the Lock Hospital, and new cross turnpike, as you go to Deptford. It is in Surrey, and was antiently the place for the execution of criminals. You will find it, I believe, in some of the maps of the environs of London. It is in the map of Kent in Camden's Britannia,

tannia, placed on the borders of that county; and it was mentioned in the Votes of the House of Commons last sessions; so that it still bears the same name. Chaucer mentions it in the prologue to the Canterbury Tales.

> And forth we riddin all a litel space
> Unto the Watering of S^t. Thomas.

It occurs in the old morality of Hycke Scorner, p. 105.

> For at saynt Thomas of Watrynge, and they stryke a sayle, [fayle.
> Then must they ryde in the haven of hempe without

And Jonson also has it in the New Inn:

> He may, perhaps, take a degree at Tyburn,
> A year the earlier; come, to read a lecture
> Upon Aquinas at S^t. Thomas à Waterings,
> And so go forth a laureat in hemp circle.
>
> Act i. S. 3.

Though Mr. Whalley was dubious as to the meaning of the speech from Mary upon her mother, yet his note confirms the observation of Mr. Steevens of its being "a wretched quibble between spittle, the moisture of the mouth, and spital, a corruption from hospital;" and Mr. Malone's observation is also confirmed of "a poor quibble on the word *waterings*." Certainly conjecture too frequently clogs the foot of the Shaksperian pages, but should remain until appositе passages can be adduced from contemporary writers, that give better explanations. The above note, while it supports the double quibbling, may ground the surmise that the speech, reduced to common idiom, is

is in character, by applying the allusions in the following manner: "a small matter wets a handkerchief, and sometimes spittle serves the widow [of a delinquent who suffers] at Saint Thomas à Waterings."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART XI. *A strange Metamorphosis of Man, transformed into a Wildernesse. Deciphered in characters. London: Printed by Thomas Harper, and are to be sold by Lawrence Chapman at his shop in Holborne.* 1634. 12*mo. Containing Sig. I.*

"*The Preface to the Reader.*

"The world is a wildernesse, man a pilgrime lost in the desert; or rather man is the desert, not to be found, but in the wildernesse. A desert who leaving the path of rectitude hath plunged himselfe into the thicket of worldly appetites; to seek him in the citie were in vaine, who leaving Jerusalem, entred into the desert the way of Iericho. To finde him then, we must leave the citie, and seeke him in the wildernesse. Where behold a strange metamorphosis! Wee finde him not in his owne similitude, but like Vlissis crew, transformed into the shape of everie thing we meete with. We then take him as we finde him, and deliver you his character in those borrowed shapes, not to put him to the blush. But lest of a wildernesse of things, I make a wildernesse of words, and loose myselfe in my owne wildernesse; or labouring in a maze as *Pasiphaé* in her labyrinth, instead of a metamorphosis, I present you with a mynotaure, I must entreate thee reader

reader to take my meaning for thy clew to guide thee in and out: which is not to make monsters of characters, or to character monsters, but to present thee with an innocent and harmelesse recreation through a strange imaginarie metamorphosis, and that, reading without the acerbitie of a savage, thou shew thy selfe at least to be a reasonable man, in thine owne likenesse."

This entertaining work might class with the *Dyets dry dinner* of Dr. Butts; and if not equal in poignancy of wit, yet there is a rich vein of humour and amusement, and the apparent lucubration of a pen able to perform better things. The characters are divers in subjects, as the lion, moss, coal pit, &c. and forty in number. The title-page would lead the reader to expect an exemplified display of various human passions, with a moral drawn from the appositive relation of certain productions of a wilderness, but, as the author truly says, he has neither made monsters of characters, nor characters of monsters.

"The eccho is the Iris of the eare, as the Iris is the eccho of the eyes. She is the true camelion of the air that changes into every colourable sense; the *Proteus* that transforms herself to every shape of words. She is the inamourado of the forest that will be taken with every one's love, and as Narcissus with his owne beauty, be enamoured with her own tongue, and take delight to hear herself speak. Yea she is a thing or nothing, a tattling gossip, a meer babler, a teller of tales; one that hath no substance in her, but is a meer accident, in that she comes suddenly upon you unlooked for. She is of a strange quality, who takes delight to affright the ignorant and simple, will play the hobgoblin, the fairy

table, for he will take upon him to season every dish, so much some times as he mars all, till he take his sugar with him, for then he hath no fellow. He is but little of himself, but grows to be an oak among the rest of herbs, upon whose boughs the chaunting birds take pleasure to warble out their descants; and who knows whether to the honour of this miracle of seeds? He fears not thee muster-master so much (who but lays him forth to take view of them and no more) as the mustard-maker, who puts him into Bridewell as it were to pound in a mortar. If he be of the right stamp, and a true Tewxbury man, he is a cholerick gentleman, and will bear no coals; but will himself sticke any man into a heat that takes him into his roof, though indeed he will easily be pacified again with a crust of bread, and so long I hold him to bee no such perilous companion."

"Tobacco is a sovereign plant of an active spirit, which being set on fire, mounts to the upper region of the brain, and there plays *Rex*. Where like a Lord of Mis-rule, calling the whimsies round about him, they all play revell rout together, and thence like a little Sathan, he sends them here and there, as spirits up and down to work wonders. It is a spice that comes from India, now grown in more request than pepper is; but will be sure to pepper them that take it over much."

There are other familiar allusions similar to the Lord of Mis-rule; as the squirril is "no carpet-knight that danceth on strewed tapestries, for he will daunce without any musick:" the bear "is a good trencher-man, for he will eat soundly at any other man's cost, but if he be at his own finding, he will dine you sometimes with Duke Humphrey, and keepe his chamber like one with

with never a penny in his purse:" the elephant "hath no lofty galiards with him, but all his revelling is with ground tricks. He is a good swordsman and lays about him in the wars, but cannot weild the two hand-sword, nor is any fencer at all for want of a dagger hand to ward withall." And the peacock is "no mercer of Cheapside who keeps a constant shop at home, but a pedlar rather;—he is a true feather man of Black-friars, but none buy at his shop but giddy heads, for the estridge is more in request and puts him by his custom."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XII. *Etymology of the word Entice.*

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

With respect to the word *entice*, mentioned by your correspondent, although Johnson had not discovered its origin, yet, in case it was derived from the Saxon, there is another root in that language, beside *Teogan*, from which it might have descended just as well; this is *Tihtan*, to *persuade*. I do not, however, find any examples which might induce us to conceive that either *g* in the one, or *t* in the other, were ever changed into *c* or *s*, so that it is only possible either way. However, I am persuaded that *entice* was not derived from the Saxon at all, but from the French word *enticher* to *stain*, *spot*, or *corrupt*; and formerly, not improbably, it might in French have signified *entice*; which, however, is now changed to *inciter*; yet, if

not, it might acquire in time this sense in English, as there is but a thin partition, being *enticing to evil*, and being *stained or corrupted with actual evil*. As the past participle *entiché* means being *corrupted*, the present participle *entichans*, when in use, would naturally mean *corrupting*; and if the French now use only the *past* participle *stained and corrupted*, why might not the Norman English have retained in that word only the *present* tense, as meaning *corrupting*, that is, *enticing* to evil?

As to the derivation of *enticher* in French, it appears from Lacombe's Dictionary of Old French, that it was formerly spelt with an *e* instead of *i*. Thus he says, *enteché* means *entiché, souillé, sali*; and this leads us to discern the origin of it. He gives this example:

> " Pardone moi tous mes péchés
> Dequels je sui fort entéchés. FABRY.
>
> Pardon me all my sins
> With which I am much spotted."

Now Pelletier, in his Dictionary of Bas-breton, says, that *Taich* with them is the French *tache, spot, a natural or moral defect:* and he adds that M. Roussel writes it *Tech, vice*; and also *Di-tech, without vice.* Hence, it appears, that *enticher* has been changed from *entecher*, and this from *entacher*, to fill with *spots*, and that *en* is a necessary part of the word, just as in *attacher* and *de-tacher*; which is a further proof that *entice* does not come either from the Saxon *Teogan* or *Tihtan*, (since it every where carries *en* as a mark of its origin along with it,) but fromthe French, in which such prepositions are common. *Tice* then, in English, can be only an abbreviation of *entice*, as

was

was very common in old versifications, in order to have a foot less in a word, which occurs repeatedly in the old versification of the Psalms, and elsewhere; thus *hests* for *behests*, and *spie* for *espie*.

In regard to the French word *tache, spot*, Menage takes no notice of its origin in his etymological dictionary, but it is undoubtedly not from Saxon, but a Gaulish corruption of the Latin *tactus*, just as in the verbs *attacher, detacher*. The substantive itself, *Tach*, still remains in the Bas-breton, as Pelletier says, to mean *a nail*; but I believe that it is now lost out of the French: it is preserved, however, in Spanish, where *Tacho* means also a *small nail*, as *Tack* does in English; that is, it denotes the means by which one thing is *tacked* to another *(tacta.)* Now, because the heads of nails appear like *spots* upon surfaces, hence it came to signify also a *spot*, as a secondary sense of the word, and thus a *stain*, or *contamination*, as a third sense, either of a natural or moral kind. Scaliger, in his *Conjectanea* on Varro, observes, "In Gallia vocunt *Tac*, hoc est *maculam* vel nævum, ab ea similitudine a clavis, qui tanquam nævi in plagula sparsi sunt." Pelletier is clear that it is not originally a Celtic or Breton word, but imported there from the Gaulish language, which we know was corrupted Latin in part, just as *Patch* with us was formed from the Latin *Patagium*, and in a similar sense, but which is neither to be found in Celtic or Gothic: so neither is *tache* to be found in *this* sense in any Gothic language except French, which confirms its derivation from Gaulish and corrupt Latin. *Tasche*, indeed, now writ *Tâche*, runs through all Gothic languages, German, French, Dutch, Belgic, English, &c. in its own proper senses,

which are two, either to mean a *Task*, or else a *Purse* or *Pocket*; but this is quite a different word from *tache*, a *spot*: so that it has had a gradual change from *tacta* to *tac*, *tache*, *taich*, *tach*, *tech* and *tich*, and thus gave origin to *en-ticher*, *entice*.

S.

Art. XIII. *On the present State of Public Criticism.*

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

As in my former letter I doubted of the discretion of the writer who made use of the argument there mentioned for the *pristine antiquity* of Syriac letters among the Jews, I ought, in justice, however, to commend his ingenuous conduct in not concealing from his readers the name of *Simon*, in order the better to conceal the weakness of his argument; and I must now accuse others of being less ingenuous and more guarded in this respect.

Who it was that first discovered the name of *Simon* on Jewish coins I cannot determine, but it certainly is mentioned as early as in the second tom. of the *Œdipus* of Kircher. That this was published *before* the Prolegomena of Walton, in 1657, I cannot affirm; but the name of Simon appeared certainly soon *after* in Hottinger's *Dissert. de nummis orientalium*, *p.* 144. (1662.) Walton therefore may, possibly, not be liable to the accusation of having intentionally suppressed this fact of the name of Simon being discovered on some of those coins, when he adopted the abovementioned argument of Scaliger in words, if possible, more peremptory

tory and dogmatic than Scaliger himself. "Præcipuum argumentum pro litteris Samaritanis, et quod *luce sua* evidenter hoc probat (cui nemo nisi qui luscus vel oculos claudit assentiri non possit) ductum est ex antiquis Sicilis et numismatis Hebræorum *ante Captivitatem* cusis, immo *ante defectionem* decem tribuum ex ruderibus Hierosolymitanis olim et hodie effossis," c. iii.

To some other men of learning, however, this had then not appeared so clear *by its own light* as to entitle Walton to express himself so confidently; for Strickard, quoted by him in this very chapter, doubted of the antiquity ascribed to these coins by Scaliger, and doubted rightly, as has since appeared. He says, "Quod Samaritani residuam habeant *antiquam* Hebræorum scripturam, id nequaquam credo—nec quicquam hic illi *probant* sicli." *Bechinath, &c. p.* 82, (1624.) For how, indeed, could the use of Samaritan letters by the Jews, *after* their return from Babylon, prove the use of them *before* the captivity, unless also their use of the Syrian language, in *later* times than the captivity, prove, at the same time, their use of it *before* that event? And how can be reconciled what Walton says above with his following account of the currency of the Syrian language among the Jews in the time of Christ, "Ipsi N. Fœderis scriptores hac lingua (Syriaca) sibi *vernacula* Judæis et aliis circumvicinis populis cælestia oracula promulgarint—immo ipsi Salvatori *vernacula* erat, quam una cum lacte materna suxit—hinc multa verba in N. T. pure Syriaca, ut *Raka* in Matt. v.—immo Domini nomen Ιησους est Syriacum (σωτηρ) et nomen etiam Messias, se *unctus*," c. 13.

How could it be expected that those who thus *spoke* Syriac should not also *write* Syriac, and write it in such Syrian letters as were current in that age? This only, therefore, has Simon done not above 140 years before Christ, out of the 586, between the captivity and the vulgar era; and can it be reasonably pretended that the Syrian *language* was drawn from one source, the *current* language of all the neighbouring nations, but the Syrian *letters* from another source, the *ancient* use of them by the Jews *before* their captivity to Babylon, and four or five hundred years before Simon?

If it be urged that his name is not on all the coins, this is true, and some may, *possibly*, be of later date, but none of an earlier one; as there is no evidence but that before his time all Jewish money passed by weight, and he first obtained from the Macedonian Kings in Syria a liberty to coin money, as mentioned in 1 Maccab. ch. xv. 6.

Beside this, most of those other coins which have not *Simon* on them have *the liberation of Zion*, which legend can only again apply to the age of Simon or *after* him; and their weight, size, form and types, are all so similar, as to indicate their origin in nearly the same age.

But although Walton might, possibly, have obtained no information of the name of Simon on those coins, (for, indeed, they are so difficult to read that scarcely any two orientalists agree in finding the very same letters; and, although the writer in question has been either so ingenuous, or so unguarded, as to tell his readers a fact, which destroyed his own argument,) yet the same favourable construction cannot be put upon the conduct of several others who, since Walton, have still

still adhered to the old argument of Scaliger, after the fact of the high antiquity of the coins adopted by him had been disproved by the *later* events and legends on them of either *Simon, or the liberation of Zion.*

Thus, for instance, Prideaux, so late as 1715, writes in the same confident strain with Scaliger and Walton. "The opinion of most learned men, and upon good grounds, is in favour of the *antiquity* of the Samaritan letters among the Jews; for there are many *old* Jewish shekels frequently dug up in Judæa with this inscription on them, in Samaritan letters, *Ierusalem Kedeshah*, i. e. Jerusalem the holy, which shews that they could not be the coins of the Samaritans themselves, who would not call Jerusalem *holy*; they must therefore be the coins of the two tribes *before* the captivity; this proves the Samaritan to be that character, which was then in use among them.—I think this argument from the shekels is unanswerable." *Ann.* 446, sect. 5.

But why must they have been coined *before* the captivity and not as well *after* it, even if they had had no other legend than *Jerusalem the holy?* And more especially still why suppress those other legends *Simeon* and *liberation of Zion*, which would have proved the date of the coinage in these at least to have been *after* the captivity? While that of *the Holy* was equally suitable to every age as well *after* as *before.* Why also suppress the fact that *some* learned men had, even *before* the discovery of those other two legends, expressed their doubts of the high antiquity given to them by Scaliger, as Strickard abovementioned, Kirche, and others, and *afterwards* Hottinger also in 1662, Buxtorf in 1662, and Stephanus Morinus *de lingua pri-*

nava in 1694, "Præcedentes observationes abunde declarant *post* captivitatem potuisse nummos illos cudi," *p.* 266. Harduin also in *Chronol. vet. Test*; and the great orientalist Reland, who, in 1702, wrote some tracts to explain the legends of those coins, yet never so much as hints at any of the coins being struck *before* the captivity; on the contrary he confirms the legends on them of *Simeon* and *liberation of Zion*, or else *from the Greeks*, and on others such dates as would bring them down to 200 years *later* than Simon. Ottius also, who soon after opposed Reland as to these *later* dates, yet confirmed those others.

All this information, *before* 1715, Prideaux has suppressed, and pretended that *most* learned men judged the directly contrary; in which, although he was in an error, yet he was at least consistent in it, for he was cautious enough in his words to conceal every thing against his own error; but the present critic has both adopted the same error, and in the same moment by the name *Simon* exposed a proof against it to public view in the same sentence, and thus refuted himself; with *additions* likewise by himself, altogether destitute of proof, by putting *priests* in the plural and an *&c.* to the name of Simon. It has not, indeed been proved that they were *all* coined by him; but by what marks can it be proved that they were not? Especially, since it is certain, that the *types* were different under his successors.

Thus criticism goes on from bad to worse, and substitutes its own suppositions for actual truths; after which it draws conclusions as certain ones from its own previous and uncertain suppositions, while, at the same time,

time, it rejects such conclusions as necessarily follow, even from the imperfect state of the truths presented to us by the writer himself. Have I not reason then to lament the present state of public criticism, which can itself act in this preposterous manner, while it sits in judgment upon the labours and abilities of other writers? The critic, nevertheless, presumes that M. Hurwitz will *feel* the force of his objections, in which, however, one can *see* nothing but inconsistency both with himself and truth: and this produced *by his own additions and stated facts.*

But beside its being so natural and easy for the Jews *after* the captivity to learn the Syriac letters along with the Syriac language, there was another reason which would induce them to impress those letters on their coins, independent of their being so well known to themselves as well as to all the neighbouring nations; that is, the great religious scruples they had adopted against applying what they esteemed *holy* to common and vulgar uses. Not only was Jerusalem holy, but the language of their scripture was holy, and even the letters in which it was writ were holy likewise. The most ancient writings of the Jews, extant, repeatedly call the Hebrew letters *scriptura sancta.* Wherever also the name of *Jehovah* occurred in their scriptures, they would neither pronounce it nor write it, but change it to *Adonai*, lest it should be profaned by vulgar use even among themselves.

The same religious scruples would prevent them equally from impressing the *holy* Hebrew letters upon coins to be profaned by the hands of all the heathen nations around, beside that other nations knew nothing of their forms any more than of the sense of Hebrew words,

words, and even not many of themselves in the age of Simon. So that when he began to coin money, he would scarcely employ Greek letters, as it would be a badge of his being still in subjection to the Greeks; and to make use of Hebrew letters would be liable to the abovementioned objections. What letters then could he use so well as Syriac, which were free from these objections, and better understood both by the Jews and others?

Instead then of the use of Syrian letters by him, or any *later priests*, being a proof of the use of them *before* the captivity, it is only a proof of their having become as common among the Jews 300 years *after* the captivity as the Syrian language was also. *It still* continued in *some* use, on their coins, down to the age of Christ; but after the subjugation of the Jews by Alexander, and the assumption of the title of *kings*, the high priests had assumed Greek names, and, by degrees, they began then to make less use of Syrian legends on their coins, for they afterwards employed Greek capitals, as M. Barthelemy has shewn: some few Syrian letters, however, were still found on the reverses, while Greek capitals were used on the obverses. This again indicates that Syrian letters had not been impressed at first on account of their *pristine antiquity*, but on account of the convenience of their use in more modern times, for they were again changed for Greek letters, as soon as the Greek tongue and convenience better recommended Greek letters; which in this case again the Jews, in course, learned along with the Greek language, just as before they had learned Syrian letters along with the Syrian language; and these two acquisitions as naturally and necessarily accompanied

companied one another, as school-boys now learn Greek letters along with the Greek language.

Such *seems to have been* the true state of *facts*; but whether it was so cannot be proved, however, with respect to the *causes* of them; concerning which we can only form probable conjectures, and not proofs. Now these are so far from confirming the opinion of the critic in question, that the Jewish priests would be induced to impress Hebrew letters on their coins, because they were the *original holy* letters in which their sacred scriptures were writ, that this on the contrary would be with them a direct obstacle to their use in the legends of their coins, and is a supposition as unsolid as the several facts which he has supposed, in like manner, but which are certainly not true.

S.

ART. XIV. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral, sentimental, and critical Essays.*

N°. XXIV.

On the pleasures of Reading.

The contempt of many of the innocent trifles of life, which the generality of the world betray, arises from the weakness and narrowness, and not from the superiority, of their understandings. Most of the empty baubles, which mankind pursue as objects of high consideration, are suffered to eclipse those simple amusements which are in no respect less important, and which are so far more valuable as they are more compatible with purity of heart and conduct!

It

It is from an undue estimate of the points of ordinary ambition, that health, liberty, carelessness of mind, and ease of conscience are sacrificed to the attainment of distinctions, which in the opinion of the truly wise are mere vanity. A just appreciation on the contrary will deem every pursuit, that affords amusement without derogating from virtue, praiseworthy.

Of all the human relaxations which are free from guilt, perhaps there is none so dignified as reading. It is no little good to while away the tediousness of existence in a gentle and harmless exercise of the intellectual faculties. If we build castles in the air that vanish as quickly as the passing clouds, still some beneficial result has been obtained; some hours of weariness have been stolen from us; and probably some cares have been robbed of their sting.

I do not here mean to discuss the scale of excellence among the various studies that books afford. It is my purpose to shew that even the most trifling books, which give harmless pleasure, produce a good far exceeding what the world ascribes to more high-sounding occupations.

When we recollect of how many it is the lot, even against choice, to pass their days in solitude, how admirable is the substitute for conversation, which the powers of genius and arts of printing bestow!

I have made these observations for the purpose of introducing the following very excellent Letter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to her daughter, Lady Bute.

"Louvre, Sept. 30, 1757.

"Daughter! Daughter! don't call names; you are always abusing my pleasures, which is what no mortal will

will bear. Trash, lumber, sad stuff, are the titles you give to my favourite amusement. If I called a white staff a stick of wood, a gold key gilded brass, and the ensigns of illustrious orders coloured strings, this may be philosophically true, but would be very ill received. We have all our playthings; happy are they that can be contented with those they can obtain: those hours are spent in the wisest manner that can easiest shade the ills of life, and are the least productive of ill consequences. I think my time better employed in reading the adventures of imaginary people, than the Duchess of Marlborough, who passed the latter years of her life in paddling with her will, and contriving schemes of plaguing some, and extracting praise from others to no purpose; eternally disappointed, and eternally fretting. The active scenes are over at my age. I indulge, with all the art I can, my taste for reading. If I could confine it to valuable books, they are almost as rare as valuable men. I must be content with what I can find. As I approach a second childhood, I endeavour to enter into the pleasures of it. Your youngest son is, perhaps, at this very moment riding on a poker with great delight, not at all regretting that it is not a gold one, and much less wishing it an Arabian horse, which he could not know how to manage. I am reading an idle tale, not expecting wit or truth in it, and am very glad it is not metaphysics to puzzle my judgment, or history to mislead my opinion: he fortifies his health by exercise; I calm my cares by oblivion. The methods may appear low to busy people, but if he improves his strength, and I forget my infirmities, we both attain very desirable ends."

In

In a prior letter, 1752, Lady Mary says, "I yet retain, and carefully cherish my love of reading. If relays of eyes were to be hired like post-horses, I would never admit any but silent companions: they afford a constant variety of entertainment, which is almost the only one pleasing in the enjoyment, and inoffensive in the consequence."

Again, 1753. "Every woman endeavours to breed her daughter a fine lady, qualifying her for a station in which she will never appear; and at the same time incapacitating her for that retirement, to which she is destined. Learning, if she has a real taste for it, will not only make her contented, but happy in it. No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting. She will not want new fashions, nor regret the loss of expensive diversions, or variety of company, if she can be amused with an author in her closet."

I am well aware that a rigid censor may blame this view of things exhibited by Lady Mary as too limited, and exclaim, in the beautiful words of Mrs. Carter, addressed to another of her own name:

> "How short a period, how confin'd a space,
> Must bound thy shining course beneath the skies!
> For wider glories, for immortal fame
> Were all those talents all those graces given!"

But let it be remembered, that I have not compared the occupations of idle reading with the duties pointed out by religion; but only with the pursuits of worldly ambition.

ambition. And surely of those who thus employ themselves it may well be said, with Gray;

"Beneath the good how far, yet far above the great!"*.

No. XXV.

How far History is true.

Sir Robert Walpole said to his son Horace, who, with a view to amuse him, was preparing to read some historical performance, "O, do not read history, for that I know must be false!" This is a most extraordinary assertion, which exhibits the narrowness of the minister's mind in very glaring colours. Coxe says he had little taste for literary occupations, and was not a patron of the Muses. He employed low persons to write for government, in consequence of which the political pamphlets in his defence are far inferior to the productions of his adversaries. Hence his administration often suffered in the public opinion, when, as has happened since to others, his measures only wanted an able exposition to make them popular.

* We may perhaps apply to idle reading what Lord Clarendon records as the opinion of James Hay, Earl of Carlisle, as to a life of pleasure in opposition to a life of business. "He was," says the noble historian, "a man of the greatest expense in his own person of any in the age he lived; and introduced more of that expense in the excess of clothes and diet, than any other man; and was indeed the original of all those inventions, from which others did but transcribe copies. He had a great universal understanding, and could have taken as much delight in any other way, if he had thought any other as pleasant and worth his care. *But he found business was attended with more rivals and vexations; and he thought with much less pleasure, and not more innocence.*"

All

All that Walpole knew of history were the lying party productions of the day; for which he knew that the materials were garbled or false, and the reasonings fallacious. But Time draws away the veil, that conceals the form of Truth; and it is probable that we have now a more perfect and comprehensive view of public affairs in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, James the First, and Charles the First, than the most able and best informed actors in those scenes ever possessed. We are more minutely and more correctly acquainted with them than Burleigh, or Salisbury, or Clarendon. The secrets of cabinets are laid open; the private objects of both sides are exposed; and the hidden springs of action are discovered.

But it is a strong argument in favour of the credit due to the historian of integrity and talents, even when he has performed his task without all these aids, that the subsequent publication of State Papers has seldom materially varied the main features of his work. Thus the general fidelity of Camden's account of the reign of Queen Elizabeth remains unimpeached. And this is the case also with Lord Herbert's History of Henry VIII.

The portraits of individuals, drawn by the pens of these writers, have seldom been proved by future lights to be essentially erroneous. The capricious tyranny of Henry; the unfeminine strength and heroism of his daughter; the unprincipled cunning and artifices of Leicester; the imprudent and too confident impetuosity of Essex; and the wary and laborious wisdom of Burleigh, have never been more truly delineated. Even those who have looked through the medium of opposite political principles, have agreed in the same great outlines

outlines of portraits; and Arthur Wilson, the puritan, paints his principal characters in colours not inconsistent with those of Clarendon. The noble limner indeed makes his touches with a far finer and more exquisite pencil; and exhibits all the foldings and windings of his subject with inexpressible skill and happiness; but we plainly see the same figure before both draughtsmen, and are therefore sure that it is accurate.

It ought to be an incentive to virtue in public men, that neither titles nor power will long be able to disguise the truth. A lucky and undeserved elevation will only expose a man more obviously to the scrutiny of impartial posterity. Sir Robert Walpole now holds the exact place in history, which he merits: he is no longer injured by the discredit or the weakness of his defenders; nor depressed by the brilliant eloquence or splendid stations of his opponents. His practical wisdom; his strong, though coarse, understanding; his dexterity in the management of business, and in allaying the heats of party; his firmness in cultivating the arts of peace, and benefits of commerce, in defiance of clamour, at a critical period when the exigencies of the kingdom in the state of European politics made such a line of conduct a choice of real wisdom, have been justly eulogized by Burke, and detailed by the eminently useful labours of Coxe.

It may seem of litt'e consequence to us, what is said when our mortal relics are sleeping in the grave. But, though "flattery" cannot "soothe the dull cold ear of death," the report of the truth may perhaps delight or torment our departed spirits, accordingly as it is good or evil.

Yet whatever be the import to the dead, to the

living the knowledge of the truth is certainly of consequence. All the wisdom, which is supposed to be built on experience, stands on a rotten foundation, if the pages of history are falsified. If the real state of facts be mistaken or concealed, what certainty is there in the deductions which are extracted from them?

It becomes a matter therefore of a very serious nature, to those who study the actions and progress of mankind in society, to vindicate the integrity and accuracy of history.

N°. XXVI.

On Imprisonment for Debt.

The short debate, which took place on Friday the 11th of March on Lord Moira's Motion for the Second Reading of the Debtor and Creditor Bill, forces from me a few observations, which, though they will contain nothing new, cannot be too often repeated. Lord Moira deserves the thanks of every lover of philanthropy and extended policy, and will, I trust, persevere with a continuance of hope, "even though hope be lost." It is a bad symptom of the times, that such arguments, as were used against him, should prevail. Though it be dangerous to level to the ground, and build anew, and though rash innovation ought to be avoided, yet it is a contemptible narrowness to go to the contrary extreme, and refuse every *amelioration*.

It would be presumptuous to attempt to add new force to the arguments of Dr. Johnson, to which Lord Holland so handsomely referred. The *Idler* is a work

of

of too general circulation to require a reference to the subject which the great moralist has discussed, or to copy many of its passages. But there is a part so directly applicable as a reply to the arguments of a noble Lord, that even from this common book I cannot refrain from repeating a few sentences of such inexpressible importance.

"To the relief of this distress, no other objection can be made, but that by an easy dissolution of debts, fraud will be left without punishment and imprudence without awe, and that, when insolvency shall be no longer punishable, credit will cease.

"The motive to credit is the hope of advantage. Commerce can never be at a stop, while one man wants what another can supply; and credit will never be denied, while it is likely to be repaid with profit. He, that trusts one, whom he designs to sue, is criminal by the act of trust; the cessation of such insidious traffic is to be desired, and no reason can be given, why a change of the law should impair any other. We see nation trade with nation, where no payment can be compelled. Mutual convenience produces mutual confidence; and the merchants continue to satisfy the demands of each other, though they have nothing to dread but the loss of trade. It is vain to continue an institution, which experience shews to be ineffectual. We have now imprisoned one generation of debtors after another, but we do not find that their numbers lessen. We have now learned that rashness and imprudence will not be deterred from taking credit! Let us try, whether fraud and avarice may be more easily restrained from giving it!"*

* See the Idler, No. 22 and No. 38.

It has been often observed, that the same violence, the same indiscriminate view of things, which, when out of power, attacks every thing, when in power, defends *any* thing. The philosophy of legislation is indeed a far different and loftier attainment, than that technical skill which applies with tolerable correctness that which has been enacted. How wofully do men expose the narrowness of their intellectual faculties and acquirements, when they venture beyond the file of authorities, into the expanded field of principles! It belongs to the few, to whom nature has been more prodigal, to unite the mastery of both.

Many things, which have been long established, are indeed founded on better reasons than we may at first perceive: and the annihilation of them would perhaps create chasms and inconveniencies, not foreseen. But, on the other hand, it is perfectly ludicrous to suppose that every thing has arrived at perfection, and that no amelioration in any part of our ancient institutions is requisite. Many corruptions have gradually grown up with the progress of time: and many provisions have long outlasted their causes—and though originally wise, are become, by change of circumstances, highly injurious. Are we to be such bigotted admirers of antiquity, as to endure them all without an attempt at amendment? But when the cause of humanity is at stake; when liberty, the most precious of our natural and civil rights is in question, we cannot hear without horror obsolete arguments and pedantic authorities pleaded as reasons for continuing a cruel, senseless, and intolerable grievance; which puts the thoughtless and unsuspicious in the power of the revengeful, the avaricious, and the extortionate; which has

has the most direct tendency to defeat the purpose it pretends to have in view; which makes poverty a crime, and places the unfortunate in the society of the felon; which feeds the worst passions of the relentless creditor; and hardens the tender heart of adversity into wretchedness or despair!

Better were it a thousand times that credit should be annihilated, and commerce itself perish, than be encouraged by means like these! The debtors who encumber our prisons are the disgrace of our police. The abuses by which their debts have been swelled, and the inexpressibly detestable practices by which their confinement is aggravated, must fill every feeling mind with a degree of indignation above the power of language to paint. If Lord Moira had no other claims to public approbation, this alone would stamp his merit. He is too noble to be discouraged in his honourable undertaking by temporary opposition. And let the virtuous spirit of Lord Holland recollect that he will add new laurels, to those acquired by his honourable pursuits, by this new effort of his cultivated mind. It becomes a man like him, who adorns his station with the flowers of literary genius, thus to tread in the steps of his great uncle! These are the most grateful offerings, which he can strew on his mighty relative's grave! I am not ashamed to say this, in defiance of the opposition I feel to his political attachments.

March 17, 1808.

N°. XXVII.

On modern poetry; and particularly SCOTT'S *Romance of* MARMION.

While a wanton departure from ancient models is liable to just censure, a servile adherence to them is still more offensive. On one hand a grace may be snatched beyond the reach of art; on the other, every thing must be dull and creeping. We are apt to think highly of the ages that are past, and to complain mechanically of the dearth of genius in our own. In the poetical world seldom has the complaint been more ill founded than at present. As I would scorn to let envy suppress the praise of my cotemporaries, so would I scorn to sacrifice my sincerity for the purpose of flattering any one. From my heart I believe, that, though in these days we neither possess a Shakspeare, a Spenser, nor a Milton, yet seldom have we had such a galaxy of genuine poets as at present adorn this country. A due regard to delicacy, and the just feelings of individuals, precludes me from a regular enumeration of them.

But a poem, which has been published in the present month, has filled me with delight so singular in its kind, and so high in its degree, that I will not suppress the generous emotion of gratitude that impels me to record my pleasure. Mr. Walter Scott's Romance of *Marmion, a Tale of Floddon Field*, contains a series of *Introductory Epistles*, novel in their kind, and as highly poetical and attractive as they are new.

The author has given its free and natural range to a mind most richly and exquisitely adorned with all the feelings

feelings and images of genuine poetry. How enchantingly, and with what ease and grace he exercises the wand of the magician, and brings before us the varied and changing creations of a moral, sentimental, and picturesque fancy, will be better felt than expressed by every reader of taste and sensibility! Poetry here appears in its natural shape, uncramped by rules, and unfettered by proto-types.

Mason, I think, somewhere says, that what is easy reading is not easy writing. The remark has always struck me as singularly unhappy. Studied writings never pursue the natural association of ideas, and are therefore seldom perused without labour, and deliberate attention. The intermediate links are imperceptibly dropped by the painful composer; and all that freshness and raciness, which finds an instant mirror in every mind, is gone. Dr. Warton records a curious anecdote of Dryden's noble Ode on Alexander's Feast, which he says was composed at a sitting, and which accounts for that irresistible charm of vigour and brilliance, that pervades the whole of it.

Let not idleness and imbecility take advantage of these remarks. Faculties of an ordinary cast must not presume to shew their nakedness. It is only for heads and hearts highly endowed to pour forth their stores without premeditation. Others must be left to the humbler kind of merit, that is attainable by study and toil. From the sacred paths of poetry, from all that is to hurry away the mind into scenes of imaginary splendour, they would do well to abstain. The frigid labour of forcing words into rhythm, of seeking for figures in which to invest trite thoughts, will never succeed in producing the effects of genuine poetry. The infatuated

operator may have the luck of procuring the praise of the mechanical critic, who judges by rules; but the public will sleep over his work, and then quit it for more rational prose, which has all its merit without any of its defects.

What a contrast are the effusions of Walter Scott! He seizes the lyre, and scatters about his wild strains at every careless touch! His notes

> ——————" sweet music breathe
> Above, about, or underneath
> Sent by some spirit to mortal's good,
> Or th' unseen genius of the wood."*

His six epistles are addressed to 1. William Stewart Rose, Esq. 2. The Rev. John Marriot. 3. William Erskine, Esq. 4. James Skene, Esq. 5. George Ellis, Esq. 6. Richard Heber, Esq. The first opens thus:

> " Ashesteel, Ettricke Forest.
>
> " November's sky is chill and drear,
> November's leaf is red and sear:
> Late, gazing down the steepy linn,
> That hems our little garden in;
> Low in its dark and narrow glen
> You scarce the rivulet might ken,
> So thick the tangled greenwood grew,
> So feeble trill'd the streamlet through:
> Now murmuring hoarse and frequent seen
> Through bush and brier, no longer green,
> An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
> Brawls over brook and wild cascade,
> And, foaming brown with doubled speed,
> Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

* L'Allegro,

No

No longer Autumn's glowing red
Upon our forest hills is shed;
No more beneath the evening beam,
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam;
Away hath pass'd the heather-bell,
That bloom'd so rich on Need-path fell.
Sallow his brows and russet bare,
Are now the sister heights of Yair.
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,
To sheltered dale and down, are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines:
In meek despondency they eye
The withered sward and wintry sky,
And far beneath their summer hill
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill:
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold;
His dogs no merry circles wheel,
But, shivering, follow at his heel;
A cowering glance they often cast,
As deeper moans the gathering blast."

I cannot refrain from giving one more specimen, taken from the Third Epistle.

"Thus while I ape the measure wild
Of tales that charmed me yet a child,
Rude though they be, still with the chime
Return the thoughts of early time;
And feelings rous'd in life's first day
Glow in the line, and prompt the lay.
Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charmed my fancy's wakening hour:
Though no broad river swept along
To claim perchance heroic song;

Though

Though sighed no groves in summer gale,
To prompt of love a softer tale;
Though scarce a puny streamlet's speed
Claimed homage from a shepherd's reed;
Yet was poetic impulse given,
By the green hill and clear blue heaven.
It was a barren scene and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely pil'd;
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green;
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
And honey-suckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruined wall.
I deemed such nooks the sweetest shade,
The sun in all his round surveyed;
And still I thought that shattered tower
The mightiest work of human power;
And marvelled, as the aged hind
With some strange tale bewitched my mind
Of Forayers, who, with headlong force,
Down from that strength had spurred their horse,
Their southern rapine to renew,
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,
And, home returning, filled the hall
With revel, wassell-route, and brawl.
Methought that still with tramp and clang
The gate-way's broken arches rang;
Methought grim features, seamed with scars,
Glared through the window's rusty bars.
And ever by the winter hearth,
Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,
Of lover's sleights, of ladies' charms,
Of witch's spells, of warriors arms;
Of patriot battles, won of old
By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold;

Of

Of later fields of feud and sleight,
When pouring from their Highland height,
The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,
Had swept the scarlet ranks away.
While stretch'd at length upon the floor,
Again I fought each combat o'er,
Pebbles and shells, in order laid,
The mimic ranks of war displayed;
And onward still the Scottish lion bore,
And still the scatter'd Southron fled before."

March 17, 1808.

N°. XXVIII.

Genius incompatible with a narrow taste.

That mighty gift of the Deity, which enables mankind to cast a glance over the whole surface of creation, and even to penetrate occasionally with some success into its internal movements, is sadly limited in its faculties by the exclusive contemplation of individual excellence, even though the most wonderful and super-eminent in the annals of human existence.

I have therefore always thought, that the sort of idolatry, which for nearly half a century we have been called on to pay even to Shakspeare himself, has been carried a little too far to be consistent with a due expansion of our intellects. A sound candour must admit that the words *bigotry* and *idolatry* are indeed literally applicable to this confined occupation of our taste and pleasures. Lord Grey, on Tuesday last, * applied the terms *besotted bigotry* to another occasion; and,

* March 15, in the House of Lords, on the Reversion Bill.

whether

whether applicable* or not, described the evils of bigotry with great force and animation of language, and a poignant acuteness of discrimination.

Warton in his account of Sackville's *Gorboduc* remarks that such has been the undistinguishing or ill-placed fondness for the bard of Avon, that some of his worst and most tinsel passages, and surely a more unequal poet never wrote, have been admired the most.

The diversities of mental excellence are endless; and never did Providence, in its most favoured productions, unite all the varied powers, of which the progress of time is continually developing new hues. To bind ourselves fearfully to models is the mark of a secondary genius.

When I perceive a man incapable of deriving pleasure from more than one style of composition, and dogmatising on its exclusive merit, I pity his weakness, and despise his presumption. When he narrows his curiosity either to what is old or what is new, when he confines his praise to the dead, or to the living, though in both cases he is ridiculous, perhaps his folly is more venial in the last.

Why should one man of genius be envious or jealous of another? There is room enough for all. Another thousand years may roll over us without encumbering the stores of intellectual delight, or exhausting the topics of intellectual attention! Even in a selfish point of view, such envy or jealousy is absurd. Can any individual, could even the richness of Shakspeare's vein, find food enough to satisfy the public mind? That

* I do not mean to insinuate that the application was just. On that I give no opinion. I allude to his positions as general truths, well expressed.

mind

mind grows voracious with indulgence; and the more it is exercised, the more quantity, and the greater variety, it requires. By the collision of intellects, new lights are struck out, and mutual assistance is derived for the new combinations of each. The most happy faculties require the infusion of new materials, which give new colours to the fancy, and resuscitate its creations.

We talk of Shakspeare's originality. He is original in the proper and best sense. But it is evident that all the literature and all the topics of his day contributed to his materials. There had been no Shakspeare, such as he now is, but for his predecessors and cotemporaries.

If we speak of a more modern author, who, however beautiful, cannot be put in the same class with Shakspeare, we shall be able to trace almost all the ingredients of his pathetic and sublime compositions home to their sources: yet without detracting much in my opinion from their merit, or even their invention. The poet I mean is GRAY. The particles of thought, and even expressions in numerous instances, belong to others: the *combination* is his own. His exquisite productions could not have existed, such as they are, without the previous operation of other minds. Yet who but Gray could have formed them into so new and perfect a whole? Let it not be supposed that he sought these artificial aids at the hour of composition; they had already been gradually amalgamated in his mind; and when the moment of inspiration came, they involuntarily sprung up into their present shape. The Elegy, the Ode to Spring, the Ode on Eton College, and the Hymn to Adversity, seem to have been

all

all written under one impression of feelings. The same affecting and sublime melancholy pervades the whole.

Unhappy indeed is the author in whom there is no good; from whom there is no pleasure or information to be gleaned. Even a slight ray of genius will add some value to a composition. We daily meet with readers who confine themselves to a few authors, by whom they consider all excellence to be engrossed. They pride themselves on the choiceness of their judgment; and hang over the same strains till almost superhuman merit would tire. When all the numerous, and varying colours of the rainbow are displayed to our sight, shall we content ourselves with preferring one or two simple tints, however beautiful?

March 18, 1808.

ART. XV. *Poetical extracts from Gerardo, or the Unfortunate Spaniard. Translated from the Spanish by Leonard Digges.** 1622. 4to.

"*Sonnet.*

"The sun is set, gone down to the cold shade,
(The misted brightness of his piercing eye,
Cover'd with black clouds the red eastern sky:)
My cruel fair, to restfull sleep hath laid:
Now maurd'rers walk, and such as are afraid
Of day's clear light: now chaunteth mournfully
The turtle chaste; complaints to multiply
'Gins she, whom crafty Tereus once betray'd.

* Younger brother to Sir Dudley Digges, Master of the Rolls; both sons of Thomas Digges, Esq. of Wootton Court, in Kent.

O night!

O night! thou image of sad absence, tell
My Lisia, her two suns are set from me
For ever: if it chance that she do sleep,
(May Morpheus wake her with a dream from hell)
Tell her, of her disdain, my jealousy;
That though I present am, I (absent) weep."

"*A Ditty.*

"Thou rotten vessel, that each furious wave
Measur'st with little force, as damage great,
Where thy weak ribs weather and water beat,
Stopping those open mouths that favour crave:

Thou, that enforc't, the current do'st divide,
Fly now to heav'n, then to Abyssus fall:
Strike, now on flats, then on high rocks withall;
Casting out bodies from each splitted side.

Yet happy, thou, whose passenger still lives
In hope of calmer seas, and slacker wind:
But, ah me! hapless, that a love-sick mind,
Impossible to cure, no calm relieves."

"*Sonnet.*

"How do I live, if I have lost my heart?
If I live not, whence feel I all this fire?
If so much heat torment my first desire,
Why, of my glory do I make it part?
If I be all on fire, what need I art
To dry my tears, or make wet grief retire?
Or if a sea of tears, what, to require
Water, to quench the flame made by love's dart?
If looking and a sight may satisfy,
Why do I then so much abhor the light?
If I abhor, why do I seek it so?
Mirac'lous love; the more (in vain) I try
To loosen the hard knot, thy cunning slight,
The more I labour mine own overthrow."

"*Sonnet*

"*Sonnet.*

"Sweet voice! I hear thy pleasing harmony,
Though air resist it, and rebellious wind:
Oh that the glorious angel I could see
That thus enchants mine ear, suspends my mind!
Love, sure, is no base voice, no fancy blind,
Nor feign'd intention, but reality;
A substance and engendered deity,
'Twixt Mars and Venus in adult'rate kind.
Then, if not wholly voice, since body too;
Or, yet, if echo, hark: so may thy fair
Narcissus soft relent and learn to woo:
But why concealed thus do'st thou declare
Thyself like him, self-loving? If not so,
Why art thou nought but voice wrapt up in air?"

"*Sonnet.*

"Betis!* whilst pretty Philomel doth sing,
And to thy silver noise her treble raise:
Whilst gentle Zephyrus his wings displays,
'Mongst well tun'd leaves with whistling murmuring,
Come smooth thy sedge, thy red sands freely fling
On the green bank, that thy o'erflowing stays!
Cast them in golden knots through all the ways
My Nise treads: when she doth nearer bring
Her clearer (than thy crystal) limbs, chastise
Thy swifter course. And may no mutinous air
Then blow, but let the stream glide gently by.
But, draw that ivory curtain from mine eyes;
Unvail thy alabaster (goddess fair)
Though I Actæon, thou, Diana be!"

"*Song.*

"Stay, bold thoughts, refrain your will,
Silent be, and suffer still!

* A river.

What?

What? not speak if she be by?
Torment: if you do, you die;
Say, the flame to rise begin,
Tears without may quench within.
Better die in easy pain
Suff'ring, than, if not be slain.
Is there though no remedy?
Silence, then, I'll welcome thee!
And, thou tongue of mine, conceal
What the heart must not reveal!"

"*Verses.*

"Base Pandora! thy curs'd mind
Is not lofty, nor unkind,
Nor will I a frown allow
Once unto thy falser brow:
These were terms might well appear
Where true love just dealing were.
Language for the chaster fit,
Such as you deserve not it.
Wolfish woman, farewell! Place,
Where I first her false embrace
Felt, farewell! Awake then, Fame,
Loudly my affront proclaim!
What tho' her lastivious fire
Kindled once my rash desire,
And bereav'd my soul? Alas!
I like flax or paper was,
Or bay-leaves that singed were,
Yet their victor's wreath I bear.
Once, Adonis like, mine eyes,
Lustful Venus, were thy prize;
And as she, the bloodless youth
Redder flowers beheld in ruth,
So thou joy'st, when as each vein
Flow'd from me, and earth did stain!

But at length in safety I
Swifter thee than Daphne fly!"

"*Elegiac Verses.*

"Pure spirit! that leav'st thy body to our moan,
From whence, now disimprison'd, thou art gone
To thy more happy region, where each field
Eternal April of fair flowers doth yield;
Look, if the soul can downward look, and see
A soul, once thine, all tears for want of thee!
When I was doubly prisoner by thine eyes,
How little dream'd I of *Here Lisis lies!*
Or, when a smile would her Gerardo bless,
Little, that earth thus early should possess
So fair a casket! Little thought indeed,
Base worms on sixteen years sweet flesh should feed!
So fruits are in their blossoms nipp'd by frost;
So a tall ship that oft the seas hath crost,
At last, when gladsome port she leaves behind,
How the smooth waters court her, and false wind;
Till when a sudden gust and storm doth rise,
Rock-dashed, she becomes the ocean's prize.
Live yet, my Lisis, on thy marble tomb,
Whilst time bears date, free from oblivion's doom,
That, when the world's last passenger draws near,
In uncorrupted letters may appear,
Here Lisis lies, that leap'd from vital breath
To meet a lover in embrace of death."

"*Song.*

"At the foot of a mountain white,
Clad all in snow
That doth melt with the sunbeams bright,
Celio, as in a dream,
Beholdeth, how the stream
Drives to and fro.

Little

Little pebbles white, red and blue,
Then doth he see;
And presented are to his view
Sands like Arabian gold,
Near which he may behold
Apollo's tree.
Instead of fishes, Naiades
In chrystal vails,
Lift up their heads from those fresh seas
With different garlands crown'd;
Sad Cygnus swimming round,
His loss bewails.
Young Hyacinthus groweth near:
Adonis too
Acanthus the boy doth appear;
In a flower of his name
Narcissus lost his fame
That scorn'd to woo.
The Thracian Minstrel riseth then;
His harp he brings,
That attracts birds, beasts, fishes, men;
With the sweet sound he chears
The list'ning shepherd's ears,
And thus he sings;
'Fenissa the fair now is come;
Swain, weep no more!
With little foot of snow
She trips it to and fro
On grassy shore.
Come then, Fenissa, fair Fenissa come,
Come to the shade
By cool leaves made.
Sing, Celio: Valley, make Fenissa room,
And let Echo ring
She's the valley's spring:
Fenissa, come!"

"*Song.*

" When young April once a year
Doth with emerald face appear,
Then gives he to each river, he can see,
By Winter's frost imprison'd, liberty.
White and yellow flowers are seen,
Trees and fields are clad in green,
The wild beast leaves his den,
And snakes grow young again.
Then the mournful nightingale
Sings or sweetly seems to rail
On him, that basely in a brother's shape
Transform'd her by his well-revenged rape.
Thus beasts, birds, and every thing
Joys upon th' approaching spring;
But I, the more relief
I seek, the more's my grief."

ART. XVI. *Extracts from the Paradise of Dainty Devises. 1576.*

SEE CENSURA LITERARIA, VOL. I. P. 255.

15. *Who will aspire to dignity,*
By learning must advanced be.

" The poor that live in needy rate,
By learning do great riches gain:
The rich that live in wealthy state,
By learning do their wealth maintain.
Thus rich and poor are further'd still,
By sacred rules of learned skill.

All fond conceits of frantic youth,
The golden gift of learning stays:
Of doubtful things to search the truth,
Learning sets forth the ready ways.

O happy

O happy him do I repute,
Whose breast is fraught with learning's fruit.

There grows no corn within the field,
That ox and plough did never till:
Right so the mind no fruit can yield,
That is not led by learning's skill:
Of ignorance comes rotten weeds,
Of learning springs right noble deeds.

Like as the captain hath respect
To train his soldiers in array:
So learning doth man's mind direct,
By *Virtue's* staff his life to stay.
Though friends and fortune waxeth scant,
Yet learned men shall never want.

You imps therefore in youth be sure,
To fraught your minds with learned things:
For learning is the fountain pure,
Out from the which all glory springs.
Who so therefore will glory win,
With learning first, must needs begin.

Finis. F. K."

32. *Time gives experience.*

" We read what pains the powers divine,
Through wrath conceiv'd by some offence,
To mortal creatures they assign
Their due deserts for recompence.
What endless pain they must endure,
Which their offences did procure.

A gripe doth *Titius'* liver tear
His greedy hungry gorge to fill,
And *Sisiphus* must ever bear
The rolling stone against the hill.
A number more in hell be found,
Which thus to endless pain are bound.

Yet all the woe that they sustain,
  Is nothing to the pain of mine,
Which cometh through the proud disdain
  Of one that doth to love repine:
Therefore I cry woe worth the hour,
Since first I fell in *Venus* power.

The gnawing gripes of irksome thought,
  Consumes my heart with *Titius'* grief
I also have full vainly wrought,
  With *Sisiphus* without relief.
Even when I hope to end my pain,
I must renew my suit again.

Yet will I not seem so untrue,
  To leave a thing so late begone:
A better hap may yet ensue,
  The strongest towers in time be won.
In time therefore, my trust I place,
Who must procure desired grace, Finis. R. H."

ART. XVII. *Report of Sales of Books for January and February* 1808.

N°. II.

Libraries of Mr. James Stokes, late Clerk to the Board of Trade, and Mr. William Fardon, both deceased, by Messrs. King and Lochée; three days, Jan. 4-6; lots 610, vols. 1380.

Library of the late Rev. Joseph Smith Hargrave, A. M. Auditor of the Charter House, by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; three days, Jan. 5-7; lots 750, vols. 1360.

Miscellaneous collection by Messrs. King and Lochée; Jan. 8; lots 234, vols. 560.

Library of a well-known literary amateur, by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; four days, Jan. 20-3; lots 872, vols. 1130.

Miscellaneous

Miscellaneous collection by Messrs. King and Lochée; two days, Jan. 20-1; lots 633, vols. 2320.

Miscellaneous collection by Mr. King, jun.; four days, Jan. 20-3; lots 796, vols. 3750.

Miscellaneous collection by Messrs. Maxwell and Wilson, 17 Skinner Street, Snow-hill; four days, Jan. 25-9; lots 825, vols. 1440.

Library of the late Edward King, Esq. F.R.S. and A.S. et Soc. Antiq. Cassel Sod. Honorar. Author of the Munimenta Antiqua; Morsels of Criticism; &c. &c. by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; eight days, Feb. 1-9.

	Lots.	£.	s.	d.
Books	1498	2379	11	6
Library furniture	10	44	3	6
Total	1508	£.2423	14	0

Miscellaneous collection by Mr. Stewart; two days, Feb. 1-2; lots 353, vols. 890.

Library of Thomas Hawys, Esq. of Charter House Square, deceased, by Messrs. King and Lochée; five days, Feb. 2-6; lots 1370, vols. 2400.

Part 2 of library of the late Rev. John Brand, Fellow and Secretary of the Antiquarian Society, Author of the History of Newcastle, &c. by Mr. Stewart; fifteen days, Feb. 8-24; lots 4090, vols. 5400.

Miscellaneous collection of scarce books by Messrs. King and Lochée; Feb. 9; lots 264, vols. 280.

Micellaneous collection by Messrs. King and Lochée; two days, Feb. 10-11; lots 528, vols. 1300.

Miscellaneous collection by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; Feb. 13; lots 131, vols. 360.

Miscellaneous collection by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; two days, Feb. 15, 16; lots 525, vols. 880.

Library of the Rev. Benjamin Beddome, of Ormskirk,

deceased, by Mr. King, jun.; four days, Feb. 15-18; lots 951, vols. 2330.

Topographical library by Messrs. King and Lochée; three days, Feb. 22-4; lots 825, vols. 688.

Part of the library of Martin Bree, Esq. by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; three days, Feb. 29, Mar. 2; lots 590, vols. 1640.

In this division of the season 33,980 volumes have been sold.—The literary amateur, whose collection was sold on the 20th day of January, was the late William Pitt, Esq. He resided in the ancient white house situate in Chapel-street, Westminster; standing to the north east of, and commanding a north view of the yard belonging to Saint Margaret's chapel. The elevated entrance and architecture of the front evidently shew it was originally built for some person above the common rank of life. Its late possessor was a man of erudition and of strict moral principles, with a well-regulated and pious turn of mind. For more than half a century he constantly attended the Sunday morning's service at Saint Paul's Cathedral, nor was his devotion confined to the rotative order of the sabbath, attending at intervals, not unfrequently, during the week. In the enjoyment of a considerable independent property he became the retired and unassuming scholar, and derived a principal amusement in collecting the facetiæ, emblems, and curious wood cuts of the early printers in various languages; works that are too generally supposed to gratify the eye more than enrich the mind. It was the first library of this description yet sold, and the specimens were found to be purchased with avidity. A few were selected to increase the more extensive and highly splendid collection of the Marquis of Blandford.—The library of Mr. King contained about 2700 volumes, being rather critically valuable than voluminously extensive.

extensive.—Of the Rev. Mr. Brand's library the first part was sold at the close of last season; fortunately the rage for reading survived the collector. Soiled and even imperfect books, with rudely curved margins, obtained inconsistent prices. Can it be ascribed to the charm of an antiquarian's name prefixed to the catalogue? Mr. Brand's own work upon "Popular Antiquities," now considered scarce, as prepared by him for republication, with large additions, copyright, &c. formed the last lot, and sold for 600 guineas. With the scarce books anonymously brought forward on Feb. 9, was the only copy known of "Robinson's Handful of Pleasant Delights," which has been repeatedly noticed by Mr. Park in the CENSURA. It sold for twenty-five guineas, and is shortly expected to be reprinted. This volume was purchased some years since at a book stall, (and most perambulators, who occasionally halt with inquisitive research at such places, will recollect one of the best) at the corner of Blenheim-street, Bond-street, for the trifling sum of three pence. In the same collection was the first edition, which rarely occurs, of that little moral and entertaining work "The Complete Angler," by Isaac Walton, printed 1653, again 1656, 1661, 1668, 1676, which will always be valued and admired as well by the piscatory rambler as those who tenaciously doubt the innocence of the amusement. The unfortunate Ryland received five guineas a plate for the engravings, which accompany the edition by Sir John Hawkins of 1760, republished 1760; both scarce, and from the valuable additions of the graver much enhanced in price. The notes upon this work have been since materially enlarged, but the principal plates are over-worn and omitted. Do not the tasteful and superior embellishments of the "Rural Sports," point to a competent hand for superintending another renovation of this old and esteemed favourite? Though adventitious and expensive ornaments are too often vaunted without utility, yet when fancy is silently invited to ramble

ramble from the passing world in recreative contemplation, the mind feels additionally gratified in tracing the picturesque views, and delineating the solitude, harmony, and domestic scenes of nature, and imbibes new interest by the familiarity of the "speaking picture." Speculative collections are occasionally brought forward; the typographical one was the fourth from the same proprietor, which are particularly distinguishable by collections in folio of the works of Sir William Dugdale, viz. "Monasticon Anglicanum, 4 vols. 1655, 61, 73, and 82. Same epitomized, 1693. Same in English, with Stevens's continuation, 3 vols. 1718, 22-3. On imbanking and draining the Fens, 1656. Same by Cole, 1772. Warwickshire, 1656. Same printed at Coventry, 1765. Saint Paul's Cathedral, 1658. Same by Maynard, 1716. Origines Juridiciales, 1666, 2d Edit. 1671; 3d Edit. 1680. Office of Lord Chancellor, 1672.* Baronage of England, 2 vols. 1675-6. Troubles of England, 1681. Summons to Parliament, 1685. These bound in russia, with plates by Hollar, &c. are estimated to be worth 200 guineas.

The price or supposed nominal value of books is considered a matter of sufficient importance for the inquiry to out-run, in many instances, a critical or proper knowledge of the author. Whether the work has real merit, and be entitled to class with the valuable productions of reference, seems an immaterial question, unresolved and neglected; for the thesis of philosophy, topography and history, or the interesting flights of genius, bow in price to the unmeaning and artificial word scarcity; and the dullest writer or prosaic poet being rare, unreasonably takes precedence. Upon the purchase of books theory is useless, and those who infer their libraries to have arisen in value from containing similar or better copies of works (either ancient or modern) sold

* This work has very lately been discovered as printed in folio. It is commonly found at the end of "Bacon's Resuscitatio."

under

under names of the celebrity attached to a Farmer, Steevens, or Reed,* must ever be deceived in the calculation, nor will those names help to form a ratio to guide a purchaser. At such sales the prices are enhanced by factitious circumstances, the auction room then becomes the particular lounge of the indolent collector, and the wanton bidder as well as the literary man. The first of these idle characters bids in consideration of the name of the previous possessor—the second follows the mandarin movement of the head from the fashion of the place, while the last purchases at an advanced price as being a collated copy or other similar efficient reason; but if the same article were again offered in an anonymous sale it might perhaps not find a purchaser at above half the sum originally given. To an anonymous sale, however richly stored, the indolent collector seldom wanders, and the wanton bidder fears to go; hence arises one source for the rarest works being continually found in the shops of Manson, Uphill, Triphook, and Sancho, or any other collector of old books, marked at prices beneath the level of any computation formed upon an average of those given at the sales of literary repute. A priced catalogue is now become a favourite reference, where, upon inspection, many articles will appear to have risen above reasonable value, while others are apparently sunk below the common transferable medium, and condition, always a material point, as it cannot be fully disclosed, proves this source but a faithless guide.

* Mr. Reed discontinued practice in the law from conscientious reasons; at what period he first began to decline practising has not been ascertained; it seems probable to have taken place in 1781. On December the fifth, in that year, and two following evenings, the historical, juridical, and miscellaneous books, part of the library of a barrister deceased, was sold by Mr. Paterson in King Street, Covent Garden. This collection appears by his own hand writing to have been the property of Mr. Reed. Lots 442 produced 103l. 17s.

It

It has been said from an eminent literary pen, that "the age for collecting is past;" true it may be that early printed books are not so easily obtained as they were fifty years back, for then they lay scattered upon the stalls and were considered as little above waste; and even at a late period a first folio edition of Shakspeare's plays was destroyed as useless in a bookseller's warehouse. Old works now pass more hands, are minutely examined, and, known to be fraught with valuable materials, certainly have become scarce; but thence arises greater excitement for research; that which is easy of attainment, in possession, is but little valued! The incertitude of price also increases the interest in obtaining, for although the golden book of Marcus Aurelius, as translated by Lord Berners, found a determined buyer in Reed's sale at two pounds; yet the same hammer, a few weeks preceding, transferred possession of a copy at the very old price of sixpence: a modern tract upon Warton's History of English Poetry has lately passed with similar fluctuation; and some readers may, doubting veracity, hesitate to believe that a clean uncut perfect copy of Chauncey's Hertfordshire was wittingly sold by public auction in London, September 1807, with above thirty persons in the room, for a few shillings over three pounds. Such instances of variation in price (and more could have been enumerated) are sufficient to prove, that not any criterion can be formed as a general guide for the value of books; and it may, perhaps, also be considered, that "the age for collecting is not quite past."

Conduit street. J. H.

Art. XVIII. *Literary Intelligence.*

There has lately been announced, in one volume, with vignettes, *The Caledonian Muse:* being a Selection of Poems from Scottish Authors, from the Time of King James

James the First. Edited by the late Joseph Ritson, Esq.

This work was printed under the inspection of the late Mr. Ritson, and, by accident of fire, some sheets being destroyed, were never again completed. A portion of the edition having been lately discovered, as much has been printed as has perfected the volume; and it is supposed there are a sufficient number to supply those gentlemen who are forming a collection of the works printed by that Editor.

ART. XIX. *Supplement to former Lists of Literary Deaths, with brief Biographical Notices.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 223.]

1742.

March 22. Rev. Wm. Fleming, author of *A Poetical Epistle to the Rev. Erasmus Head.*

1774.

Dec. 30. Paul Whitehead, Esq.

1775.

Jan. 19. Rev. Dr. Powell, Master of St. John's Coll. Camb.

Aug. 12. Rev. and learned Mr. De Missy, Preacher of the French chapel, St. James's.

Sept. 14. Allen Earl Bathurst, the friend of Pope.

Sept. 27. At Hampton, Edward Lovibond, Esq.

Nov. 22. Sir John Hill.

Sept. . Caleb Harding, M.D. at Mansfield, Notts.

Dec. 20. In Queen's Square, Dr. Campbell.

1776.

1776.

Feb. 10. At Heppington, near Canterbury, Rev. Bryan Fausset, A.M. a learned Collector of Roman Antiquities.

Feb. 20. Mr. Joseph Collyer, Translator of the Messiah and Noah, and the Death of Abel, from the German, and author of a Dictionary of the World, a History of England, a System of Geography, and several other valuable works.

Dr. Rt. James, author of the Medical Dictionary, and inventor of the Fever Powder.

Mar. 24. Mr. John Harrison, æt. 84, an eminent mechanic.

April 5. Rev. James Granger of Shiplake.

April 21. George Huddesford, D.D. æt. 80, at Trinity Coll. Ox.

June 28. Dr. John Wall, an eminent Physician at Worcester, well known in the literary world.

July 7. The celebrated critic Jeremiah Markland, aged 82.

Aug. 2. Matthew Maty, M.D. Principal Librarian of the British Museum.

Sept. 16. Jeremiah Dyson, Esq. M.P. for Horsham, the patron of Akenside.

Sept. 22. Lewis Chambaud, author of many ingenious productions in French and English. His French Dictionary in folio does him great credit as a compiler.

Nov. 16. Mr. James Ferguson, Lecturer in Astronomy, &c.

Dec. 10. The Hon. and Rev. Dr. Drummond, Archbishop of York.

Dec. 26. Mr. Joshua Platt, æt. 80, at Oxford, well known to naturalists for his Treatise on the Belemnite in the Philosophical Transactions.

1777.

Feb. 3. Hugh Kelly.

April 4. John Swinton, B.D. aged 79, Keeper of the University

versity Archives at Oxford; a most learned antiquarian and medalist.

April 7. Countess Temple, daughter and coheir of Thomas Chambers, Esq.

April 9. Thomas Butler, Esq. Steward to the Duke of Northumberland, who assisted in compiling the Percy article in the last edition of Collins's Peerage.

Rev. Tho. Hunter, Vicar of Weaverham, Cheshire, author of several ingenious works.

Aug. 26. Rev. Francis Fawkes.

Oct. 21. Rev. Dr. Daniel M'Queen, eminent for his writings.

Samuel Foote, Comedian.

Nov. 18. William Bowyer, learned printer.

1778.

Jan. 23. Rev. Hen. Hubbard, B. D. Senior Fellow of Eman. Coll. Cam.

Rev. Mr. Hanbury of Church Langton, Leicestershire.

Feb. 20. Wm. Havard, Dramatic Writer.

Feb. 23. Samuel Ogden, D.D.

Rev. Francis Upton, Senior Fellow of Exeter Coll. Oxf.

Rev. Mr. Hele, author of the English Harmonies of the Gospel, Prebendary of Wells.

May 12. Wm. Earl of Chatham.

May 31. Edward Hoblyn, Esq. of Tresadron, Cornwall.

Aug. 3. Patrick Lord Elibank.

Nov. 28. Edward Rowe Mores, F.A.S.

Art. XX. *Literary Obituary.*

1807. Dec. . At an obscure lodging in Ratcliff Highway, Mr. William Henry Hall, compiler of *An Encyclopedia* which bears his name, and of several other works.

1808.

1808. Feb. 15. At Leicester, æt. 81, John Coltman, Esq. . . . . Mr. James Moir, who was engaged in compiling *A Dictionary of the Scottish Language, Etymological as well as Explanatory.*

March 12. At his house at West Ham, Essex, of which place he was the Vicar, the Rev. George Gregory, D. D. His death will be followed by the poignant regret of all who were acquainted with the qualities of his heart, and the treasures of his mind. To his family it will prove an irreparable misfortune. The loss of such an husband, and such a father, is among the most afflicting evils of mortality. His life was spent in the pursuit and diffusion of all the various sciences, which were immediately or remotely connected with the sacred profession, to which he belonged. As a preacher, he had long held a very distinguished rank; and few men have been so often called upon to plead the cause of charity, and charitable institutions, as himself. His writings will best exhibit the activity of his intellectual powers, and the extent of his attainments. The following are some of them: *The Life of Chatterton; the History of the Christian Church; Translation of Bishop Louth's Prælectiones de Sacra Poesi,* &c.; *Essays, Historical and Moral; the Economy of Nature; a Volume of Sermons; Lectures on Natural and Experimental Philosophy,* published only in the last week; *and a Dictionary of Arts and Sciences.* He had also just finished *A Series of Letters to his son, on Literature and Composition,* part of which are already printed. He had for several years been employed at times in preparing *Notes for the Holy Bible,* his edition of which, splendidly illustrated, had been some time in preparation by his friend Mr. Phillips. The materials, it is to be hoped, will be assigned for completion to some able person.

To Correspondents.

The Character of an *Antiquary*, from "Naps on Parnassus," shall be given in next Number.

T. Bensley, Printer,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XXIV.

[Being Number XII. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *An Apology for Actors. Containing three briefe Treatises.* 1. *Their Antiquity.* 2. *Their Ancient Dignity.* 3. *The true use of their quality. Written by Thomas Heywood—Et prodesse solent & delectare—London: Printed by Nicholas Okes.* 1612. 4*to. pp.* 60.

Thomas Heywood was one of the most prolific writers of his period. A full account of him is inserted in the Biographia Dramatica, where this work is noticed as displaying great erudition. The following extracts are of those parts immediately relative to the English stage. As there is not the usual brief account of the passages omitted, it may be requisite to observe, that the extracts were made several years since, for private use, in consequence of not being able to purchase a copy; and a loan of the work obtained with considerable difficulty.

Dedicated "To the Right Honourable, Edward, Earle of Worcester, Lord of Chepstoll, Ragland, and Gower, Knight of the most Noble Order, &c. &c."

Address—" To my good friends and fellowes, the Citty-Actors." Concluding "So wishing you judiciall audiences, honest poets, and true gatherers, I commit you all to the fulnesse of your best wishes. Your's ever, T. H." 2 pages.

Another "To the Iudiciall Reader," subscribed "Thine, T. Heywood."

Ten lines, Greek poetry, signature Aλ, Γρ.

"In laudem, nec Operis, nec Authoris," thirty-seven lines Latin, subscribed "Anonymous. Sive pessimus omnia Poëta."

"To them that are opposite to this worke," four eight-line stanzas, subscribed "Ar. Hopton."

"To his beloved friend Maister Thomas Heywood," twenty-two lines, subscribed "by your friend John Webster."

"To my loving friend and fellow, Thomas Heywood," thirty lines, signed "Rich. Perkins."

"To my good friend and fellow, Thomas Heywood," ten lines, signed "Christopher Beeston."

"To my good friend and fellow, Thomas Heywood," signed "Robert Pallant."

"To my approved good friend M. Thomas Heywood," thirty-six lines, subscribed "Your's ever, John Taylor."

"The Author to his booke," thirty lines, signed "Thomas Heywood."

"*An Apology for Actors, and first touching their Antiquity.*

"Mooved by the sundry exclamations of many seditious sectists in this age, who in the fatnes and ranknes

ranknes of a peaceable common-wealth, grow up like unsavery tufts of grasse, which though outwardly greene and fresh to the eye, yet are they both unpleasant and unprofitable, being too sower for food, and too ranke for fodder: these men like the ancient Germans, affecting no fashion but their owne, would draw other nations to bee slovens like themselves, and undertaking to purifie and reforme the sacred bodies of the church and common-weale (in the trew use of both which they are altogether ignorant,) would but like artlesse phisitions, for experiments sake, rather minister pils to poyson the whole body then cordials to preserve any or the least part. Amongst many other thinges tollerated in this peaceable and florishing state, it hath pleased the high and mighty princes of this land to limit the use of certaine publicke theatres, which since many of these over-curious heads have lavishly and violently slandered, I hold it not a misse to lay open some few antiquities to approve the true use of them, with arguments (not of the least moment) which, according to the weaknes of my spirit, and infancy of my judgment, I will (by God's grace) commit to the eyes of all favorable and judiciall readers; as well to satisfie the requests of some of our well qualified favorers, as to stop the envious acclamations of those who chalenge to themselves a priviledge invective, and against all free estates a railing liberty. Loath am I (I protest) being the youngest and weakest of the nest wherin I was hatcht, to soare this pitch before others of the same brood more fledge, and of better winge then my selfe: but though they whom more especially this task concernes, both for their ability in writing and sufficiency in judgement (as

their workes generally witnesse to the world,) are content to over-slip so necessary a subject, and have left it as to mee the most unworthy; I thought it better to stammer out my mind, then not to speak at all; to scribble downe a marke in the stead of writing a name; and to stumble on the way, rather then to stand still and not to proceede on so necessary a journey."

"Nor do I hold it lawfull to beguile the eyes of the world in confounding the shapes of either sex, as to keepe any youth in the habit of a virgine, or any virgin in the shape of a lad, to shroud them from the eyes of their fathers, tutors, or protectors, or to any other sinister intent whatsoever. But to see our youths attired in the habit of women, who knowes not what their intents be? Who cannot distinguish them by their names, assuredly knowing, they are but to represent such a lady, at such a time appoynted?

"Do not the universities, the fountaines and well-springs of all good arts, learning, and documents, admit the like in their colledges? And they (I assure myselfe) are not ignorant of their true use. In the time of my residence in Cambridge, I have seene tragedyes, comedyes, historyes, pastorals and shewes, publickly acted, in which graduates of good place and reputation, have bene specially parted: this is held necessary for the emboldening of their junior schollers."

The first book has two pieces of poetry incorporated, the one blank verse, about fifty lines; the other, couplet rhyme, forty-four lines, from Ovid.

"Of

" *Of Actors and their ancient Dignitie. The Second Booke.*

" Amongst us, one of our best English chroniclers* records, that when Edward the Fourthe would shew himselfe in publicke state to the view of the people, hee repaired to his palace at St. Iohnes, where he accustomed to see the City Actors. And since then, that house by the Prince's free gift, hath belonged to the Office of the Revels; where our court playes have beene in late daies yearely rehersed, perfected, and corrected, before they come to the publike view of the Prince and the nobility."

" To omit all the doctors, zawnyes, pantaloones, harlakeenes, in which the French, but especially the Italians, have beene excellent; and, according to the occasion offered, to do some right to our English actors, as Knell, Bentley, Mils, Wilson, Crosse, Lanam, and others: these, since I never saw them, as being before my time, I cannot (as an eye-witnesse of their desert) give them that applause, which no doubt, they worthily merit; yet by the report of many juditial auditors, their performance of many parts have been so absolute, that it were a kind of sinne to drowne their worths in Lethe, and not commit their (almost forgotten) names to eternity. Heere I must needes remember Tarleton, in his time gratious with the Queene his soveraigne, and in the people's generall applause; to whom succeeded Wil. Kemp, as wel in the favour of her Maiesty, as in the opinion and good

* Stowe.

thoughts of the general audience. Gabriel, Singer, Pope, Phillips, Sly, all the right I can do them is but this, that though they be dead, their deserts yet live in the remembrance of many. Among so many dead let me not forget one yet alive, in his time the most worthy, famous, Maister Edward Allen. To omit these, as also such as, for divers imperfections, may be thought insufficient for the quality. Actors should be men pick'd out personable, according to the parts they present; they should be rather schollers, that though they cannot speake well, knowe how to speake, or else to have that volubility, that they can speake well, though they understand not what; and so both imperfections may by instruction be helped and amended: but where a good tongue and a good conceit both faile, there can never be good actor. I also could wish, that such as are condemned for their licentiousnesse, might by a generall consent bee quite excluded our society: for as we are men that stand in the broad eye of the world, so should our manners, gestures, and behaviours, savour of such government and modesty, to deserve the good thoughts and reports of all men, and to abide the sharpest censures even of those that are the greatest opposites to the quality. Many amongst us, I know to be of substance, of government, of sober lives, and temperate carriages, house-keepers, and contributary to all duties enjoyned them, equally with them that are rank't with the most bountifull: and if amongst so many of sort, there be any few degenerate from the rest in that good demeanor, which is both requisite and expected at their hands; let me entreat you not to censure hardly of all for the misdeeds of some, but rather

rather to excuse us, as Ovid doth the generality of women.

'Parcite paucarum diffundere crimen in omnes,
Spectetur meritis quæque; puella suis.

For some offenders (that perhaps are few)
Spare in your thoughts to censure all the crew,
Since every breast containes a sundry spirit,
Let every one be censur'd as they merit.'

"Others there are, of whom should you aske my opinion, I must refer you to this Consule Theatrum. Here I might take fit opportunity to reckon up all our English writers, and compare them with the Greeke, French, Italian, and Latine poets; not only in their pastorall, historicall, elegeicall, and heroicall poems, but in their tragicall and comical subjects; but it was my chance to happen on the like, learnedly done by an approved good scholler, in a booke called 'Wit's Comon-wealth,'* to which treatise I wholy referre you, returning to our present subject. Julius Cæsar," &c.

"*Of Actors, and the true use of their quality. The third book.*

"To proceed to the matter: First, playing is an ornament to the citty, which strangers of all nations, repairing hither, report of in their countries, beholding them here with some admiration: for what variety of entertainment can there be in any citty of Christendome, more then in London? But some will say, this dish might be very well spared out of the banquet: to him I answere, 'Diogenes, that used to feede on rootes, cannot relish a march-pane.' Secondly, our English tongue, which hath been the most harsh,

* Or rather "Wit's Treasury," by Francis Meres.

uneven, and broken language of the world, part Dutch, part Irish, Saxon, Scotch, Welsh; and indeed a gallimaffry of many, but perfect in none; is now by this secondary meanes of playing, continually refined; every writer striving in himselfe to adde a new florish unto it: so that in processe, from the most rude and unpolisht tongue, it is growne to a most perfect and composed language, and many excellent workes, and elaborate poems writ in the same, that many nations grow inamored of our tongue (before despised). Neither saphicke, ionicke, iambicke, phaleuticke, adonicke, gliconicke, hexameter, tetramiter, pentamiter, asclepediacke, choriambicke, nor any other measured verse used amongst the Greekes, Latins, Italians, French, Dutch, or Spanish writers, but may be exprest in English, be it in blanke verse or meeter, in distichon or hexastichon, or in what forme or feet, or what number you can desire. Thus you see to what excellency our refined English is brought, that in these daies we are ashamed of that euphony and eloquence which, within these sixty yeares, the best tongues in the land were proud to pronounce. Thirdly, playes have made the ignorant more apprehensive, taught the unlearned the knowledge of many famous histories, instructed such as cannot reade in the discovery of all our English Chronicles: and what man have you now of that weake capacity, that cannot discourse of any notable thing recorded even from William the Conqueror, nay from the landing of Brute, until this day, beeing possest of their true use?"

"Our antiquity [as actors] we have brought from the Grecians in the time of Hercules: from the Macedonians

donians in the age of Alexander: from the Romans long before Julius Cæsar, and since him through the reigns of twenty-three emperours, succeeding even to Marcus Aurelius. After him they were supported by the Mantuans, Venetians, Valencians, Neopolitans, the Florentines, and others: since, by the German Princes, the Palsgrave, the Landsgrave, the Dukes of Saxony, of Brounswicke, &c. The Cardinall* at Bruxels, hath at this time in pay, a company of our English comedians. The French King allowes certaine companies in Paris, Orleans, besides other cities: so doth the King of Spaine, in Civill, Madrill, and other provinces. But in no country they are of that eminence that ours are: so our most royall, and ever renouned soveraigne, hath licensed us in London: so did his predecessor, the thrice vertuous virgin Queene Elizabeth, and before her, her sister Queene Mary, Edward the Sixth, and their father, Henry the Eighth: and before these in the tenth yeare of the reigne of Edward the Fourth, Anno 1490, John Stowe, an ancient and grave chronicler, records (amongst other varieties tending to the like effect) that a play was acted at a place called Skinners-well, fast by Clerken-well, which continued eight dayes, and was of matter from Adam and Eve, (the first creation of the world.) The spectators were no worse than the royalty of England. And amongst other commendable exercises in this place, the Company of the Skinners of London held certaine yearely solemne playes. In place wherof now in these latter daies, the wrastling, and such other pastimes have been kept, and is still

* Cardinall Alfonsus.

held

held about Bartholomew-tide. Also in the year 1390 the fourteenth yeare of the reigne of Richard the Second, the 18 of July, were the like enterludes recorded of at the same place, which continued three dayes together, the King and Queene and nobility being there present. Moreover, to this day, in divers places of England, there be townes that hold the priviledge of their faires, and other charters by yearely stage playes, as at Manningtree in * Suffolke, Kendall in the north, and others. To let these passe, as things familiarly knowne to all men. Now to speak of some abuse lately crept into the quality, as an inveighing against the state, the court, the law, the citty, and their governements, with the particularizing of private men's humors (yet alive) noble-men, and others. I know it distastes many; neither do I any way approve it, nor dare I by any meanes excuse it. The liberty which some arrogate to themselves, committing their bitternesse, and liberall invectives against all estates, to the mouthes of children, supposing their juniority to be priviledge for any rayling, be it never so violent. I could advise all such to curbe and limit this presumed liberty within the bands of discretion and government. But wise and juditial censurers, before whom such complaints shall at any time hereafter come, wil not (I hope) impute these abuses to any transgression in us, who have ever been carefull and provident to shun the like. I surcease to prosecute this any further, lest my good meaning be (by some) misconstrued: and fearing likewise, lest with tediousnesse I tire the patience of the favourable reader, heere (though abruptly) I conclude my third and last Treatise."

* Qu. Essex?

At

At the end of the volume is the following address from the author to his bookseller.

"To my approved good friend, Mr. Nicholas Okes.

"The infinite faults escaped in my booke of Britaine's Troy,* by the negligence of the printer, as the misquotations, mistaking of sillables, misplacing halfe lines, coining of strange and never heard of words: these being without number, when I would have taken a particular account of the *errata*, the printer answered me, hee would not publish his owne disworkemanship, but rather let his owne fault lye upon the necke of the author: and being fearefull that others of his quality, had beene of the same nature, and condition, and finding you on the contrary, so carefull and industrious, so serious and laborious, to doe the author all the rights of the presse; I could not choose but gratulate your honest indeavours with this short remembrance. Here likewise, I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in that worke, by taking the two Epistles of Paris to Helen, and Helen to Paris, and printing them in a lesse volume, under the name of another,† which may put the world in opinion I might steale them from him; and hee, to doe himselfe right, hath since published them in his owne name: but as I must acknowlege my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath publisht them, so he author I know much offended with M. Jaggard that (altogether unknowne to him) presumed to make so bold with his name. These, and the like dishonesties, I know you to

* Printed in folio, 1609. † Shakspeare.

be

be cleare of; and I could wish but to bee the happy author of so worthy a worke as I could willingly commit to your care and workmanship.

Your's ever,

THOMAS HEYWOOD."

This little epistle was one of the incontrovertible proofs adduced by the late Dr. Farmer, in his admirable Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare, that the immortal bard never travelled out of the pale of the English language. The two pieces of Paris to Helen, and Helen to Paris, were translations by Heywood, and inserted in his Britaine's Troy, printed by W. Jaggard, in 1609. Jaggard had also published The Passionate Pilgrime in 1599, and a third edition in 1612, which was enlarged by the insertion of Heywood's pieces, and is the subject of the author's censure in the above Postscript. At the end of an invaluable copy of Shakspeare's poems, printed by Lintot, having notes and collations, with earlier editions, in the hand-writing of Dr. Farmer, is the following "N. B. The two pieces 'My flocks feed not,' and 'As it fell upon a day;' are subscribed *Ignoto* in England's Helicon, 1600; hence it appears that Jaggard's collection in 1599, where they are ascribed to Shakspeare, was even at that time considered to be of no authority."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. II. *The Christian Almanack for one hundred and seven years to come; being a prophetical poem upon the fall of Antichrist, and the commencement of*

of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ: with pertinent observations, both theological and chronogical. Vehajah Jehovah lemelech gnal col haaretz, Zach. xiv. 9. *Kai ezesan, kai ebasileusan meta tou Christou ta chilia ete. Rev.* xx. 4. *Written in the year of the Beast's reign* 1228, *and in the year of our Lord's Nativity*, 1703. *Norwich: Printed and sold by the booksellers of London and Norwich*, 1703, 4*to. pp.* 16.

Whether the author was related to the learned Lilly, wonder-searching Wing, renowned Partridge, or any other abstruse almanack-maker, in the homely phrase of Anthony Wood, "I cannot tell." Undoubtedly he displayed early germs of genius, and by his wise parents was apprenticed at the old original shop of Sternhold and Hopkins, where he soon learnt that "been and sin, pence and rents, elect and protect," by a certain twang upon the loose strings of Apollo's lyre, emitted a tonical hum: with this stock in trade he commenced manufacturer of couplets, not of "the deeds of the dead;" but rich with things to be seen "by children yet unborn." Like a modern satirist, his rhimes served for a peg to hang his notes on; and such notes, how invaluable to the seer-like collector of prophecies that seem to have foretold something of the present eventful period!

The work commences with "the Proem," in seven stanzas; then follows "The Christian Almanack," &c.

"1. The pope's a beast, for he did waste
God's vineyard, fair and green:

By

By pushing men, that would not sin,
As is by records seen.

2. This beast arose, as I suppose,
Four hundred seventy;
To which add five; but did not thrive,
Till Boniface did cry."

Perhaps, gentle reader, you will conceive these two stanzas sufficient specimen, and that the other forty (of which the poem consists) may be omitted. Perhaps you would wish to be informed, the Boniface alluded to, was "the third pope of that name, who obtained of Phocas the wicked Emperor, for him and his successors after him, that the see of Rome, above all other churches, should have the pre-eminence; and that the Bishop of Rome should be the universal head of all churches." Perhaps the following selection from other notes will raise a smile at the arithmetical deductions, and may complete the surfeit: "Supposing Antichrist's or the Pope's dominion began An. Ch. 475, his time being 1260 years, must expire in the year of our Lord 1735, thirty-two years hence. The 1260 days or years are represented two ways. Revel. xi. 2, 3. First by forty-two months, then by 1260 days; now allowing thirty days for each month, it appears the numbers are the same; for forty-two multiplied by thirty makes 1260.—It appears by Dan. xii. 11, 12, that there is an addition made to the 1260 days or years of the beast's reigning. First, here is an addition of thirty days, which makes the number 1290 days in the 11th verse; then in the 12th verse there are forty-five more added, which together make seventy-five, and this added to 1260 make the number 1335, at the end of which

which is blessedness in the first resurrection, the resurrection of the saints; for then Daniel shall stand in his lot (in the new Jerusalem-state, or thousand year's reign) as verse the thirteenth. Now, according to this computation, this glorious kingdom of our Lord Jesus, or blessed Millenium, cannot begin till after the year of our Lord 1810. For, if you add seventy-five to 1735 (the expiration of Antichrist's reign) it makes 1810. The kingdom of our Lord Jesus being very glorious, it must have an honourable preparation, which in all likelihood will take up these seventy-five years, for the pouring out of the vials of God's wrath upon Babylon: and though Antichrist shall be yet in being, he can't be said to reign, during those seventy-five years, but will continue like an out-dated tyrant and usurper, not yet executed; but under dreadful plagues, increasing more and more upon him, till his final destruction. It is very reasonable to think that the pope shall have a lingring death, because he has been a great malefactor, which yet will be but a short time compared with the time of his reigning. But I conceive there will be no persecution of the saints after 1735. And I am in hopes that some of the intervenient time will be spent in unbuttoning the witnesses sackcloth garments, that they may then fall off at once. Then the beast will loose his kingly power, and the kings in general that had given their kingdoms to him will fight against him; and though it shall be a day of great temptation to the inhabitants of the earth, (such as never was before) yet the Philadelphian church shall be delivered from it. Rev. iii. 10, 11, 12. I also judge that Daniel's 2300 days, or years (after which the sanctuary, or worship of God shall be cleansed from

from all humane pollutions) have their exit or end at 1810, 'tis thought they began with the first of Cyrus."

Perhaps it may be necessary to remind the reader this work was published above a century ago, and ends,

" If any ask, who did this task?
Say it was done by one,
Who wishes well to Israel,
And kingdom of the Stone.

Calculated for the meridian of Sion, and chiefly for that latitude, where the pole of truth is elevated three degrees above the bestian horizon; but may indifferently serve for any part of the holy land. Finis.

ADAM FLEMYNGE."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. III. *Bibliographia Poetica.*

Of the lives of the poets published in 1753 by Cibber or Shiels, a full account has been given in the late edition of the Theatrum Poetarum, p. li. but the advertisement of that work appears entitled to a more lasting register than the columns of a newspaper.

The Lives of the Poets of Great Britain and Ireland, to the present time. Compiled from ample materials, scattered in a variety of books, and especially from the MS. notes of the late ingenious Mr. Coxeter and others, collected for this design. By Mr. Cibber Printed &c. This work is published on the following terms. 1. That it shall consist of four* neat pocket

* The work extended to five volumes,—a similar exceeding occurred in Warton's History, the advertisement of the first volume says "this work will consist of two volumes, 4to."

volumes

volumes, handsomely printed. 2. That it shall be published in numbers, &c. 3. That five numbers shall make a volume; so that the whole work will not exceed the price of ten shillings unbound.

"*To the public.*

"The professors of no art have conferred more honour on our nation than the poets. All countries have been diligent in preserving the memoirs of those who have, either by their actions or writings, drawn the attention of the world upon them. It is a tribute due to the illustrious dead, and has a tendency to awaken in the minds of the living the laudable principle of emulation. As there is no reading at once so entertaining and instructive, as that of biography, so none ought to have the preference to it. It yields the most striking pictures of life, and shews us the many vicissitudes to which we are exposed in the course of that important journey. It has happened that the lives of the literati have been less attended to, than those of men of action, whether in the field or senate; possibly because accounts of them are more difficult to be attained, as they move in a retired sphere, and may therefore be thought incapable of exciting so much curiosity, or affecting the mind with equal force; but, certain it is, that familiar life, the knowledge of which is of the highest importance, might often be strikingly exhibited, were its various scenes but sufficiently known and properly illustrated. Of this, the most affecting instances will be found in the lives of the Poets, whose indigence has so often subjected them to experience variety of fortune, and whose parts and genius have been so much concerned in furnishing en-

tertainment to the public. As the poets generally converse more at large, than other men, their lives must naturally be productive of such incidents, as cannot but please those, who deem the study of human nature, and lessons of life, the most important.

"The lives of the Poets have been less perfectly given to the world, than the figure they have made in it, and the share they have in our admiration, naturally demand. The dramatic authors indeed have had some writers who have transmitted accounts of their works to posterity. Of these Langbaine is by far the most considerable. He was a man of extensive reading, and has taken a great deal of pains to trace the sources from which our poets have derived their plots; he has given a catalogue of their plays, and, as far as his reading served him, very accurately: he has much improved upon Winstanley and Philips, and his account of the poets is certainly the best now extant.* Jacob's performance is a most contemptible one; he has given himself no trouble to gain intelligence, and has scarcely transcribed Langbaine with accuracy. Mrs. Cooper, author of 'The Muses' Library,' has been industrious in collecting the works and some memoirs of the poets who preceded Spenser, but her plan did not admit of enlarging, and she has furnished but

* Winstanley published his volume as "*a brief essay* of the works and writings of above two hundred poets," though his account only extends to one hundred and forty-five; and of those given, as a brief essay, both incomplete and incorrect: this deficiency obained the work more notice than has attended Langbaine's "Account of the English Dramatic Poets," which is still of intrinsic value, though neglected. "This author has been by many reflected on in order to acquire a reputation to themselves, yet he never had, nor perhaps ever will have a competitor for industry, diligence, and exactness, in the province he has undertaken." MS. note on L. 1760.

little

little intelligence concerning them. The general error into which Langbaine, Mrs. Cooper, and all the other biographers, have fallen, is this; they have considered the poets merely as such, without tracing their connexions in civil life, the various circumstances they have been in, their patronage, their employments, and in short, the figure they made as members of the community; which omission has rendered their accounts less interesting, and while they have shewn us the poet, they have quite neglected the man. Many of the poets, besides their excellency in that profession, were held in esteem by men in power, and filled civil employments with honour and reputation; various particulars of their lives are to be found in the annals of the age in which they lived, and which were connected with those of their patron.

"But these particulars lie scattered in a variety of books, and the collecting them together and properly arranging them, is as yet unattempted, and is no easy task to accomplish. This, however, we have endeavoured to do, and if we are able to execute our plan, their lives will prove entertaining, and many articles of intelligence, omitted by others, will be brought to light. Another advantage we imagine our plan has over those who have gone before us in the same attempt, is, that we have not confined ourselves to dramatic writers only, but have taken in all who have had any name as poets, of whatsoever class: and have besides given some account of their other writings; so that if they had any excellence independent of poetry, it will appear in full view to the reader. We have likewise considered the poets, not as they rise alpha-

betically, but chronologically, from Chaucer,* the morning star of English poetry, to the present times; and we promise in the course of this work, to make short quotations by way of specimen from every author, so that the readers will be able to discern the progress of poetry from its origin in Chaucer to its consummation in Dryden.† He will discover the gradual improvements

* Having mentioned Warton, the name of Chaucer will serve for the introduction of the following lines, published anonymously, in 1774.

"*On reading the criticism on Chaucer's Squire's Tale in Warton's History of English Poetry.*

"As erst on Cam's green marge, with sedge bedight,
I mark'd in Chaucer's page how Sarra's Lord,
Begirt with many a swarthy Moorish Knight,
Crown'd at his birth-day festival the board.

Much did I grieve, that o'er a page so pure
Devouring time had cast his dim disguise;
As April show'rs by gloomy fits obscure
The noon-tide radiance of the smiling skies.

Lo Warton came—from the romantic tale
To clear the rust that canker'd all around:
His skilful hand unlocks each magic vale,
And opes each flowery forest's rocky bound.

At this, long drooping in forlorn despair,
His painted wing Imagination plumes,
Pleas'd that her favourite strain, by Warton's care,
Its genuine charms and native grace resumes."

These lines must have been Warton's own, as he afterwards used many of them in his Stanzas to Upton. *See his Poems.*

† Dryden, in the Astræa Redux, a poem on the Restoration of Charles the Second, has the following couplet,

"An horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we the tempest fear."

Which was ridiculed in these lines,

"Laureat, who was both learn'd and florid,
Was damn'd long since for silence horrid:

Nor

improvements made in versification, its rise and fall; and, in a word, the complete history of poetry will appear before him. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for instance, numbers and harmony were carried to a great perfection by the Earl of Surry, Spenser, and Fairfax; in the reign of James and Charles the First, they grew harsher; at the Restoration, when taste and politeness began again to revive, Waller restored them to the smoothness they had lost: Dryden reached the highest excellence of numbers, and completed the power of poetry.

"In the course of this work we shall be particular in quoting authorities for every fact advanced, as it is fit the reader should not be left at an uncertainty; and where we find judicious criticisms on the works of our authors, we shall take care to insert them, and shall seldom give our opinion in the decision of what degree of merit is due to them. We may venture, however, in order to enliven the narration as much as possible, sometimes to throw in a reflection, and, in facts, that are disputed, to sum up the evidence on both sides.

Nor had there been such clutter made,
But that his silence did invade;
Invade —— and so it might, that's clear;
But what did it invade? an Ear!"

Capt. Radcliff's News from Hell.

Notwithstanding this burlesque, Shakspeare has something like it, and which perhaps Dryden thought of—

"The hum of either army stilly sounds.

Henry 5th.

Errat. stilly means continually, &c. perh. but qu? [This is copied from the hand writing of the late Dr. Farmer, who, from the words abbreviated, appears to have doubted as to the strict sense of the word stilly. Mr. Malone e plains it gently, lowly.]

But though the poets were often involved in parties, and engaged in the vicissitudes of state, we shall endeavour to illustrate their conduct, without any satirical remarks, or favourable colouring; never detracting from the merit of one, or raising the reputation of another, on account of political principles."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. IV. *The Mirror of Alchimy composed by the thrice famous and learned Fryer Roger Bachon, sometime Fellow of Martin Colledge, and afterwards of Brazen Nose Colledge in Oxenford. Also a most excellent and learned discourse of the admirable force and efficacie of Art and Nature, written by the same author. With certaine other worthie Treatises of the like Argument.*

" Vino vendibili non opus est hedera."

London: Printed for Richard Olive, 1597.* *Small 4to. pp.* 84.

" *Preface.*

" In times past the philosophers spake after divers and sundrie manners throughout their writings, sith that as it were in a riddle and cloudie voyce, they have left unto us a certaine most excellent and noble

* Dr. Shaw observes, in the Biographia Britannica, that " Bacon writ many Treatises, some of which are lost or locked up in private libraries: what relate to chemistry are chiefly two small pieces, wrote at Oxford, which are now in print, and the MSS. may be seen in the public library of Leyden, having been carried thisher amongst Vossius's MSS. from England." Probably the work here described may be one of those to which the Dr. alludes.

science,

science, but altogether obscure, and without all hope utterly denied, and that not without good cause. Wherefore I would advise thee, that above all other bookes, thou shouldest firmly fixe thy mind upon these seven chapters, conteining in them the transmutation of mettalls, and often call to minde the beginning, middle, and end of the same, wherein thou shalt finde such subtiltie, that thy minde shal be fully contented therewith."

"Chap. 1.—Of the Definitions of Alchimy.

"In many ancient bookes there are found many definitions of this art, the intentions wherof we must consider in this chapter. For Hermes saith of this science: Alchimy is a corporal science simply composed of one and by one, naturally conjoining things more precious, by knowledge and effect, and converting them by a naturall commixtion into a better kind. A certain other saith: Alchimy is a science, teaching how to transforme any kind of mettall into another: and that by a proper medicine, as it appeareth by many philosopher's bookes. Alchimy therefore is a science teaching how to make and compound a certaine medicine, which is called elixir, the which when it is cast upon mettals, or imperfect bodies, doth fully perfect them in the verie projection.

Chap. 2.—Of the naturall principles, and procreation of Minerals.

Chap. 3.—Out of what things the matter of Elixir must be more nearly extracted.

Chap. 4.—Of the maner of working, and of moderating, and continuing the fire.

Chap. 5.—Of the qualitie of the Vessell and Furnace.

Chap. 6.—Of the accidentall and essentiall colours appearing in the worke.

Chap. 7.—How to make projection of the medicine upon any imperfect bodie.

Here endeth the Mirror of Alchimy, composed by the most learned philosopher Roger Bacon."

The remainder of this curious work is divided into three parts, viz.

1st. "A briefe Commentarie of Hortulanus the Philosopher, upon the Smaragdine Table of Hermes of Alchimy," consisting of 13 chapters.

2d. "The Booke of the Secrets of Alchimie, composed by Galid the sonne of Iazich, translated out of Hebrew into Arabick, and out of Arabick into Latine, and out of Latin into English," consisting of 16 chapters.

3d. "The excellent and learned discourse of the admirable force and efficacie of Art and Nature," which is mentioned in the title-page.

J. H. M.

ART. V. *Modern Account of Scotland; being an exact description of the Country, and a true Character of the People and their Manners. Written from thence by an English Gentleman. Printed in the year* 1679. *4to. pp.* 17.

This curious work was written in so splenetic a disposition, and contains many circumstances of so singular a nature, that the author naturally confined its circulation, by not permitting it to be published, and also

also concealed his name from prudential motives. This omission, however, has been supplied in MS. in the copy from whence this description is taken, and "the English Gentleman" appears to have been Thomas Kirke, of Crookwige in Yorkshire. The work commences with the following severe introduction.

"If all our European travellers direct their course to Italy, upon the account of its antiquity, why should Scotland be neglected, whose wrinkled surface derives its original from the chaos? The first inhabitants were some straglers of the fallen angels, who rested themselves on the confines, till their captain, Lucifer, provided places for them in his own country. This is the conjecture of learned critics, who trace things to their originals; and this opinion was grounded on the devil's bratts yet resident amongst them (whose foresight in the events of good and evil exceeds the Oracles at Delphos) the supposed issue of those pristine inhabitants.

"Italy is compared to a leg, Scotland to a louse, whose legs and engrailed edges represent the promontories and buttings out into the sea, with more nooks and angles than the most conceited of my Lord Mayor's custards; nor does the comparison determine here. A louse preys upon its own fosterer and preserver, and is productive of those minute animals called nits; so Scotland, whose proboscis joyns too close to England, has suckt away the nutriment from Northumberland, as the countrey itself is too true a testimony.

"The whole countrey will make up a park, forrest, or chace, as you'll please to call it; but if you desire

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an account of particular parks, they are innumerable, every small house having a few sodds thrown into a little bank about it, and this for the state of the business (forsooth) must be called a park though not a pole of land in it.

" Fowl are as scarce here as birds of paradise, the charity of the inhabitants denying harbour to such celestial animals, though gulls and cormorants abound, there being a greater sympathy betwixt them. There is one sort of ravenous fowl amongst them that has one web foot, one foot suited for land and another for water; but whether or no this fowl (being particular to this country) be not the lively picture of the inhabitants, I shall leave to wiser conjectures.

" Their cities are poor and populous, especially Edenborough, their metropolis, which so well suits with the inhabitants, that one character will serve them both, viz. high and dirty. The houses mount seven or eight stories high, with many families on o e floor, one room being sufficient for all occasions, eating, drinking, sleeping, &c. &c. The town is like a double comb (an engine not commonly known amongst them) one great street, and each side stockt with narrow allies, which I mistook for common shores. Some of the kirks have been of antient foundations, and well and regularly built, but order and uniformity is in perfect antipathy to the humour of this nation, these goodly structures being either wholly destroyed (as at St. Andrews and Elgin, where, by the remaining ruins, you may see what it was in perfection) or very much defaced; they make use of no quires, those are either quite pulled down, or converted into another kirk, for it is common here to have three, four,

four, or five kirks under one roof, which being preserved entire, would have made one good church, but they could not then have had preaching enough in it.

" The castles of defence in this country are almost impregnable, only to be taken by treachery or long siege, their water failing them soonest; they are built upon high and almost inaccessible rocks, only one forced passage up to them, so that a few men may easily defend them. Indeed all the gentlemen's houses are strong castles, they being so treacherous one to another, that they are forced to defend themselves in strong holds; they are commonly built upon some single rock in the sea, or some high precipice near the mid-land, with many towers and strong iron grates before their windows (the lower part whereof, is only a woodden shutter, and the upper part glass) so that they look more like prisons than houses of reception; some few houses there are of late erection, that are built in a better form, with good walks and gardens about them, but their fruit rarely comes to any perfection. The houses of the commonalty are very mean, mud-wall and thatch the best; but the poorer sort live in such miserable hutts as never eye beheld; men, women, and children, pigg altogether in a poor mouse-hole of mud, heath, and such like matter. In some parts where turf is plentiful, they build up little cabbins thereof with arched roofs of turf, without a stick of timber in it; when the house is dry enough to burn, it serves them for fuel, and they remove to another. The habit of the people is very different, according to the qualities or the places they live in, as Low-land or High-land men. The Low-land gentry go well enough habited, but the poorer sort go (almost) naked, only

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an old cloak, or a part of their bed-cloaths thrown over them. The Highlanders wear slashed doublets, commonly without breeches, only a plad tyed about their wasts, &c. thrown over one shoulder, with short stockings to the gartering place, their knees and part of their thighs being naked; others have breeches and stockings all of a piece of plad ware, close to their thighs; in one side of their girdle sticks a durk or skean, about a foot or half a yard long, very sharp, and the back of it filed into divers notches, wherein they put poyson; on the other side a brace (at least) of brass pistols; nor is this honour sufficient; if they can purchase more, they must have a long swinging sword.

"The people are proud, arrogant, vain-glorious boasters, bloody, barbarous, and inhuman butchers, Couzenage and theft is in perfection amongst them, and they are perfect English haters; they shew their pride in exalting themselves and depressing their neighbours. When the palace at Edenburgh is finished, they expect his Majesty will leave his rotten house at White-Hall, and live splendidly amongst his nown countreymen the Scots; for they say that Englishmen are very much beholden to them that we have their King amongst us. The nobility and gentry lord it over their poor tenants and use them worse than galley slaves; they are all bound to serve them, men, women, and children; the first fruits is always the landlord's due, he is the man that must first board all the young married women within his lairdship, and their sons are all his slaves, so that any mean laird will have six or ten more followers."

The

The following extract is extremely curious, as it bears a similarity to one of those extraordinary circumstances mentioned by Bruce, as occurring in the course of his travels, and which, in some degree, brought his work into disrepute.

" Their cruelty descends to their beasts; it being a custom in some places to feast upon a living cow, they tye in the middle of them, near a great fire, and then cut collops of this poor living beast, and broil them on the fire, till they have mangled her all to pieces; nay, sometimes they will only cut off as much as will satisfie their present appetites, and let her go till their greedy stomacks calls for a new supply; such horrible cruelty as can scarce be parallel'd in the whole world! Their theft is so well known that it needs no proving; they are forced to keep watch over all they have, to secure it; their cattle are watched day and night, or otherwise they would be over-grown by morning. In the Highlands they do it publicly before the face of the sun; if one man has two cows, and another wants, he shall soon supply himself from his neighbour, who can find no remedy for it. The gentry keep an armory in their own houses, furnished with several sorts of fire arms, pikes, and halberts, with which they arm their followers, to secure themselves from the rapine of their neighbourhood.

" Their drink is ale made of beer malt, and tunned up in a small vessel, called a cogue: after it has stood a few hours, they drink it out of the cogue, yest and all; the better sort brew it in larger quantities, and drink it in wooden queighs, but it is sorry stuff, yet excellent for preparing bird-lime; but wine is the great drink with

with the gentry, which they pour in like fishes, as if it were their natural element; the glasses they drink out of, are considerably large, and they always fill them to the brim, and away with it; some of them have arrived at the perfection to tope brandy at the same rate: sure these are a bowl above Bacchus, and of right ought to have a nobler throne than an hogshead.

"Musick they have, but not the harmony of the spheres, but loud terrene noises, like the bellowing of beasts; the loud bagpipe is their chief delight; stringed instruments are too soft to penetrate the organs of their ears that are only pleased with sounds of substance.

"The highways in Scotland are tolerably good, which is the greatest comfort a traveller meets with amongst them; they have not inns, but change-houses (as they call them) poor small cottages, where you must be content to take what you find, perhaps eggs with chucks in them, and some lang-cale; at the better sort of them, a dish of chop'd chickens, which they esteem a dainty dish, and will take it unkindly if you do not eat very heartily of it, though for the most part you may make a meal with the sight of the fare, and be satisfied with the steam only, like the inhabitants of the world in the moon; your horses must be sent to a stabler's (for the change-houses have no lodging for them) where they may feed voluptuously on straw only, for grass is not to be had, and hay is so much a stranger to them, that they are scarce familiar with the name of it.

"The Scotch gentry commonly travel from one friend's house to another, so seldom make use of a change-house; their way is to hire a horse and a man for two pence a mile; they ride on the horse thirty or forty

forty miles a day, and the man, who is his guide, foots it beside him, and carries his luggage to boot. The best sort keep only a horse or two for themselves and their best friend; all the rest of the train foot it beside them. To conclude, the whole bulk and selvedge of this countrey, is all wonder too great for me to unriddle; there I shall leave it, as I found it, with its agreeable inhabitants in

A land where one may pray with curst intent:
Oh! may they never suffer banishment!"

J. H. M.

ART. VI. *Argalus and Parthenia, newly perused, perfected, and written, by Fra. Quarles. Lusit Anacreon. 4to. pp. 153.*

Dedicated to Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, and dated from Dublin March 4, 1621, in an Address to the Reader, in which he calls it "the fruits of a few broken hours;" and says it was a scion taken out of the orchard of Sir Philip Sydney, which he has lately graffed on a crab-stock of his own. "Ladies," he adds, "(for in your silken laps I know this book will choose to lie, which being far fetched, if the stationers be wise, will be most fit for you) my suit is that you would be pleased to give the fair Parthenia your noble entertainment: she hath crossed the seas for your acquaintance, and is come to live and die with you; to whose gentle hands I recommend her, and kiss them."

I give a specimen from the commencement of the first book.

"Within the limits of the Arcadian land,
Whose grateful bounty hath enrich'd the hand

Of

Of many a shepherd swain, whose rural art
(Untaught to gloze, or with a double heart
To vow dissembled love) did build to fame
Eternal trophies of a pastoral name;
That sweet Arcadia, which in antique days
Was wont to warble out her well-tun'd lays
To all the world; and with her oaten reed
Did sing her love whilst her proud flocks did feed;
Arcadia, whose deserts did claim to be
As great a sharer in the Daphnian tree,
As his, whose Æneas so proudly sings
Heroic conquests of victorious kings;
There (if the exuberance of a word may swell
So high, that angels may be said to dwell)
There dwelt that virgin, that Arcadian glory,
Whose rare composure did abstract the story
Of true perfection, modelizing forth
The height of beauty, and admired worth;
Her name Parthenia, whose renown'd descent
Can serve but as a needless compliment
To gild perfection: she shall boast alone
What bounteous art and nature makes her own.
  Her mother was a lady, whom deep age
More fill'd with honour than diseases; sage,
A modest nation, strict, reserv'd, austere,
Sparing in speech, but liberal of her ear;
Fierce to her foes, and violent where she likes;
Wedded to what her own opinion strikes;
Frequent in alms, and charitable deeds,
Of mighty spirit, constant to her beads;*
Wisely suspicious; but what need we other
Than this? She was the fair Parthenia's mother;
That rare Parthenia, in whose heavenly eye
Sits maiden mildness, mixt with majesty,
Whose secret power hath a double skill,
By frowns or smiles to make alive or kill." &c. &c.

* This sounds like a couplet of Dryden.

Here

Here follows a description of her person, which my readers will not thank me for transcribing. The works of Quarles are too common to require a further specimen.

ART. VII. *Album, seu nigrum amicorum, in obitum Horat. Palavicini. London: Printed by T. Creed for Andrew Wise.* 4to. 1600.

This is a mere collection of funereal verses. The first of them, however, is one of the scattered pieces of Bishop Hall.

"*In obitum viri amplissimi, Domini Horatii Pallavicini Equitis, Epitaphium.*

" Utra mihi patria est, utra est peregrina viator?
Itala terra tulit, terra Brytanna tegit.
Natus ibi, hic vixi, moriorque ineunte senecta;
Illa mihi cunas contulit, hæc tumulum.
Deserui Latium vivus, meque illa reliquit
Quodque ortu meruit, perdidit exilio.
Hospitio excepit, fovitque Brytannia longo;
Jure sit illa suo patria sola mihi!
Non tamen illa mihi patria est, non ulla sub astris,
Sed medio Ætherei regna suprema poli.

I. HALL. IMMAN."

H. E.

ART. VIII. *A few Anecdotes and Observations relating to Oliver Cromwell and his Family; serving to rectify several errors concerning him published by Nicolaus Commenus Papadapoli, in his Historia Gymnasii Patavini.* 4to. *London.* 1763.

Papadapoli states that the Protector, Oliver, was born in Wales: and asserts that he became a member of the university of Padua in 1618, referring for evidence not only to the list of the English students kept there, but to the arms of Oliver, as painted on one of the piazzas. He afterwards adds, that having in the younger part of life lessened his small patrimony by dissolute conduct and the length of time he passed in his travels, that he returned to England in 1625. Toward the close of Papadapoli's account, Oliver's ambition is attributed to his wife: and he is stated to have died the fourth of the ides of September, 1658, upwards of sixty years of age.

Such are the errors which this little pamphlet serves to rectify. Oliver was born at Hinchinbrooke; appears never to have left his native country; died Sept. 3, 1658; and seems to have been incited to no ambition by his wife.

H. E.

ART. IX. *Drinke and Welcome: or the famous Historie of the most part of Drinks in use now in the kingdomes of Great Brittaine and Ireland: with an especiall declaration of the potency, vertue, and operation of our English Ale. With a description of all sorts of Waters, from the Ocean Sea to the teares of a Woman. As also, the causes of all sorts of Weather, faire or foule, sleet, raine, haile, frost, snow, fogges, mists, vapours, clouds, stormes, windes, thunder and lightning. Compiled first in the high Dutch tongue, by the painefull and industrious Huldricke Van Speagle; a grammaticall*

maticall brewer of Lubeck; and now most learnedly enlarged, amplified, and translated into English prose and verse: By John Taylor. London: Printed by Anne Griffin, 1637. 4to.

Dr. Farmer, in his admirable Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare, has given this title-page at full length, professedly for the humour of it. Taylor, indeed, like several of his contemporaries, will sometimes be found to lavish the chief attractions of his wit and ingenuity on the title-page of his book. The present tract affords an apposite illustration of this remark, and a short extract may serve to confirm it; while, at the same time, it enumerates the various Drinks of which he had drawn up fanciful etymologies in prose. *

"I, a Water-man, in various fashions
Have wrote a hotchpotch here of strange mutations,
Of ancient liquors made by Liber Pater,
Of drinkes, of wines, of sundry sorts of water.
My Muse doth like a monkey friske and frigge,
Or like a squirrell skip from twigge to twigge;
Now sipping *Sider*, straightway supping *Perry*,
Metheglin sweet, and *Mead* that makes her merry;
With *Braggot*, that can teach a cat to speake,
And poore *Pomperkin*, impotent and weake:

* A specimen of these etymological whimsies may be entitled to marginal admission: "This graine (Barley) after it had beene watred and dryed, was at first ground in a mill in the island of Malta, from whence it is supposed to gaine the name of *Malte* but I take it more proper from the word Malleolus, which signifies a hammer, or maule; for Hannibal, that great Carthaginian captaine, in his sixteene yeares' warres against the Romans, was called the *Maule of Italie*, for it is conjectured that he victoriously *maul'd* them, by reason that his army was daily refreshed with the spiritefull elixar of *Malt*."

And lastly, as the chiefe of all the rest,
She tipples huff-cap *Ale*, to crowne the feast:
Yet now and then in *Beer* and *Balderdash*
Her lips she dips, and cleane her entrailes wash:
And ending, she declares *Sack's* mighty power,
Which doth time, coyne, wit, health, and all devoure.—
Through drinks, through wines, and waters, I have run,
And, being dry and sober, I have *done*." *

Some account of John Taylor has been printed in CENSURA, II. 372, from Osborne's Harleian Catalogue. More may be seen in Wood and Granger. My present object is to supply an extended list of his productions; premising that those pieces were collected in the folio edition of his works in 1630, which bear no later date.

1. "Heaven's Blessing and Earth's Joy; or a true relation of the supposed sea-fights, fire-workes, &c. on the marriage of Frederick Count Palatine, and the Princess Elizabeth, 1613: including Epithalamia, &c.
2. The Nipping or Snipping of Abuses, or the Wooll-gathering of Wit. 1614. (This contains the author's description of a poet and poesie, &c.
3. The pennyles Pilgrimage, or the moneylesse perambulation of John Taylor, alias the

* Taylor gives the following reason for his use of this termination, at the close of his "Uncertaine Journey."

"I came to London when the clock struck one:
And so my Journey and my Book is Done.
Amongst the Muses, where the number Nine is,
The learned poets end their works with *Finis*:
But when unlearned I have volumes pen'd,
Finis in Latin, English *Done's* an end."

King's

King's Majestie's Water-poet, from London to Edenborough on foot, 1618, pr. and ver.

4. Superbiæ Flagellum, or the Whip of Pride. 1621.

5. Taylor's Goose: describing the Wilde Goose, Tame Goose, the Taylors', Winchester, Clack, Soland and Hunibúrne Goose, Goose upon Goose, &c. 1621.

6. A Memoriall of all the English monarchs from Brute to Charles the First.

6*. A briefe remembrance of English monarchs from the Norman Conquest.

7. Wit and Mirth, chargeably collected out of Taverns, Ordinaries, Innes, Bowling-Greens and Alleys, Alehouses, Tobacco-shops, Highwayes, and Water-passages. pr.

8. Master Thomas Coriat's Commendations to his friends in England: from Agra, the Capitoll of the Great Mogol. pr.

9. Laugh and be fat; or a Commentary upon the Odcombian Banket.

10. Odcomb's Complaint; or Coriat's funerall epicedium, or death song, upon his late reported drowning.

11. The World's Eighth Wonder, or Coriat's reviving from his supposed drowning.

12. A few lines, to small purpose, against the scandalous aspersions that are either maliciously or ignorantly cast upon the Poets and Poems of these times.

13. The Life and Death of the most blessed amongst all Women, the Virgin Mary. 1622.

14. John Taylor's Motto: *et habeo, et curo, et caro*; I have, I want, I care. 1622. (This was a retort metrical upon Wither's motto, *Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo*, which was printed in 1618 and 1621.)
15. A Shilling, or the Travailes of 12 pence. 1622.
16. The praise and vertues of an arrant Thiefe—a Bawd—a Whore—a Jayle and Jaylers. 1622.
17. The unnaturall father: or the cruell murther committed by one John Rowse, of Ewell, Surry, upon two of his own children. pr.
18. A Farewell to the Tower-Bottles. 1622.
19. An Encomium or Enco-mi-ass-trick, to the honour of the noble Captaine O'Toole.
20. The World runnes on Wheeles, or Oddes betwixt Carts and Coaches. pr.
21. Prince Charles his welcome from Spaine in 16.3.
22. A living Sadness upon the Death of King James. 1625.
23. Funeral Elegies upon Prince Henry, Earl of Nottingham, Bp. of Winchester, Duke of Richmond, John Moray, Esq. and Earl of Holdernesse.
24. Taylor's Travels to Hamburgh in Germany, and to Prague in Bohemia, in 1616. pr. and ver.
25. An Englishman's love to Bohemia. ibid.
26. The Book of Martyrs, 1st and 2d part.
27. The praise of Hempseed. 1623.*

* In this year was published "Taylor the Water-poets' tongue combat, lately happening betweene two English squldiers in the tilt-boat of Gravesend:" but the dedication is signed *Hexham*.

28. The

28. The Water Cormorant, his complaint against a brood of land Cormorants, in 14 satires. 1623.

29. Taylor's Water worke: or the Sculler's travels from Tyber to Thames, &c. (This contains the Sculler, a collection of epigrams.)

30. Taylor's Pastorall: or the noble Antiquitie of Shepheards; with the profitable use of Sheepe. 1624.

31. Jack-a-Lent, his beginning and entertainment: with the mad pranks of his gentleman usher Shrove Tuesday, that goes before him; and his footman Hunger attending. pr.

32. Taylor's Urania. (consists of 87 octave stanzas.)

33. The several sieges, assaults, and sackings, &c. of Jerusalem, 1st and 2d part.

34. Against cursing and swearing. pr.

35. Taylor's revenge, or the rimer, Wm. Fennor, firkt, ferrited, and finely fetcht over the coals.

36. Fennor's defence against John Taylor, or I am your first man, &c.

37. A cast over the water by John Taylor, given gratis to Will. Fennor, the rimer, from London to the King's-bench.

38. The fearefull Summer, or London's Calamitie. 1626. (A short address to the printer is signatured 'John Taylor of Oriell Colledge in Oxford.')

39. Anagrams and Sonnets (addressed to several persons of distinction.)

40. An Armado, or navy of Ships and other vessels, who have the art to sayle by land, as well as sea. pr. (This Navy consists of Words terminating with the syllable *ship*.)

41. The Begger, or the praise, antiquitie, and commoditie of Beggarie, Beggars and Begging.
42. The great Eater, or part of the admirable Teeth and Stomack's exploits of Nicholas Wood of Harrison [Harrietsham] in the county of Kent. pr. and ver.
43. Sir Gregory Nonsence, his newes from no place. (partly written in mock blank verse.)
44. A very merrie wherrie-ferry Voyage, or Yorke for my money.
45. A Discovery by Sea, from London to Salisbury. pr. and ver.
46. The Scourge of Baseneasse.
47. A Kicksey-Winsey, or a lerry-come-twang: wherein John Taylor hath satyrically suted 750 bad debtors, that will not pay him for his return of his journey to Scotland.
48. The praise of cleane Linen, with the commendable use of the Laundress.
49. The true cause of the Waterman's suit concerning Players: and the reasons that their playing on London side is their extream hindrance. pr.
50. A Dogge of Warre; or the Travels of Drunkard, the famous Cur of the round Woollstaple in minster.
51. The Dolphin's Danger and Deliverance: a seafight in the gulph of Persia, famously fought by the Dolphin of London, against five of the Turks men of war and a sattie, Jan. 12, 1616.
52. Honour conceal'd, strangely reveal'd: or the worthy praise of the renowned Archibald Armstrong.

53. Verbum Sempiternum.
54. Salvator Mundi.
55. The Churches' Deliverances.
56. The Suddaine Turne of Fortune's Wheele; or a Conference holden in the Castle of St. Angello, betwixt the Pope, the Emperour, and the King of Spaine. 1631. MS.
57. John Taylor's Thame and Isis. 1632.
58. Three Triumphs of London, in the reign of Cha. I. Robert Parkhurst, Mayor. 1634.
59. The olde old very old man; or the age and long life of Thomas Parr. 1635 (reprinted in 1794.)
60. John Taylor the Water-poet's Travels through London, to visit all the taverns in the city and suburbs, alphabetically disposed; with the names of all the vintners at that time. 1636.
61. Drinke and Welcome; or the famous history of the most part of Drinkes, &c. 1637.
62. The Carrier's Cosmographie, or relation of Innes, Ordinaries, Hosteries, &c. 1637.
63. Taylor's differing Worships; the Oddes between some Knights' service and God's. 1640.
64. Taylor's Swarme of Sectaries and Schismatiques. 1641.
65. Taylor's physicke has purged the Divil, or the Divell has got a squirt. 1641. (This was written as an Answer to a Swarme of Sectaries, and therefore not by Taylor.)
66. A reply as true as steele to a rusty, rayling, ridiculous, lying libell, which was lately written by an impudent, unsoder'd Ironmonger, [Henry Walker] and called by the name of

'An Answer to a foolish pamphlet, entituled a Swarme of Sectaries.' 1641.

67. George the Runner, against Henry the Walker, in defence of John the Swimmer 1641.

68. The whole life and progresse of Henry Walker the Ironmonger, collected and written by J. Taylor. 1642.

69. Religion's Enemies; with a brief and ingenious relation, as by Anabaptists, Brownists, Papists, Familists, Atheists, and Foolists, saucily presuming to tosse Religion in a blanquet. 1641. pr.

70. A Pedlar and a Romish Priest, in a very hot discourse, full of mirth, truth, wit, and folly. 1641. pr. and ver.

71. Mad Fashions, Odd Fashions, all out of Fashions. 1642.

72. John Taylor, the Water-poet's Manifestation. 1642.

73. Taylor's Aqua Musæ, or Cacafugo Captain George Wither wrung in the Withers: wherein the juggling rebell is finely firked and jirked for his railing pamphlet, called Campo Musæ. 1643.

74. Rebels anathematized: a satyrical salutation to the pulpit praters. 1645.

75. John Taylor's Wanderings to see the wonders of the West: how he travelled neere 600 miles to the mount in Cornwall, and home again. 1649.

76. The Number and Names of all the Kings of England and Scotland, from the beginning of their

their governments to this present. Written by John Taylor, at the signe of the Poet's Head in Phœnix Alley neer the middle of Long Aker, or Covent Garden. 1649.

77. A late weary merry Voyage and Journey: or John Taylor's month's travells by sea and land, from London to Gravesend, to Harwich, to Ipswich, to Norwich, to Linne, to Cambridge; and from thence to London. Performed and written on purpose to please his Friends and pleasure himselfe, in these unpleasant and necessitated times. 1650. pr. and ver. *

78. Epigrammes, written on purpose to be read; with a proviso, that they may be understood by the reader. Being ninety in number: besides two new made Satyres that attend them. 1651.

79. Of Alterations strange, of various Signes,
Heere are compos'd a few poetick lines:
Here you may finde, when you this Book have read,
The Crowne's transform'd into the Poet's head.

Read well. Be merry and wise. Written by John Taylor, poeta aquatica. 1651.

80. John Taylor's Ale, ale-vate into the Ale-titude; a learned Oration before Ale Drinkers. 1651.

81. Newes from Tenebris; or preterpluperfect noc-

* Taylor, in this tract, makes a melancholy report of his infirmities and apprehended mortality,

"Now Atropos is ready with her knife
To cut the uncertaine feeble twist of life:
Now in my Autumne, or my fall o' th' leaf,
Halfe dead, halfe living, halfe blinde, lame, halfe deafe," &c.

turnall

turnall or night worke. Written by candle-light, betwixt owle-light and moon-light, with the helpe of star-light and twy-light, and may be read by day-light. 1652. pr.

82. Taylor's Arithmetick. 1653.

83. A merry Bill of an uncertaine Journey, to bee performed by John Taylor by land, with his Aqua Musa. The certainty of the uncertaine Travels of John Taylor, performed in this yeere, 1653.*

84. The Needle's Excellency: a booke wherein are divers admirable workes wrought with the Needle, newly invented, and cut in copper for the pleasure and profit of the industrious. 1657."

* In this, which appears to have been an eleemosynary production, he utters the following plaint:

"Seven times at sea I serv'd Elizabeth,
And two Kings, forty-five years; untill Death
Of both my royal masters quite bereft me,
That nothing now but age and want is left me:
This makes me travell, and my friends to trie;
Else I might, like my fellowes, starve and die.

Many of forreign travels boast and vaunt,
When they of England are most ignorant:
But yearly I survey my country native,
And, mongst six cases, live upon the *dative*.
I travell hard, and for my life's supply
I every yeere receive a *Subsidie*:
Or else, to come more near unto the sense,
'Tis fit to call it a *Benevolence*.
Thus travelling, a toiling trade I drive,
By reason of mine age—neer seventy-five:
It is my earthly portion and my lot,
The proverb says—'Need makes the old wife trot."

The

The date of this last tract is taken from Major Pearson's catalogue, and if correctly given, it must either have been a posthumous publication, or Wood has antedated the decease of Taylor. Some interesting extracts taken from a copy which wants the title, have been inserted in CENSURA, Vol. II. The compiler of this copious list suspects that it might still admit of enlargement.

T. P.

ART. X. *The Jewel House of Art and Nature, containing divers rare and profitable inventions, together with sundry new experiments in the Art of Husbandry. With divers chimical conclusions concerning the art of distillation, and the rare practises and uses thereof faithfully and familiarly set down according to the author's own experience. By Sir Hugh Plat of Lincoln's Inne, Knight. Whereunto is added a rare and excellent Discourse of Minerals, Stones, Gems, and Rosins; with the vertues and use thereof. By D. B. Gent.* London: Printed by Bernard Alsop, and are to be sold at his house in Grub-street, near the Upper Pump.* 1653. 4*to.*

Dedicated "to the munificent lover of all learning, the Right Honourable, Boulstroad Whitlock, one of the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal of England, &c." signed "D. B."*

The reader is referred to Vol. II. p. 215, of this work, where he will find mention of the earlier edition of this book in 1594. I will give a single specimen.

* Qu. Dr. Bead, or Boat? See Vol. II. p. 216.

"*How*

daughter of the celebrated Sir Dudley Digges of Chilham Castle in Kent, and had by her also a younger son, Anthony, who was seated at Somersham in Huntingdonshire, and dying 1680, was grandfather of James Hammond the elegiac poet, who died June 7, 1742.*

The following extracts regarding CHRISTINA QUEEN OF SWEDEN, are curious, as they were written by an eye-witness.

"MOST HOND. FATHER, "Lyon, Aug. 28, 1657.

"The third of this present month I presented you my most humble thanks for your's of June 29th, wherein I also presumed to enclose one for my uncle Edward Diggs. The rarity and variety of things incident to a traveller that lyes long at the same place, makes this paper come somewhat tardy after the rest. And since you have thought fit to communicate my uncouth lettres to my uncle, I am almost ashamed to write to Wilberton, when I can add nothing that may tend to the satisfaction of his queries. I hope before I quit these southern parts to be able to give in a general and coherent account, which may in some manner expiate the small progress I seem to make in the beginning: *Chi ha tempo, ha vita*, says the Italian; and if my uncle please but to allow me time enough, I need not despair to render a rational account of a matter of fact.

"The remarkable variety that this summer has afforded us, is that 'tis now at length our turns to have a

* From authentic family papers. See also Gent. Mag. Vol. LVII. p. 780; and Pedigree of the Hammond Family in "The Topographical Miscellanies, 1791," 4to.

sight

sight of the rambling QUEEN OF SWEDE; who lyes incognito at a marchant's house, about a league from this town. There have been already sent over so many ingenuous descriptions of her, that I dare not venture upon any thing that way; yet I believe the subject wou'd be different enough: for hitherto she has been described in princely and magnificent entrys and treatments; now the relator may search out expressions of a royall poverty, treated by the unmercifull haughtyness of a marchandising towne. Really, Sir, it is a very sensible and feeling sight to us ramblers, to see the Queen of Travellers crawle neglectedly thorow the proud streets of Lyons in a thredbare coach, drawn by six consumptive horses, that seem to have been kept at the same rock with Pharaoh's lean kine. Yet this cloude makes her quitt neither her spritely carriage, manlike behaviour, nor her hermaphrodite's habit. She still retains the humour of despising her own sex, and takes notice of no visits or obeisance, that women do to her. Our curiosity carried us t'other day to the country house where she lodged. The roome we saw her in, was decently spacious; at the furthermost end of which she was merrily reading a copy of verses to a Recollecte-Monke and two marchants; the other end was filled with spectators, most of which were the chief dames of Lyons, who had stay'd there almost an hour without the least notice, or nod of the Queen's; and at length were as negligently frighted out, by her Majesty's manly collation brought, consisting chiefly of Frontinac wines and Westphalia bacon.

"Her traine was made up of all quarters of Europe, being in number about fifteen or twenty lusty fellows;

bleau; but most that she meddled in the Duke of Modena's interest against the Pope; and that at her passage from Madeira to Ferrara she endeavoured to make Ferrara revolt to its ancient master, the Duke. 'Tis also confirmed that the Venetians have lost their impregnable fort on the isle of Corfu, by an accident of gunpowder.

"These seas are now famous for none but our English exploits; and Generall Stokes is now scowring of them with some fifteen men of war; he lately took severall of the Majorcans, and executed some eight or ten English at Marseilles, whom he took in those enemy's vessells. The marchants expect him every week at Leghorne, where, 'tis thought, he will revenge himself of the town and castle, for having shot above two hundred shot at him, when he was last there; upon his siezing upon a Majorcan in their road."

"Paris, Oct. 27, 1658.

"I dare not presume to give any account of forreigne affairs, having missed the Gazettes for some weeks; but I may safely confirm the report of the famous Venetian victory over the Turks. What the proceedings of the King of Sweden are, is very doubtfully reported; some say, he carries all before him; others, that the Russian has fallen upon him, and besieged and taken Riga, which makes him leave the thoughts of Dantzick, and take care of his own kingdome. The manly QUEEN OF SWEDE about six weeks since past thorow this town with great applause, and visiting the King at Compeigne, is now returned into Italy. We hear

hear of a loss the King of Spain had by sea in some of his West India ships; but are as yet very far from a certaine relation of it, further than that they were taken by our English vessells. But of all countrys I can hear least of England and its affairs. Our Protector's Resident lyes still in Paris; and when I am thorowly settled, I shall endeavour to informe myself from him, or his followers, being desirous to know the effects of this sifted Parliament." *

ART. XII. *Oriental Eclogues. Written originally for the entertainment of the Ladies of Tauris, and now translated.*

Ubi primus equis Oriens adflavit anhelis.

VIRG. GEOR. L. 1.

London: Printed for I. Payne, at Pope's Head, in Paternoster Row. 1757. 4*to.*

This is an edition of Collins's Eclogues which I have only once met with. It was certainly not the first, which, I think, was published in 1742. The present bears date the year after the poet's death. It has the following disguised preface.

"*Preface.*

"It is with the writings of mankind, in some measure, as with their complexions or their dress; each

* See Milton's Epigram on the Queen of Sweden, beginning "Bellipotens Virgo;" and many curious particulars of this eccentric woman, with a print of her, in Todd's Milton, VI. 266; where are anecdotes of her by another Kentish man—Dean Bargrave—copied by Mr. Todd from the Dean's MS. notes to a book in the library of Canterbury Cathedral. The print of her, here mentioned, is taken from Dean Bargrave's own sketch, which he had cut in brass. See *ib.* p. 270.

nation hath a peculiarity in all these, to distinguish it from the rest of the world.

"The gravity of the Spaniard, and the levity of the Frenchman, are as evident in all their productions, as in their persons themselves; and the style of my countrymen is as naturally strong and nervous, as that of an Arabian or Persian is rich and figurative.

"There is an elegancy and wildness of thought, which recommends all their compositions; and our geniuses are as much too cold for the entertainment of such sentiments, as our climate is for their fruits and spices. If any of these are to be found in the following Eclogues, I hope my reader will consider them as an argument of their being original; I received them at the hands of a merchant, who had made it his business to enrich himself with the learning, as well as the silks and carpets of the Persians. The little information I could gather concerning their author was, that his name was Abdallah, and that he was a native of Tauris.

"It was in that city, that he died of a distemper fatal in those parts, whilst he was engaged in celebrating the victories of his favourite monarch, the Great Abbas.* As to the Eclogues themselves, they give a very just view of the miseries and inconveniences as well as the felicities, that attend one of the finest countries in the East.

"The time of writing them was probably in the beginning of the Sultan Hosseyn's reign, the successor of Sefi or Solyman the Second.

"Whatever defects, as I doubt not there will be

* "In the Persian tongue, Abbas signified the father of people."

many

many, fall under the reader's observation, I hope his candour will incline to make the following reflection:

"That the works of Orientals contain many peculiarities, and that, through defect of language, few European translators can do them justice."

ART. XIII. *Original Letter of Samuel Danyell, the poet.*

The following very interesting Letter of Danyel the poet is transcribed from "*A Compilation of Authentic Evidences, &c. tending to illustrate the Life and Character of Lord Chancellor Egerton,*" with a copy of which the learned author* has favoured me. I trust he will not think I make an ill use of his present by this extract.

An Original Letter of Samuel Danyel, sent to Lord Keeper Egerton with a present of his "Works, newly augmented, 1601;" extant in the Bridgewater Library.

"RIGHT HONOURABLE,

"Amongst all the great workes of your Worthynes, it will not be the least that you have done for me in the preferment of my brother, with whome yet now sometimes I may eat, whilst I write, and so go on with the worke I have in hand, which, God knowes,

* The Hon. and Rev. Francis Egerton, Prebendary of Durham, &c. and brother to the Earl of Bridgewater.—This Life is not yet published. It was intended for the ADDENDA of the Sixth Volume of the "Biographia Britannica."

had long since been ended, and your Honour had had that which in my haste I have prepared for you, could I have but sustayned myself, and made truce within, and peace with the world.

"But such hath been my misery, that whilst I should have written the actions of *men*, I have been constrayned to live with *children*, and contrary to myne own spirit, putt out of that scene, which nature had made my parte; for could I but live to bring this labor * of myne to the Union of Henry, I should have the end of all my ambition in this life, and the utmost of my desires; for therein, if wordes can work any thing uppon the affections of men, I will labour to give the best hand I can to the perpetual closing up of these woundes, and the very keeping them so, that our land may lothe to look over those blessed boundes, which the providence of God hath set us, into the horror and confusion of further and former claymes; and though I know the greatness of the worke require a greater spirit than myne, yet we see that in theas frames of motions, little wheels move the greater, and so by degrees turne about the whole; and God knowes what so poor a muse as myne may worke upon the affections of men.

"But, however, I shall herein shew my zeal to my country, and to do that which my soule tells me is fit; and to this end do I purpose to retyre me to my pore home, and not again to see you till I have paid your Honour my vowes; and will only pray that England, which so much needes you, may long enjoy the treasure of your counsell, and that it be not driven to com-

* The Poem on "The Civil Wars."

playne

playne with that good Roman; *Videmus quibus extinctis Jurisperitis, quam in paucis nunc spes, quam in paucioribus facultas, quam in multis audacia.*

"And for this comfort I have receeived from your goodness, I must and ever will remayne your Honour's in all, &c.

I am, &c.

SAMUEL DANYEL."

"*To the Rt. Hon Sir Thomas Egerton, Knt. Lord Keeper of the Great Seall of England.*" *

ART. XIV. *Conjecture concerning the Hero of the Nutbrown Maid. With some anecdotes of the Cliffords.*

SEE P. 113.

Dr. Whitaker, in his excellent *History of the Deanery of Craven in Yorkshire*,† has, in his account

* In "Certaine Epistles, after the manner of Horace, written to divers Noble Personages." Fol. Lond. 1603; by this author; the first is addressed to Sir Thomas Egerton. It is reprinted in the dedication of "Memoirs of King James's Peers." 1802. 8vo.

† London, 1805, 4to. This is the most delightful of all the works on English topography, which I have met with. It is the production of a man indabounding with an enlightened and sublime morality, and a rich and picturesque imagination; of a master of language, who has the skill not only to digest and arrange his materials, but to draw notes from them, such as are exactly suited to persons fond of these pursuits; yet such as, rising dimly and indistinctly in their own heads, they want the ability to grasp and communicate. Dr. Whitaker possesses the power to embody these subtle ideas,

"Turn them to shape, and give to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name."

of

of Skipton Castle, one of the residences of the illustrious house of Clifford, conjectured with great probability that *Henry Lord Clifford*, the first Earl of Cumberland, was the hero of the beautiful Ballad of the Nutbrown Maid, a poem, which the more I read it, the more I admire.

Dr. Whitaker observes, that this young nobleman was, during his father's life, led by the extravagances of the court into pecuniary embarrassments. "The method," he adds, "which this high-spirited young man took to supply his necessities is characteristic of the times: instead of resorting to Jews and money-lenders, computing the value of his father's life, and raising great sums by anticipation, methods which are better suited to the calm unenterprizing dissipation of the present age, Henry Clifford turned *outlaw*, assembled a band of dissolute followers, harrassed the religious houses, beat their tenants, and forced the inhabitants of whole villages to take sanctuary in their churches."

The historian then gives in a note the suggestion, which is the object of the present article.

"I hope," says he, "it will be thought no extravagant conjecture, that Henry Clifford was the hero of the *Nutbrown Maid*. That beautiful poem was first printed about 1521, and from the use of the word *spleen*, which was introduced into the English language by the study of the Greek physicians, it could not have been written long before. Little perhaps can be inferred from the general qualification of an outlaw's skill in archery; '*Such an archere as men say that ye be*;' compared with the circumstance of the Earl of Cumberland's providing himself with all the apparatus of

of the bow in the following account: but when '*The Man* specifically describes *Westmarland* as his *heritage*, we must either suppose the whole story to be a fiction, or refer it to one of the wild adventures of Henry Clifford, who really led the life of an outlaw within ten years of the time. The *great lynage* of the lady may well agree with Lady Percy;* and what is more probable than that this wild young man, among his other feats, may have lurked in the forests of the Percy family, and won the lady's heart under a disguise, which he had taken care to assure her concealed a Knight? That the rank of the parties is inverted in the Ballad may be considered as nothing more than a decent veil of poetical fiction thrown over a recent and well-known fact. The Barony of Westmoreland was the inheritance of Henry Clifford alone."

Having thus touched upon a most romantic incident of this great family, I cannot refrain from adding to my article some more particulars regarding them. Their vast domains, and all the wild splendour of the feudal habits which they exhibited, fill the imagination with the sentiments and the figures of a rich romance. I see them still pursuing their manly sports over the picturesque and magnificent solitudes of Craven; I see them afterwards presiding with courteous state at the hall of hospitality; unweakened by effeminate luxuries, and unsophisticated by the rivalry or artifices of commerce and manufactures! It would be deceitful to deny, that some private and personal considerations

* He married Lady Marguret Percy, daughter of Henry fifth Earl of Northumberland.

mix themselves with the interest I take in these images. Among the mingled blood that flows in my veins, no fear of ridicule shall deter me from owning my pride that I am immediately derived from this high and heroic house through a lofty and undegraded channel.* Injustice may withhold from me titles and rank; they are baubles, which are often bestowed on the most low-born, and base-minded of the people; it cannot annihilate, or alter the blood which is the gift of Nature! It must be my own fault if that shall be debased. If treachery, extortion, and oppression; if foul and incessant calumny and misrepresentation; if the pestilent poison of vipers nourished in the bosom of a family, be trials to a resolute spirit, I have known them all; and my spirit is yet unbroken! But my enemies shall have the triumph of knowing, that these conflicts too often have irritated my nerves, and suspended my intellectual industry! The waves and weathers of time have shaken to its very foundation the solitary remaining branch of an ancient and once flourishing stock. The very blows and bruises it has received have served only as provocations to new insults; and circumstances, which in other cases have operated as pleas for favour and support, have been used in this as reasons for additional wrongs!

From the summary of the Lives of the Cliffords, &c. a MS. folio, drawn up under the direction of their heiress, the celebrated Countess of Dorset and Pembroke, I shall here borrow some extracts.

"John Lord Clifford, born April 8, 1435, was the person to whose hand is ascribed the death of the Earl

* Stanley and Egerton.

of

of Rutland, K. Edw. IV.'s brother;" but the memorialist contends, that this Earl was seventeen instead of twelve years old, and was probably killed in the battle as a soldier. His death happened Dec. 31, 1460; and Lord Clifford himself was slain about the 29th of March following at Towton.

"His son, Henry Lord Clifford, born 1454, was between six and seven years of age at his father's death; for whose act the family was soon afterwards attainted. He was one of the examples of the variety of fortunes in the world; for at seven years old he was put into the habit of a shepherd's boy by the care and love of an industrious mother to conceal his birth and parentage; for had he been known to have been his father's son and heir, in all probability he would either have been put in prison, or banished, or put to death; so odious was the memory of his father for killing the young Earl of Rutland, and for being so desperate a commander in battle against the House of York which then reigned.

"So in the condition of a shepherd's boy at Lannesborough, where his mother then lived for the most part, did this Lord Clifford spend his youth till he was about fourteen years of age, about which time his mother's father, Henry Bromflet, Lord Vesey, died.

"And a little after his death it came to be murmured at court, that his daughter's two sons were alive, about which their mother was examined; but her answers were, that she had given directions to send them both beyond seas, to be bred there, and she did not know whether they were dead or alive, which equivocation of her's did the better pass, because presently after her husband's death, she sent both her sons away to the sea-

sea-side; the younger of which, called Richard Clifford, was indeed transported over the seas into the Low Countries, to be bred there, where he died not long after; so as his elder brother Henry, Lord Clifford, had after his restitution the enjoyment of that little estate, that this Richard, his younger brother, should have had, if he had lived.

"But her eldest son, Henry Lord Clifford, was secretly conveyed back to Lannesborough again, and committed to the hands of shepherds, as aforesaid, which shepherds' wives had formerly been servants in that family, as attending the nurse who gave him suck, which made him, being a child, more willing to submit to that mean condition, where they infused into him that belief, that he must either be content to live in that manner, or be utterly undone.

"And as he did grow to more years, he was still more capable of this danger, if he had been discovered; and, therefore, presently after his grandfather, the Lord Vesey, was dead, the said murmur of his being alive being more and more whispered at the court, made his said loving mother by means of her second husband Sir Lancelot Thirkeld, to send him away with the said shepherds and their wives to Cumberland, to be kept as a shepherd there, sometimes at Thrilcot, and amongst his father-in-law's kindred; and sometimes on the borders of Scotland, where they took land purposely for these shepherds who had the custody of him, where many times his father-in-law came purposely to visit him, and sometimes his mother, though very secretly.

"By this mean kind of breeding, this inconvenience befel him, that he could neither write nor read; for they

they durst not bring him up in any kind of learning, for fear, lest by it his birth should be discovered; yet after he came to his lands and honours, he learned to write his name only.

"And after this Henry, Lord Clifford, had lived twenty-four or twenty-five years in this obscure manner, and that himself was grown to be about thirty-one or thirty-two years of age, Henry VIIth then obtaining his crown, did in the first part of his reign, in 1486, restore him in blood and honour, and to all his baronies and castles.

"This Henry Lord Clifford, did, after he came to his estate exceedingly delight in astronomy, and the contemplation of the stars, which it is likely he was seasoned in, during the time of his shepherd's life. He built a great part of Barden* tower, which is now much decayed; and there he lived much, which it is thought he did rather, because in that place he furnished himself with materials and instruments for that study.

"He was a plain man, and lived, for the most part, a country life, and came seldom either to the court or to London, but when he was called thither to sit in them, as a peer of the realm, in which parliament it is reported he behaved himself wisely and nobly like a good Englishman.

* "He retired," says Whitaker, "to the solitude of Barden, where he seems to have enlarged the tower out of a common keeper's lodge, and where he found a retreat equally favourable to taste, to instruction, and to devotion. The narrow limits of his residence shew that he had learned to despise the pomp of greatness, and that a small train of servants could suffice him, who had lived to the age of thirty a servant himself."

"He

" He died when he was sixty-nine or seventy years old, 23d April, 1523."*

In the lately published poems of Wordsworth is a song on the restoration of this Lord Clifford, put into the mouth of an ancient Minstrel of the family. The poem opens thus: †

" High in the breathless hall the Minstrel sate,
And Emont's murmur mingled with the song.
The words of ancient time I thus translate,
A festal strain that hath been silent long.

From town to town, from tower to tower,
The red rose is a gladsome flower.
Her thirty years of winter past,
The red rose is reviv'd at last;
She lifts her head for endless Spring,
For everlasting blossoming!"

The Minstrel, after alluding to the perils which drove the youth of the hero into concealment, proceeds thus:

" Alas! when evil men are strong
No life is good, no pleasure long.
The boy must part from Mosedale's groves,
And leave Blencathara's rugged coves,
And quit the flowers that Summer brings
To Glenderamakin's lofty springs;
Must vanish, and his careless chear
Be turn'd to heaviness and fear.
—Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise!
Hear it, good man, old in days!

* Harl. MSS. 6177. This Lord Clifford married Anne daughter of Sir John St. John of Bletsoe.

† I quote from the Edinburgh Review, the original not having reached m

Thou

Thou tree of covert and of rest
For this young bird that is distrest,
Among thy branches safe he lay,
And he was free to sport and play,
When falcons were abroad for prey."

The poem closes in this manner.

" Now another day is come,
Fitter hope, and nobler doom:
He hath thrown aside his crook,
And hath buried deep his book;
Armour rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls;—
' Quell the Scot,' exclaims the lance,
' Bear me to the heart of France,'
Is the longing of the shield—
Tell thy name, thou trembling field;
Field of death, where'er thou be,
Groan thou with our victory!
Happy day, and mighty hour,
When our shepherd in his power,
Mail'd and hors'd, with lance and sword,
To his ancestors restor'd,
Like a re-appearing star,
Like a glory from afar,
First shall head the flock of war!"

" Alas! the fervent harper did not know
That for a tranquil soul the lay was framed,
Who, long compell'd in humble walks to go,
Was soften'd into feeling, sooth'd, and tamed.

In him the savage virtue of the race,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead:
Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth;
The shepherd Lord was honour'd more and more:
And ages after he was laid in earth,
'The good Lord Clifford' was the name he bore."

After having thus cited from the poems of another on the subject of Lord Clifford, it may appear presumptuous to add any thing of my own. I hope I shall not be considered as attempting any rivalry by the insertion of the three following sonnets, which have occurred to me, in the progress of this article.

SONNET I.

I wish I could have heard thy long-tried lore,
Thou virtuous Lord of Skipton! Thou could'st well
From sage Experience, that best teacher, tell,
How far within the Shepherd's humble door
Lives the sure happiness, that on the floor
Of gay Baronial Halls disdains to dwell,
Tho' deck'd with many a feast, and many a spell
Of gorgeous rhyme, and echoing with the roar
Of Pleasure clamorous round the full-crown'd bowl!
Thou had'st, (and who had doubted thee?) exprest,
What empty baubles are the ermin'd stole,
Proud coronet, rich walls with tapestry drest,
And music lulling the sick frame to rest!
—Bliss only haunts the pure contented soul!

SONNET II.

Month after month, and year succeeding year,
When still the budding Spring, and yet again
The eddying leaf upon the dingy plain
Saw thee still happy in thy humble sphere,

But

But still as each return of foliage sere,
And still as on the warm banks of the lane,
Shelter'd with covering wood, the primrose train
Began to ope their yellow buds, a tear
Would start unbidden from thy placid cheek,
And a deep pang would swell thy honest heart,
At hopes so long deferr'd;—yet could'st thou speak,
Would'st thou not thus the precious truth impart?
"Dearer those scenes, tho' mix'd with many a sigh,
Than all the joys that Grandeur can supply!"

SONNET III.

Stretch'd on some mountain's side, commanding wood,
Vale, mead, and spreading lake, with distant hills
High tow'ring from its feet, thy bosom fills
Its large desires with a sublimer food:
Thine eye is upward bent on every cloud,
And ever as thy shaping fancy wills,
Thy raptur'd sight with air-drawn visions thrills,
And thy soul flies on heavenly forms to brood—
Ah! how are then forgot the groveling joys
Of earth's ambition vile, the din of war,
The tinsel pomp that human cares employs,
The trumpet thro' each tower resounding far!
Hopes, terrors, virtues, crimes, and flattering state,
All fade before the shepherd's simple fate!

This Peer's son, Henry 1st Earl of Cumberland, "was bred up, for the most part, in his childhood and youth with Henry VIII. Living so much about the court drew him so much to love London, and the southern parts, as that there he became a great waster of his estate, which caused him after to sell much fair

lands and possessions, and more than his ancestors had consumed in many years before.

"It also, as is thought, made him more stout and less submitting to his old father, Henry, Lord Clifford, than otherwise he would have been; for there were great dissensions betwixt him and his father, especially after his father was married to his second wife.

"After many royal favours, the greatest, wherein the said King did express the most of his affection and respect unto this Earl, was his willingness to have his niece the Lady Eleanor Brandon, his youngest sister's youngest daughter, married to this Earl's eldest son, Henry Lord Clifford, which marriage was accomplished and solemnized at Midsummer, the 27th year of his reign, in 1537, in the house of her father Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, which was then a goodly palace in Southwark, near London, and hard by St. Mary Overy's there, where the King himself was present in person at the marriage, which marriage was solemnized that time four years, after the death of the said Lady Eleanor's mother, who was Mary the French Queen.

"For the more magnificent entertainment of the young lady, the great gallery and tower at Skipton were built, which gallery and tower so suddenly built were afterwards the chief residence, when in Craven, to the Countess of Pembroke and Dorset; the round tower there being the said Countess's lodging chamber—the said castle being totally demolished in Dec. 1649, having been made a garrison on both sides.

"This Earl of Cumberland was one of the most eminent lords of his time for nobleness, gallantry, and courtship. He died April 22, 1542, aged 49.

"Henry

" Henry, 2d Earl of Cumberland, was born 1517; married, when about twenty years old, to the Lady Eleanor Brandon, her Grace, the youngest daughter, and at length coheir to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, by Mary, the French Queen, which Queen died about four years before her daughter Eleanor was married.

" Which daughter of hers lived wife to this Henry, Earl of Cumberland, about ten years and five months, half of the time thereof when he was Lord Clifford, and the other half when her husband was Earl of Cumberland; for she died in Brougham Castle in Westmorland, about the latter end of November, in 1547, and was buried in the vault in Skipton church in Craven, leaving but one child after her at her death, which was the Lady Clifford, afterwards Countess of Derby.

" The Lady Margaret Clifford, when she was about fifteen years old, was married in much glory in the chapel at Whitehall, King Philip and Queen Mary being both present at the said marriage, to Henry Stanley, Lord Strange, on Feb. 7, 1555.

" Which said Lord Strange, by the decease of his father, became Earl of Derby on Oct. 4, 1572.

" He died 1593, and the said Margaret overlived him three years and more; for she died Sept. 29, 1596, in her house, then newly built, in Clerkenwell, without the close, at London, when she was about fifty-six years old, and was buried in the abbey at Westminster.

" She had two sons by him, who were successively, one after another, Earls of Derby.

" Her eldest son, Ferdinando, Earl of Derby, died

before her, leaving no children, but daughters,* behind him, the 16th of April, 1594.

"Her 2d son, William, Earl of Derby, died a little before Michaelmas, in 1641, leaving his son James, Earl of Derby, to succeed him, who was beheaded at Bolton, in Lancaster, in Oct. 1651.

"This Henry, 2d Earl, was, in his youth, before he betook himself to a retired country life, a great waster of his estate, and sold much land, &c.

"But after, towards his latter end, when the said Earl lived a country life, he grew so rich, as that he did purchase lands, and leases and tythes, to a great value, both of old Sir Thomas Chaloner, the widow Lady Drury, and others.

"He was much addicted to the study and practice of alchymy and chemistry, and a great distiller of waters, and making of other chemical extractions for medicines, and very studious in all manner of learning, so as he had an excellent library both of written hand books and printed books: to which he was exceedingly addicted, especially towards his latter end, when he had given over living at court and at London, to which places he came seldom after the death of his wife, and, as we have heard, but three times." †

The Editor trusts he has few readers who will not be entertained with these interesting anecdotes. They

* These coheirs of Earl Ferdinando were Lady Anne, married to Grey Brydges, Lord Chandos; Lady Frances, wife of John Egerton, Earl of Bridgewater; and Lady Elizabeth, wife of Henry Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon.

† Harl. MSS. 6177.

will

will now peruse the beautiful Ballad of the Nutbrown Maid with increased delight, when they believe it to be founded on the real incidents of a romantic and illustrious House. Dr. Whitaker's History of Craven will furnish a multitude of other curious and amusing particulars.

ART. XV. *On the too hasty assumption of a modern Critic that Cadytis was Jerusalem.*

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

There are two conspicuous defects in those who professedly sit in critical judgment upon the writings of other authors, which one would wish to see amended, if they desire to gain a superiority over their rivals. Sometimes they advance new and peculiar opinions of their own, or such, at least, as are scarcely known to the learned world, and, depending upon the presumed certainty of such opinions, censure other authors for not having adopted the same, although they never had any opportunity to hear of them before; and, although, even now those critics have made public either none of the reasons by which such opinions may be supported, or at least, only such a superficial and confused sketch of them, as can convince nobody of their good foundation.

I gave an example of this defect, in my last letter, respecting Jericho; and, certainly, this is not a method to arrive at superiority in criticism, or to give satisfaction to such readers as wish to know what are the

most rational opinions held by the learned public upon any subject which occurs.

But there is likewise another common defect, of which I shall give an example in my present paper, and which is of a directly opposite kind; this, instead of starting new and untenable opinions of a critic's own formation, consists in retailing old and disputed opinions as certain, which have, indeed, been long before the public, but have been opposed by later writers; and, if not quite refuted, yet, at least, the credit of them has been so far shaken that rational inquirers are at a loss how to determine between the two; and, without any impeachment to a man's understanding, some persons may embrace one opinion and some the other.

In this case a public critic seems as if he was only conversant with those who lived in a former century, if he thus takes not the least notice of the contrary opinions of those who have writ in the present century, and thus only adopts the notions of our great grandfathers. Readers will wish to know the latest opinions on every subject, as well as the earliest, and then form a judgment for themselves between them.

The critic, abovementioned, on M. Chateaubriand's Journey to Jerusalem, will supply us likewise with an example of this defect in modern criticism: for he says to this purport, "When Herodotus mentions the capture by Pharaoh Necho of a great city, in Syria, called Cadytis, he meant Jerusalem; for the current name of it is still called *Kuds* by the natives, which means the *holy* city; and so it was anciently termed likewise, namely, Kedesh in Hebrew, from which Herodotus formed his name *Cadytis*."

Now,

Now, the earliest of modern authors conceived Herodotus to mean *Cadesh-barnea:* but as this was too far inland for Necho to take in his road from Egypt, Lightfort presumed that Jerusalem was rather meant, as this was known by the name of Kedesh likewise; in this he was too hastily followed by Hyde in his notes to Peritsol (p. 19;) by Prideaux, and others, none of whom, however, seem to have accurately compared the account of Herodotus concerning the situation of Cadytis with the situation of Jerusalem. Nay, they even mistook the sense of one of his words, which is not ουρεων, *mountains*, but ουρων, *borders*.

This mistake of the Latin translator, Valla, confirmed to them that Jerusalem was meant, it being in a mountainous district. Hyde produces this very circumstance as a proof in favour of Jerusalem, and neither Perizonius nor Reland afterwards corrected the error, but confirmed it, for he even writes the word ωρεα instead of ουρα. [*Palest. illustr. p.* 669]. This shews that our grandfathers are not entitled to implicit credit; and the critic in question ought to have hesitated before he adopted their opinion, unless he had, at the same time, been able to remove the objections which have been since made to it.

It does not appear, by his extract, that the French author took either side of the question, therefore the critic has been altogether a volunteer with respect to the subject; and this rendered it the more incumbent on him to have guided his readers into a right path, and shewn them how very doubtful, at least, the opinion of those earlier authors was, instead of decidedly embracing it; and this without the least

notice

notice of its having been since opposed by that great orientalist Reland, and such objections made by him as cannot be easily removed. In this he had been also anticipated, in some degree, by Leclerc, (2 *K.* 23) and by Perizonius [*Ægyp. orig. p.* 417]. Jackson also appears to have been convinced by Reland "Those learned men who supposed Kadytis to be Jerusalem seem to be mistaken." *Vol. I.* 344, *in note.*

Thus far, however, it is only a war between authorities, yet this ought not to have been concealed from readers under a peremptory assertion of a contrary opinion, if the critic chose to introduce this subject, though irrelevant to the contents of his French author, as hereby uninformed readers must be led into error, and those better informed be dissatisfied with such assertions, as represent what is very uncertain, to be an article certainly agreed to by all learned men.

The objections of Reland are these—"Minime convenit hæc opinio [de Hierosolyma] cum ipso Herodoto; versatur enim in describenda ora *maritima*, in quâ non erat Jerusalem: dicit quod, *a Cadyti usque ad montem Casium regio erat ditionis Arabicæ.* An hoc dici potest de regione quæ est ad *austrum* Hierosolymæ? Non puto: Adde quod videatur urbs Cadytis conspecta ab ipso Herodoto; si ea Jerusalem fuisset, num neglexisset mentionem Templi et tot stupendorum operum, quibus illa urbs præ aliis eminuit, quum ipse rerum quas vidit in urbibus minus nobilibus mentionem faciat accuratam?"

In fact, between Jerusalem, and the *Arabian desert*, intervened the whole tribe of Judah; and on the coast between Joppe, the nearest port to Jerusalem, and the same desert, were the two whole tribes of Dan and Simeon.

Simeon. How then could he say, with the least truth, that "ab *illâ* (sc. Cadyti) quæ urbs est (ubi mihi videtur) non multo minor Sardibus, *emporia maritima* usque ad (Casium montem) sunt ditionis Arabicæ." When, in truth, between Joppe, and the Arabian desert, were the sea-ports, Jamnia, Ascalon, Accaron, Asotus, and Gaza, all belonging to the Jews, whom he expressly calls *Syrians*, when he mentions the victory of Nechao over them; and, moreover, from the commencement of the Arabian desert, near Gaza, there is not a single port, or harbour, all the way until one comes to Pelusium and Egypt.

It is evident then that this account of the situation of Cadytis is quite inconsistent with the situation of Jerusalem in the inland *mountainous* country, and he seems even to make it a sea-port; for he says *from that city, Cadytis, the sea-ports all belong to the Arabians*; what is this but to call Cadytis also a sea-port? There are, indeed, a few small towns upon the sea coasts of the Arabian desert, if it was these that he calls *Emporia*; but still he makes the Arabian desert a dominion, at least, to *begin* at Cadytis, in which case he could only mean Gaza by Cadytis; and he might, perhaps, as well have formed that name from *Gaza* as from *Kedesh*, if we consider how Gaza was pronounced by the Syrians; for the *G* is not written by them; their name being only *Aza*, which they pronounced, however, with such a guttural aspirate before it, as the Greeks expressed by a *G* in writing, though it was rather *Gh* or *Ch*, and the *z* rather *ts* or *ds*, so that it would sound *Chatsa* or *Chadsa*, and many such words thus beginning with *G* the Greeks sometimes changed to *K*.

It

It has not occurred to me that Herodotus any where mentions *Gaza* in his history; if he has, he then could not mean Gaza by Cady-tis; but as to *tis* that may be merely an adjunct termination, which the Greeks frequently added to oriental names: and we have certainly other Greek changes of oriental names nearly similar. Thus *Gedor*, in 1 Chr. iv. 39, is by Eusebius writ Κεδους; and *Chatsur* in 2 K. 15, 29, in English *Hazor*, is in the Sept. Ασωρ, and with the aspirate added might easily become in Greek Κασωρ, or *Kasyr*; why then from *Gaza*, i. e. *Chadsa*, might not Herodotus form *Kada*, or *Kady*, just as easily as from *Kedesh*? Gaza he certainly must have actually seen himself in his passage to Egypt, and his own words prove him to have seen the city Cadytis in question.

But it is, however, more easy to say what city it was not, if his description be accurate, than what it was; and if we cannot depend upon his description of the situation of the city, much less can we depend upon our own derivation of the name of it, either from *Kedesh* or *Chadsa*, or any other oriental name.

Upon the whole then no critic ought, with any confidence, to pronounce it to be Jerusalem, unless he can, at the same time, produce some further and better proofs of it than have been adduced hitherto, and which do not depend upon mere conjectures concerning its oriental derivation, as is the case at present, excepting this single fact, that Nechao did take Jerusalem *after* his victory and not before it.

But then Herodotus certainly mistook *Megiddo*, where the Jews agree that the battle was fought in the kingdom of Israel, and on the north of Jerusalem, for

for *Magdolus*, which Antoninus places on the confines of Egypt, near Pelusium; consequently, he might have reasonably thought the capture of Gaza also to have happened after that victory, if this was the city meant by him. So that nothing else is certain except that either these modern critics must be mistaken, who suppose Cadytis to be Jerusalem; or if not, then Herodotus must be strangely mistaken in describing Cadytis as situated *contiguous* to the Arabian dominion and desert, and, at the same time, *near* the coast, if not actually a sea-port town.

Whatever is doubtful in ancient history ought to be represented as doubtful, and the unlearned not imposed on by pretended learning, which amounts to nothing more than uncertain, and those often fanciful conjectures, concerning the derivations of names, from oriental sources.

Mr. Beloe has altogether omitted to translate the word ωρων, but in his note on Magdolum he has also retained the *erroneous* sense of it, in calling Cadytis a *mountainous city*, and thus inclining others to agree to his opinion of its being Jerusalem in the mountains. But if this was actually the city meant by Herodotus, and now called *Kuds*, we have here another excellent specimen how well the Arabians have preserved the right pronunciation of the ancient oriental name *Kedesh*, or *Kedeschah*, or *Kedetha*, as our critic contended in my last.

S.

ART.

ART. XVI. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral, sentimental, and critical Essays.*

No. XX.

On the Sonnets of Milton, with a translation of one of his Italian Sonnets.

There are few persons, I presume, among those who are in the habit of exercising their mental faculties, exempt from occasionally suffering an unconquerable lassitude and imbecility, the effect perhaps of over-exertion, and often of great anxiety and fatigue. On such occasions the assistance of eminent friends, which is at all times highly acceptable, becomes doubly gratifying. It is therefore with more than common satisfaction, that at a moment when my spirits are low, and my humble talents more than commonly weak, I am enabled to communicate a very excellent translation of an Italian Sonnet of Milton by the learned and poetic editor of that poet's *Paradise Regained.*

Milton's Fourth Sonnet, "Diodati, io te'l diro," &c. Translated from the Italian.

"Yes, Diodati, wonderful to tell,
Ev'n I—the stubborn wretch, who erst despis'd
The God of Love, and laugh'd his chains to scorn,
Am fall'n, where oft the brave have captur'd been.
Nor golden tresses, nor the vermeil cheek,
Are my resistless victors. A new form

Of

Of foreign beauty fascinates my soul:
That nobly graceful portance; those smooth brows
Arch'd with the lustrous gloss of loveliest black;
That converse sweet, with various tongues adorn'd;
That song, whose charming potency might well
Draw down the labouring moon from her high path,
But 'gainst whose magic strains to close the ear,
Avails not,—while those radiant eyes beam fire."*

C. D.

There seems to my ear a kind of stately Miltonic movement in these verses, which makes the want of rhyme unperceived.

In my humble judgment, the Sonnets of Milton, however condemned by the malignant sarcasms of Johnson, though I will not say they are among the best of his compositions, partake almost every where of the majestic plainness of his lofty genius. For seven and twenty years they have been the objects of my admiration; and I do not like them the less because they are deficient in all the finical prettinesses of modern poetry. When I hear of their harsh and bald deformities, I only smile with scorn at the tasteless inability to discern in them the spirit of an exalted mind above the artifices of a tinsel dress.

I have already given my opinion in the memoir of Dr. Darwin, and elsewhere, of those narrow notions of poetry, which too many indulge. They seem to think it confined to sparkling images, to pointed expressions, and harmonious rhymes. Even the best of

* This was written near two years ago, under an idea that in translating a sonnet from the Italian, if you keep pretty close to the original thoughts and expressions, it may be made more readable in blank verse than by cramping it into the correspondent rhymes of the legal sonnet. C. D.

these

these ingredients is of very inferior importance to that sublimity or tenderness of soul, which has the power of communicating its own strong impressions to the reader. He who busies himself with the tricks of language, is never hurried away by the fire of natural thoughts.

A manly mind hates all the minor machinery of poetical composition, though it be the only part which a feeble or vitiated critic comprehends or relishes. But yet how contemptible is he, who in the boundless varieties of the human intellect, and the boundless space over which it may travel, would confine our judgments to one or two models of excellence! If Spenser, and Shakspeare, and Milton were poets, so were Cowley and Dryden; yet how unlike! Where then is to be found the definition of poetry large enough to comprehend its powers?

Of all the Sonnets of Milton, I am almost inclined to prefer the XIXth, *On his Blindness.* It has, to my weak taste, such various excellences, as I am unequal to praise sufficiently. It breathes doctrines at once so sublime and consolatory, as to gild the gloomy paths of our existence here with a new and singular light.

Of Milton's harshness, may it not be observed, that originality often appears like harshness? Commonplace phrases seem smooth, because we are habituated to them, while a new combination of words sounds rough to our ears. How far from harsh are those fine lines in the XIVth Sonnet to the memory of Mrs. Thomson, where he says,

"Thy works and alms——————
Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
—Love

"Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best,
Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings ——— "

And then closes by saying that "the Judge"

" ——— thenceforth bid thee rest,
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams?"*

How majestic is the flow of those vigorous lines in his Address to Cromwell, when he speaks of him as "the chief of men, who

"To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his works pursued,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureat wreath."———

The study of these Sonnets would suggest a chaster and more classical style to our modern poetasters and critics. But perhaps without his strength of thought such plainness would not be endured.

Dec. 20, 1807.

No XXI.

On Dreams.

THE operations of the mind in sleep have never yet been explained in any manner the least satisfactory. Numerous have been the disquisitions* on the subject; but none seem to approach to a clear elucidation of it. Our dreams are sometimes made up of materials, which have employed our waking thoughts; but they are frequently compounded of ideas and images which have no apparent connection with the previous occu-

* Baxter's Theory is very interesting and at least plausible. Beattie's Essay on the subject has, I think, been more commended than it deserves.

pation of the brains. But the degree of vividness with which objects impress themselves on the intellect, during slumber, seems so far beyond the powers of memory or fancy, as to be almost of a different kind. No voluntary effort of the imagination in its most brilliant moments can bring before its view forms and scenes so distinct and forcible as a dream constantly produces.

No part of this astonishing power of the human faculties is more extraordinary than the alternate character which the same mind can thus take on those occasions; when it can carry on a dialogue or argument between contending parties, and assume successively the strength of each, with no more power of anticipating the other's reply than would happen in reality. How this rapid shifting of character, so much more full of life, than any waking talent can effect, is caused, must be left for our dim knowledge to wonder at in vain!

What scenes of stupendous splendour have I seen in my dreams! What more than mortal music has thrilled on my senses! My sluggish fancy cannot even catch a glimpse of these visions by day; and I try in vain to recall the tones of the heavenly harmony that I have thus heard.

Perhaps it is owing to this acute employment of the intellect in sleep, that its sensibility seems more tender at first waking, than when the body, worn out with fatigue, was consigned to rest. Subjects of regret and sorrow, which had been quieted, before we closed our eyes at night, return, as the morning rouses us, with a double sting. When I go to sleep with an aching heart, the moment of my grief that I most dread, is

when

when I first wake. Then it is that the painful object of my suffering or my fears shews itself to my tremulous nerves in all its horrors.

It was thus that I suddenly waked in the depth of night, not long ago, with the impression of poignant regret at having neglected to make proper returns to the flattering attention of a friend. How my conscience had thus worked, while my body was reposing, I know not; but I endeavoured to soothe myself to quiet again by recording the occurrence in the following Sonnet.

Sonnet to a Friend. Written at midnight, Dec. 13, 1807.

Methought I heard thy voice, when sunk in sleep,
High-sounding thro' still Midnight's silence drear;
"Why mute, thou son of song? Why meets my ear
No effort of that tongue, which wont to keep
Its airy course, o'er every bar and steep
Thro' intellectual realms? No more I hear
Thy plaintive notes, to feeling bosoms dear,
Nor Indignation pour his tones more deep!"
Thereat I trembling woke; and still the sound
Quiver'd upon my nerves; I seiz'd the lyre,
And strove to make its untun'd strings rebound
With strains congenial to its former fire!
But thus I prove by these insipid lays,
The object worthless of thy generous praise!

It must not be admitted then that the hours spent in sleep are all lost; it is at those times that the mind is often employed with the most activity; and I do not doubt that many important hints and bright inventions have first arisen, when the body was in that state of quiescence.

Art. XVI. *Brief Biographical Sketches.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 224.]

Rev. Mr. WILSON of Halton Gill.

"Among the singular characters of Craven," says Dr. Whitaker, "it will now give pain to no one, if I notice Mr. Wilson, formerly curate of Halton-Gill in Arncliffe, and father of the late Rev. Edward Wilson, canon of Windsor. He wrote a tract entitled 'The Man in the Moon;' which was seriously meant to convey the knowledge of common astronomy in the following strange vehicle: A cobler, Israel Jobson by name, is supposed to ascend first to the top of Penigent; and thence, as a second stage, equally practicable, to the moon; after which he makes a tour of the whole solar system. From this excursion, however, the traveller brings back little information which might not have been had upon earth, excepting that the inhabitants of one of the planets, I forget which, were made of pot-metal. The work contains some other extravagances; but the writer, after all, was a man of talents, and has abundantly shewn, that, had he been blessed with a sound mind and a superior education, he would have been capable of much better things. If I had the book* before me, I could quote single sentences here and there, which, in point of composition, rise to no mean degree of excellence.

"Mr. Wilson had also good mechanical hands,

* "It is rarely to be met with, having, as I am told, been industriously bought up by his family. I have only seen one copy, and my recollection of what I read is not very particular."

and

and carved well in wood; a talent which he applied to several whimsical purposes. But his chef d'œuvre was an oracular head like that of Friar Bacon and the disciple of the famous Escotillo,* with which he diverted himself, and amazed his neighbours, till a certain Reverend wiseacre seriously threatened to complain of the poor man to his metropolitan as an enchanter. After this the oracle was mute." †

DR. DAVID DOIG.

From Lord Woodhouselie's Memoirs of Lord Kames.

"Dr. David Doig was the son of a small farmer in the county of Angus. His father died when he was an infant, and it was his good fortune that his mother entered into a second marriage with a worthy man, who, though in very moderate circumstances, and soon burdened with a young family of his own, discharged to him the duty of an affectionate parent. From a constitutional defect of eye sight, he was twelve years of age before he had learned to read: but as his intellects were uncommonly quick, he had no sooner overcome that difficulty, than he made so rapid a progress, that after three years instruction of a parish schoolmaster, in Latin, writing, and arithmetic, he presented himself a candidate for a Bursary, or endowment for poor scholars in the University of St. Andrew's, and obtained it on a comparative trial of his abilities with the competitors. Having finished with great approbation the usual course of philosophy and classical learning, he took the degree of A. B. and

* "See Don Quixote, b. iv. c. 20."

† Whitaker's History of Craven, p. 433.

entered on the study of divinity. Certain conscientious scruples, however, concerning some articles of the Westminster Confession of Faith, which is framed according to the principles of the most rigid Calvinism, prevented the prosecution of his views of entering into the church. He taught for several years the parish schools of Monifeith in Angus, and Kennoway and Falkland in Fife; when on a vacancy of the mastership of the grammar school of Stirling, his reputation as a teacher procured him an appointment from the magistrates of the town to that office; which he discharged for forty years with the greatest ability, and with the respect and esteem of all who knew him. It is a fact somewhat remarkable, that he received on the same day a diploma of A.M. from his *Alma Mater* of St. Andrew's, and an honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Glasgow. In addition to the most profound knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, which he wrote with a classical purity, Dr. Doig had successfully studied the Hebrew, Arabic, and other kindred dialects, and was deeply versed in oriental literature. He has given an abundant proof of his proficiency in those studies, in the dissertations on the subjects of the *Mythology*, *Mysteries*, and *Philology*, which were composed by him for the *Encyclopædia*, at the request of his intimate friend and the companion of his social hours, the Rev. Dr. George Gleig, the able and ingenious editor of the latter volumes of that great work, and the author of many of its most valuable articles. That part of the work which contains the articles on Philology, was published in London in the same week with a *Dissertation on the Greek Verb*, by Dr. Vincent, now Dean of West-

minster,

minster, who was so struck with the coincidence of Dr. Doig's opinions on many points with his own, that he began an epistolary correspondence with the author; and these two eminent scholars went hand in hand in their researches, and in a free communication of their opinions, with a liberality of sentiment which did honour to both. Such likewise was the conduct of the learned Mr. Bryant, who had entered into a correspondence with Dr. Doig on the subject of Ancient Mythology.* Dr. Doig died in March 1800 at the age of eighty-one. Besides his great erudition, the elegance of his taste was shewn in his favourite amusements, the composition of many small poetical pieces, both in English and Latin. Those of an epigrammatic turn are peculiarly excellent. The following elegiac stanzas, written by him, on the subject of his own life and studies, and which were engraven on a marble monument, erected to his memory at the expense of the community of Stirling, would have done honour to the pen of a Markham, a Vincent Bourne, or even a Buchanan.

Edidici quædam, perlegi plura, notavi
Paucula, cum domino mox peritura suo.
Lubrica Pieriæ tentarem præmia palmæ,
Credulus, ingenio heu nimis alta meo.
Extincto famam ruituro crescere saxo
Posse putem, vivo quæ mihi nulla fuit." †

* "Among the proofs of the profound learning of Dr. Doig, is a "Dissertation on the Ancient Hellenes," printed in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Vol. III."

† Life of Lord Kames, II. 141.

DR. JOHN WALKER.

From the same.

"Dr. John Walker, minister of Moffat, afterwards Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, 'was a man most eminently qualified' for the office of surveying the Western Islands of Scotland, to which he was appointed through the interest of Lord Kames, 'as joining to every endowment of scientific knowledge requisite for the undertaking, an ardent mind and a great portion of natural sagacity and penetration.'

"It was his custom for a great part of his life to indulge himself in nocturnal study; seldom feeling the resolution to quit his books and papers till four or five o'clock in the morning; and of course passing the better part of the day in bed; a practice which destroyed a good constitution, and in the end was attended with a total loss of eye-sight, for the last six or seven years of his life. Yet though thus deprived of the principal source of his enjoyment, and deeply suffering from domestic misfortune, the blessings of a well-regulated mind, an equal temper, a happy flow of original spirits, and a memory rich in knowledge, and stored with amusing anecdotes, not only rendered his conversation delightful to his friends, but supplied the means and power of still occupying his time with his favourite literary and scientific pursuits."*

LORD GARDENSTONE.

From the same.

"The Honourable Francis Garden of Gardenstone, was a Judge of the Court of Session and Justiciary.

* Life of Lord Kames II. 12—105.

He

He was an acute and able lawyer; of great natural eloquence; and with much wit and humour, had a considerable acquaintance with classical and elegant literature. He was appointed King's Solicitor in 1761, and raised to the bench in 1764. On the death of his elder brother, Alexander Garden, of Troup, M. P. he succeeded in 1785 to a very ample fortune. His tenants and dependents found him an indulgent and liberal master; and the village of Lawrence-Kirk, in Kincardineshire, raised by him from a few mean cottages to a large populous and thriving baronial borough, distinguished by its industry in various branches of manufacture, is an honourable monument of his public spirit and active benevolence. Let these his merits be remembered, while his failings are humanely consigned to oblivion."*

JOSEPH RICHARDSON, ESQ.

A native of Northumberland, became a member of St. John's College, Cambridge, 1774, where he distinguished himself by his poetical talents. Thence he removed to the Middle Temple, 1779, and was called the bar, 1784. But he had previously been drawn into the vortex of party politics; became a writer in the newspapers, and was concerned with Dr. Lawrence in the *Rolliad*, and *Probationary Odes*, to which Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, Fox, and other wits of the party, are said to have contributed. He afterwards wrote *The Fugitive*, a comedy, which was praised and supported with all the zeal of party, but it did not answer the expectations which had been raised of it. Party ob-

* Life of Lord Kames II. 99.

tained

tained him the patronage of the Duke of Northumberland, who brought him into parliament for Newport in Cornwall; and assisted him in purchasing a share of Drury-Lane Theatre; of which, in conjunction with his friend Sheridan, he had for some time the management. I knew him a little in London; for he had left Cambridge before I came to it; he seemed an easy, good humoured man, without much vigour; but his talents were wasted in the degrading service of a party. He died June 9, 1803, at the age of forty-six. His poetry was of the familiar, or satiric kind.

Art. XVII. *Literary Epitaphs.*

Jeremiah Markland, A. M.

The following elegant Epitaph upon this excellent and learned man * was written by Mr. Edward Clarke, author of "Letters concerning the Spanish Nation." It was, however, supplanted by an English one from the pen of Dr. Heberden, which was engraven on his tomb in the parish church of Dorking, Surry.

"Memoriæ Sacrum
Jeremiæ Markland, A. M.
Qui, quanquam splendidiores eum
Et literæ, et virtutes ornaverant,

* His father the Rev. Ralph Markland, A. M. Vicar of Childwell in the county of Lancaster, was the author of a curious poem entitled "Pterylogia, or the Art of Shooting Flying," 8vo. which was written by him at Oxford previous to his taking orders.

Of the poetical works of his relative Abraham Markland, D. D. Master of Saint Cross in the city of Winchester, &c. &c. some account is preserved in Wood's Athenæ Oxon. Vol. II. p. 1212.

Semper

Semper modestissimè se gessit:
Omnes benignè,
Doctos urbanè,
Et, quod mirere magis,
Etiam indoctos sine supercilio excepit,
In restituendis, et explicandis,
Græcis, et Latinis Poetis,
Statio, Euripide, Horatio, Juvenale,
Et præcipuè Novi Fœderis libris,
Cautus, acutus, felix,
Et, si quando audacior, tamen non inconsultus;
In edendis Maximo Tyrio, et Demosthene,
Cum Davisio et Tayloro conjunctus,
Utrisque et auxilio, et ornamento fuit.
Sequantur alii famam,
Aucupentur Divitias,
Hic illa oculis viretortis contemplatus
Post terga constanter rejecit.
A Cœtu tandem et communione omnium
Per hostriginta annos proximè elapsos
In solitudinem se recepit,
Studiis excolendis, et pauperibus sublevandis
Utricè intentus.
Memoriæ viri sibi amicissimi,
Et preceptoris et parentis loco,
Viri candore, humanitate, modestiâ, doctrinâ
Religione demum ornatissimi,
Dat, Dicat, Dedicat,
Olim Discipulus.
Obiit prope Dorking
In Comitatu Surriæ
Julii 7, 1776.
Annum agens octogissimum tertium."

Epitaph

Epitaph at Woodstock, Oxfordshire.

"To the memory of James King, Captain in the Royal Navy, LL.D. and F.R.S. the friend and colleague of Captain Cook in his last Voyage round the World, the history of which, from the time of the death of that celebrated navigator, he wrote at Woodstock, during the intervals of his retirement from the public services of his country, in which his laborious, and almost uninterrupted exertions, brought on a premature and deeply lamented death. He died Oct. 1784 in the thirty-second year of his age, at Nice, where he is interred." *

In Tunbridge Church, Kent, on Cawthorne, the Poet.

"H. S. E.
Jacobus Cawthorne,
Scholæ Tunbridgiensis Magister,
Qui juventuti tam literis quam moribus instituenda
Operam magno non sine honore dedit.
Integer, comis, et omnibus carus vixit;
Valde desideratus heu citius obiit
Apr. 15, 1761, æt. suæ 40.
Opibus quas multis larga manu distribuit
Fruitur, et in æternum fruetur.
Soror mœsta ex grato animo hoc posuit."

Arms. Arg. on a saltier Gu. 4 cross crosslets Or.

In the church of Skipton, Yorkshire. On the late John Baynes,† Esq. of Gray's Inn. By Dr. Parr.

"Joanni Baynes, A. M.
Collegii S. Trinitatis apud Cantabrigienses socio,
Juveni diserto, et sine maledictis faceto,

* He was the son of Dr. James King, Dean of Ripon, who died in 1795; and brother to Dr. Thomas King, Prebendary of Canterbury, who died in 1801, and also to Dr. Walker King, now Prebendary of Canterbury.

† Supposed author of the "Archaiological Epistle to Dean Milles."

Vi ingenii ad excogitandum acuta,
Et firma ad memoriam mirifice prædito,
Græcis et Latinis literis penitus imbuto,
Legum Anglicorum interiori
Et recondita disciplina erudito,
Libertatis conservandæ perstudioso,
Patriæ bonorumque civium amantissimo,
Simplici, justo, et propositi
Animose et fortiter tenaci;
Qui vixit ann. xxviii. mens. iii. dieb. xxviii.
Decessit Londini pridie non. August
Anno sacro
MDCCLXXXVII.
Gulielmus Baynes
Contra votum superstes
Filio bene merenti.
H. M. P."

Art. XVIII. *Bibliographical Catalogue.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 333.]

Art. 1. *A Hue and Crie after Cromwell or the Citie's Lamentation for the Losse of their Coyne and Conscience. Ordered by the Supreme Authority that this hue and crie be speedily directed to all the People's Officers, whether Mayors, Sheriffs, Constables, &c. to be proclaimed in all Cities, Counties, Townes, Boroughs, in England and Wales. Henry Scobet, Cler. de Com.—Nol nod. Printed in the year of no liberty,* 1642. *4to. four leaves.*

This placard against the Usurper describes him as "a beast, like a town bull, with a triangular jesuiticall head, a toting red nose, a long meagre face, red fiery eyes, iron-streaked on the sides, a broad back, long runnagate legs, bloody

bloody pawes, a burnt bob-tayle, an hollow hypocriticall heart, &c."—" lately strayed from his fellowes out of their fat pastures at Westminster, though he had free choice either to stay there and be hanged, go to Scotland and be killed, or to Ireland and be drowned:" and concluding directs "that all Butcher's boyes doe set their Mastiffs to his Nose"—" and, in case they can tame him, to convey his loathed Carkasse in a Wheel-barrow to the Bear-garden in London, that all the Butchers in Middlesex and Surrey may play a match at the Town-bull of Ely." The gallant-minded souldiers are called on to stick close to King Charles the Second, with a loyal ditty "To the tune of Faire Fidelia."

Art. 2. *Itur Satyricum in Loyall Stanzas, by John Collop, M.D, London: Printed by T. M. for William Sheers, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Bible in Bedford-street, neer Covent Garden.* 1660. *4to. pp.* 11—*29 octave stanzas.*

Time and practice seem to have had little influence on the Doctor. The present performance has the same puerile character with the specimen given in the last volume, p. 142. One stanza will suffice.

"How do the branches of the royall oak
Now flourish, and ne're fear the axe's stroke!
Under presbytery will these gay things truckle?
From Lords the mighty dwindle to the muckle?
Sneak to the Commons, and there serve to show
For their deserts no House can be to low.
The Lords are grains to ballance th' royal scale:
If they prove light the rabble must prevaile."

Art. 3. *St. Crispin's Triumph over Pope Innocent; or the Monks and Fryers routed, a tragi-comedy, as it was lately*

lately acted with great noise at Dantzick in Poland by the reforming Shoemakers, and other retainers to St. Hugh. Wherein it is infallibly demonstrated, that they who wone, had the best on't; and that since people will not be so wise to pluck out their eyes, and turn papists, the most effectual and speedy way to convert soul and body together, is by strangling, murther, fire, and gunpowder. Licensed Nov. 2d 1678. Printed at Primrose Hill for the special Edification of those New-miracle-mongers, who would perswade us, that after a man has been strangled and murthered, he can yet walk a mile, and run himself through with his own Sword. Octob. 17, 1678. 4to. pp. 13.

This tract consists of two poems. "St. Crispin's Triumph, &c." has fifteen six-line stanzas; then "The humble supplication of the Monks and Fryers to St. Dominick their patron, upon their Routing by the Shoemakers at Dantzick," 120 lines. At the end are the initials "R. W." Q. if intended for "Dr. Wild, who was a fat, jolly, and boon presbyterian, died at Oundle, in Northamptonshire, about the beginning of winter, An. 1679." Wood, Vol. II. f. 21.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XIX. *Literary Obituary.*

May ... Æt. 87, Mr. Geo. Paton, of the Custom-house, Edinburgh, well skilled in Scotish Topography.

Sept. 12. At Doncaster, aged seventy-six, Edward Miller, Mus. D. Organist of that place, of which he published *The History and Antiquities*, 1805, 4to. and author of several pamphlets, &c.

Sept. 14. At Bristol, of a consumption, Miss Newton, niece and only surviving relative of the celebrated Chatterton, for whose benefit an edition of his works was published by

by subscription, under the direction of Mr. Southey and Mr. Cottle.

Aug. 7. At St. Petersburgh, Matthew Guthrie, M. D. F.R.S.S. London and Edinb.

Oct. 11. Henry Alured Shove, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law, Recorder of Queenborough, and a Commissioner of Bankrupts, who distinguished himself by a political pamphlet, when in his first noviciate at Oxford, about 1777; but afterwards wasted good natural talents by giving them up to a party. He was aged about forty-eight.

Nov. 17. Rev. Samuel Henshall, A.M. Rector of St. Mary, Stratford Bow, Essex, and Fellow of Brazen Nose College, Oxford.

Nov. 24. At Glasgow, Miss Marion Crawford, youngest daughter of the late Mr. George Crawford, Historiographer for Scotland, and author of the Peerage of Scotland, and History of Renfrewshire.

Dec. 3. At Ipswich, at an advanced age, Mrs. Clara Reeve. She was eldest daughter of the Rev. John Reeve, A.M. many years minister of St. Nicholas, in that town, and sister to the late Vice-Admiral Reeve. In 1777 she published *The Old English Baron*, a romance of considerable repute; and several other works since that time.

Lately. Suddenly, Mr. John Needham, of Hinkley, aged fifty-five, who for more than thirty years was an occasional writer in the *Gentleman's Diary*; and a contributor to other publications of the same nature.

Dec. 22. At his house, in Coleman-street Buildings, aged eighty-two, the Rev. John Newton, the friend and correspondent of Cowper, Rector of the United Parishes of St. Mary Woolnoth, and St. Mary Mount Church Taw, of which parishes he had been Rector twenty-eight years. His unblemished life, his amiable character, both as a man and a minister, and his able writings, are too well known to need any comment.

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